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The Founding of a Nation



THE FIRST WINTER AT PLYMOUTH

LUCIUS WALCOTT HITCHCOCK '74

One hundred men, women, and children embarked upon the Mayflower. In the midst of this winter there were only six who were able to care for the sick and the dying. Before spring fifty had died and were buried in the dark of the night to conceal the increasing weakness of the colonists from the lurking savages.

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The Founding of a Nation

THE STORY OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS
THEIR VOYAGE ON THE MAYFLOWER
THEIR EARLY STRUGGLES, HARD-
SHIPS AND DANGERS, AND THE
BEGINNINGS OF AMERI-
CAN DEMOCRACY

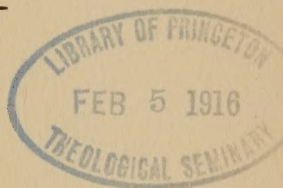
AS TOLD IN THE JOURNALS OF FRANCIS BEAUMONT, CAVALIER

BY
FRANK M. GREGG

VOLUME II



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Sickness and Death

Though the days of winter brought their chill and frost, still withal, as yet there was not the cold that set the earth like iron, filling the sea with ice. Captain Jones was struck by the openness of the weather and marveled that it was like Virginia in its mildness. This soft weather was varied now and then by cold blasts, giving the colonists a taste of what might come to them were the winds once set firmly to their work. So far it had rained immoderately sometimes two or three days at a time. Such was the condition of the weather up to the very day that the Brewster household moved ashore.

During this night the soft winds swerved from the mildness into a chill that made me shiver under my rugs and sent crystals of ice floating upon the harbor. After a fearful night I decided I would go ashore if for no other reason than that I might get out of the cold. The ship, being well unloaded, rolled heavily in the seas. One of the men coming in, a cold blast swept through the door making my teeth chatter. This cold left me undaunted for I had made up my mind I would go as soon after breakfast as possible.

Though I begged and pled with the sailors and showed gold pieces, I could not get a boat's crew to take me. Being the first time I had ever been refused, I turned to Captain Jones for relief; but the master of the vessel only looked upon the rough sea and shook his

head, saying, he did not have the heart to send his men out in such weather.

I must confess that I could not find much fault with the men for not venturing forth, for the wind was not only cold but the sea was in great turmoil. At any other time I would have rested in patience, but now that I had made up my mind to go I walked around like a caged animal. Even if I could not be ashore, I did the next best thing, which was to sit in the alcove and look across into the clearing, where I could see the thatched roofs.

As I sat there I decided I would find out when Captain Jones proposed returning to England. As the captain was almost at my elbow I said to him, "Captain, when sail you for home?"

Looking out of the window into the waves of the harbor and without glancing my way, he replied, "Master Beaumont, I would sail to-day if I dared."

"What prevents you?"

"If you were to visit the forecastle and see the seamen lying sick and helpless, you would know full well what holds me here."

Desiring to settle the point firmly I said, "Then you will not sail until the sickness passes?"

"Not until spring, Master Beaumont, for no master would dare go out to sea in mid-winter with most of his crew dead and dying."

The point of sailing being settled I at once decided to broach my living ashore as the ship was decidedly uncomfortable. Besides Jones, himself was a disagreeable companion, so that I felt I had rather be on land than with him. After thinking over the matter for a

few moments I asked, "Captain Jones, what would you say to my living ashore until you sail?"

He turned upon me, as if he could not believe my words, "What, have you gone over to the Separatists?"

"Not so, Captain, not so," I replied hastily.

"Then why would you go ashore to live with them?" he asked in tones of disgust.

"I had no idea of living with them, but by myself in my own hut. Since the cargo has been removed the ship is uncomfortable, besides the ice is forming in the harbor, so that I will soon be a prisoner on the ship, and as I have come so far to hunt, I desire to go ashore where I may be assured of fowl and deer and some warmth."

The captain heard me through, pushing aside my reasons he spoke as one disappointed, "Master Beaumont, I have fancied for sometime that you had conceived a liking for these people, and that you soon would be one of them."

I did not care to waste words, so I calmly replied, "Captain Jones, you may be at ease on the score of my casting my lot with the colonists. My life began under conditions which are so fixed in my mind that I would not abandon them; and as long as I hold to my family pride, there is no possibility of my ever joining the colonists. To begin with, they would not have me as I am; and I would not give up the traditions of a Beaumont to become one with them."

"Sometimes men forget their ancient glory for the present."

"Not a Beaumont," I replied determinedly, "once a Beaumont, always a Beaumont, now and forever is my last answer."

I think the captain got it into his head, that family pride and tradition were not a mere passing fancy with me, furthermore, that I had no intention of joining the colonists. Though going ashore to live had but come to my mind, while we talked, I decided that I would take steps to bring it about without delay. I knew it involved building my own hut, which I could not do without the consent of the colonists, for I also knew how this personal government worked and furthermore that I was under its rule and not under King James's.

After my talk with Captain Jones, I sat in the alcove wondering what I could do to pass the time, when I remembered his reference to the sick seamen. Though the ship was rocking fearfully, I managed to make my way to the forecastle, where the men lay in their bunks. I was greeted with such foul air, I stepped back on deck to gain new resolutions to enter.

A lighted lantern swung from a cross beam. Under its dull light I saw a group of sailors playing at cards, and another casting dice upon the floor, being busily engaged they did not notice my entrance. Around the cabin were beds, most of which were filled with ailing men. As I stood hesitating what to do one of the sick groaned aloud. There was a cessation of the dice game for a moment as a player with an oath warned the man to keep still. A cry for water was greeted with more curses until my passion was aroused, walking quickly across the room to where the men were at play, I shouted, "You men act like pirates."

One of the gamesters, his face red with anger shouted, "What right have you to stop our game?"

"This right," I exclaimed and reaching down, I picked up the dice and put them into my pocket.

"When you give your comrade a drink and make the rest comfortable, I will return the dice and not before."

Some of the men were ashamed and shrunk away in the gloom to see what their comrades wished, while one or two sat stubbornly watching me. Taking down the lantern I went to the sick beds myself. They were indeed in a pitiful condition. Most of the men had their clothes on to keep warm, and their faces had not been bathed for days. Some, being past aiding, lay unconscious, muttering to themselves. My heart was touched by their utter helplessness and I set about to make them as comfortable as I could. So heedless were the seamen, that when I gave them back their dice they immediately resumed their play.

The barbarities of the sailors of this ship were beyond a landsman's belief. Those, who were well, hung like harpies over their comrades, barely waiting for the breath to leave their bodies before seizing their belongings. One of the men, being helpless, pledged his goods to a strong seaman, if he would but give him food and drink unto the end. The sick man held on until he bid fair to recover, then his comrade cursed him for cheating him out of his possessions. The carpenter, boat-swain, gunner's mate, and five of the crew were already buried in the sea, and it was plainly evident that others would soon follow. I understood now why Captain Jones did not sail.

The next day the air was filled with frost and cakes of ice were floating in the water. My chances of going ashore were poor. I was determined to go, however, if I had to float ashore in the long boat by myself. Seeking Mate Clark I told him I must leave this day, as I was tired of the ship. He shook his head in doubt.

Seeing the state of his mind, I said, "Mate Clark, I must be set ashore, whether or no."

"But, Master Beaumont, I dare not put the seamen to task against their will."

"Not against their will, Mate Clark, but by their will," I replied.

Seeing the sailors were to be won over, I began to cozen them with words and gold until I had all but one of a boat's crew. I put aside my pride and prepared to row myself. With Mate Clark and all the men bundled up to their ears we made the trip ashore. It was so cold I was glad of the chance to row rather than sit still and be a passenger. Reaching the beach with some difficulty, I stood on the shore ice near the landing rock and saw the boat turn back to the ship with the cold turning the sailors' breath into little puffs of curling frost.

Being all impatience to begin building, I hastened up the frozen path to the Standish hut. The door was closed and there was an echo to my knock which filled me with apprehensions. The second time I knocked brought Doctor Fuller with an anxious look upon his face.

The doctor, slipping out into the cold, closed the door behind him, saying, "Mistress Rose has been taken suddenly ill, Master Beaumont."

I could not help but be sorry as I asked, "What hopes, Doctor?"

He bowed his head and said, "The Lord's will."

"What of the captain?"

"He is with her."

Then I mustered up courage enough to ask, "How fares the Brewster family?"

"All in fair health except Mistress Lora."

"And she?" I asked.

Again he said, "The Lord's will," in a tone which was not encouraging.

I asked the doctor if I could be of service or relieve the captain in any manner. Shaking his head and excusing himself he stepped back into the hut, leaving me alone upon the log step. My position was now an awkward one, as the door which I had expected would be opened to me was closed, and I could not get back to the ship. My only hope was the common-house which was always open to the men without homes.

Owing to the cold the colonists were indoors, so that I was content with a rough bench at one side of the fire. There was more or less small talk in which I did not join, being busy with my own problems. Asking for Governor Carver and finding that he was at home, I decided to go at once and interview him on the subject of securing land on which to build a hut.

The governor was enjoying the comfort of his fire, when I knocked at his door. Bidding me enter, he made me welcome to his own big chair. As my mind was filled with my plans of building, I made haste to say, "Governor Carver, I came to this country, as you know, on an adventure. Since the ice is coming into the harbor, interfering with my sport, I desire to build my own house within the clearing."

He drew his chair nearer the fire and made ready to answer but I did not give him an opportunity. "You understand," I continued, "that I would occupy the house only until the return of the ship. I have no intentions of staying with you. Besides being of military assistance, my musket will supply the people with fresh

meat. At all events I will not be a burden and may be of great good to the colony."

He shook his head as he replied, "Master Beaumont, you have been of more than passing kindness to our people; as for myself I would welcome you, but the power of granting land does not lie with me but in the consent of all the colonists. I must first know their will in such matters."

I could not conceive but that he would act first and refer the matter afterwards to his subjects, so I said, "There is vacant property next to Captain Standish, to whom was that allotted?"

"John Rigdale," replied the governor promptly.

"What would you say, if this John Rigdale would give his consent to me to build a house next to Captain Standish, occupying it until he recovers from his sickness?"

The governor did not reply at once but stood looking into the fire as if puzzled. Having thought the matter out, he turned to me with the light of the fire showing a smile on his kindly face as he said, "Master Beaumont, that is a matter between you and Goodman Rigdale."

This John Rigdale and his wife Alice were both lying ill on the ship. Their condition was such I felt sure they could not recover for some weeks, if at all. If I could but gain their consent I would arrange with the sailors to build me a hut in short order. Rigdale was out in that night of sleet and cold of the second discovery, and I gave him more than one taste of the contents of my flask, so that he felt kindly towards me.

Taking my adieu of the governor and his warm fire, I made haste down to the landing rock, firing off my gun to call Mate Clark and his men to come for me.

The sailors were still grumbling about being out in the cold when they reached me. Giving little attention to their words, we pushed off and were soon aboard ship.

I found John Rigdale between decks, wrapped in his sleeping-rugs, ill both in body and mind. Making known my plans, he readily gave his consent to my building on the land allotted to him.

When he had finished, he said, "It seems sad that I should come within sight of land and not be able to go to it, but lie here and end all things; so it must be." This brought on a fit of coughing. I held his head, until he was comfortable, his wife being ill in the great cabin, where the women lived. Leaving him with a word of cheer, he answered, "Master Beaumont, make the house comfortable for yourself, for I shall not live to use it."

Captain Jones was sitting idly in the roundhouse, when I returned from my visit to Rigdale. "Captain," I asked, "if I should hire the sailors to throw up a log house for me, next to Captain Standish, what say you?"

"I would say you were foolish, but the sailors can do as they wish."

This easy consent of the captain came as a surprise to me. I lost no time in finding Mate Clark and through him arranged for the men to go ashore the next day to begin their work of building my hut. Though the sun went down behind the clouds, I was not affected by its cheerless exit, but looked forward hopefully to the morrow.

Accompanied by the sailors, I went ashore early the next morning and pointed out the location of my house. Mate Clark had the building in hand, so that I was at leisure to go to the Standish house to learn how Mistress

Rose did. The captain was coming out of his hut with his musket, going in search of fowl for his wife.

"Master Beaumont, you are abroad early this morning."

"How does Mistress Rose?" I asked.

"Better now that the pangs of the first attack are past. The doctor says, if she has fresh broth of fowl or squirrel, she will mend the quicker."

"We will hunt together," I replied.

Then I told him of my plans to build my hut close to his; and we stopped for a moment, looking over the ground I had selected. This pleased the captain for I think he had a liking for me and I am sure I had for him.

As we went into the forest I asked, "How fare the other sick?"

"Badly, Master Beaumont, badly."

This gave me a fright, and I made haste to ask, "Does the elder and his family improve?"

"Nay, Mistress Lora is neither better nor worse but is still in the grip of the wasting fever."

This message made me more determined than ever to decoy a duck or hare within my grasp, ere I returned to the clearing. We went directly to the marshes where in other seasons of the year ducks were plentiful. Though we lay in the cold reeds for a long time not a fowl came our way. Thinking the ducks were feeding on the beach we left our shelter for the shore, where we saw a few diving fowls on which we would not waste our shot.

Returning to the woods, we stood like statues among the trees hoping for a squirrel or hare. Tiring of our stand, we sat down on a fallen tree, the captain facing

one way, while I looked the other. While I was half dreaming, half waking, I was aroused by the quick movement of the captain followed by the report of his gun and turned in time to see a gray squirrel in mid-air falling to the ground. He was in great joy over his success, meager as it was, it fulfilled his hopes for the day. I would not let him tarry, but had him go back at once while I stayed on, hoping for a duck or goose to add to the captain's larder.

When I was by myself, my fancy began to work and I could hear all sorts of strange noises issuing from the trees. I gave little attention to them but sat silently awaiting in hopes that another squirrel would appear. But the spirit of the woods stood guard over its subjects this day and kept them from my gun. As the sun began to strike low I betook myself again to the beach in search of ducks, but not a note of chattering fowls did I hear.

Heavy hearted, I started back along the shore toward the clearing. The waves were washing back and forth, sending up seaweed and other drifting things. Watching the turmoil of waters, my eye caught something white in a great bunch of sea-grass. Looking a second time more closely, I saw the thing move. Dropping my gun I rushed into the water, grasped the wet mass in my arms and rushed to shore. Throwing the grass from me there whipped out of it a fair sized fish. Making haste to seize it, I carried the herring back to the clearing as carefully as though it were a goose or turkey.

The captain was tasting of a pot of broth which he had made, when I entered the hut. Mistress Rose lay behind her curtains, which she proudly called "her tapestries," so that I could not see her. The matron

being provided for I was determined that Lora should have my herring. How to get it to her was the problem as I stood around with my hand on the fish as though it would leap from my pocket.

The captain brought forth a large pewter spoon from the pot, in which was a bit of broth. Waiting for it to cool he said, "We shall have enough for Mistress Rose and some to spare for Lora Brewster."

"Captain Standish," I replied, "I have heard of fish in a broth as well as squirrel, if you will add my contribution to yours, Mistress Rose and Mistress Lora will both have ample without robbing each other." At this I drew forth the herring from my pocket.

"Master Beaumont, this is kind of you, to deny yourself for the sick."

"Nay, Captain, I would the fish were a red deer, so that Mistress Rose and Mistress Lora would be provided the longer."

All the while we were talking, the pot was at work with the squirrel and fish, doing its utmost to flavor the broth with their flesh. The other members of the captain's household were single men, as he was not blessed with children. These men the captain stood to one side of the chimney, feeding them on smoked meat, hard bread, and stale butter. He did not stop to eat himself, though he had been without food since early morning.

My heart went out to the captain, as he poured the steaming broth into a pewter platter, and pushing aside the hangings, with endearing words gave the nourishment to his wife. I stood in front of the fire waiting, keeping a close watch on the pot, lest its contents burn.

While I was watching, the captain came back with his empty platter. Looking down into the kettle he

said, "Another measure will give Rose her morning repast, the remainder I will take to Lora."

Measuring out his portion he picked up the kettle, bidding me take one side, while he took the other. Coming to the door of his hut, the captain let loose the handle saying, "You take it along and say that I sent it for Lora."

It was a nice little touch of Captain Standish's nature, for he knew full well I was anxious to go alone, but did not want others to guess my desire. I went down the path with sweetness of the broth steaming up into my face making me glad I was the purveyor of such goodly savours.

With some trepidation I knocked at the Brewster door. There was a call of "Enter." This time I did not hesitate, but opened the door and stepped in on the hard clay floor. A burning sconce and a blazing fire filled the room with light. Overhead the mottled bark of oak rafters showed dark against the golden background of thatching. There was the same kind of curtain as in the Standish hut, dividing the room into sleeping and living apartments. But why dignify the narrow low chambers with the name of apartments, rather call them by their right names, rooms where men slept so close together on the clay floor that they could not be restless, and the women had little privacy.

The elder stood in front of the fireplace, evidently wondering what I had in the steaming kettle which I offered him saying, "Captain Standish sends this squirrel broth to Mistress Lora."

"Say you Captain Standish sent this broth?" he asked suspiciously.

"It is so."

"Why did he not bring it himself?"

It was evident that the elder suspected that I had made the broth and used it as a ruse with which to gain an interview with Mistress Lora. For this reason he hesitated in accepting it. I held my temper, at the same time forced the broth onto him, so that he could not refuse it.

On my way back I stopped opposite the site of my own hut. I was surprised at the rapidity with which the work had progressed. The bottom timbers were already in place, and I could see that in a few days more I would be in my own chimney-corner.

It was now so late I was compelled to stay ashore. Though the captain's hut was already crowded, he would not hear of my going elsewhere, offering me a sleeping-rug and space on the floor near to the fire. The other men had already ranged themselves in their rugs, so that the captain and I sat in the shadows of the chimney speaking in whispers that we might not disturb his wife.

From time to time, the captain would go to the curtain standing for a moment, then would come back and say, "Master Beaumont, our squirrel and fish are better than doctor's herbs."

Part of the time we sat in silence, then again whispering to each other, until I told the captain we must not keep watch together, but that he must go to his bed while I stood guard. It was a great compliment of the captain's friendship to me, when after much pressing he finally betook himself to rest. Though he was master of the house, he did not crowd himself close to the fire, but stepping carefully over the sleeping men, he

lay down next to the logs which was known as the "cold bed."

From time to time I laid sticks of wood upon the fire lighting up the interior of the cabin, showing the forms of the row of sleepers distinctly and casting uncanny shadows on the curtain. Once Mistress Rose asked for a drink. I did not have the heart to waken the captain but essayed to give her the water myself. She did not recognize me in the dark, taking me for the captain she patted my hand.

I went back to my seat in the chimney-corner, pitying her that one of her station should be so ill in such quarters.

I was leaning over the ashes of the fire, looking in the coals at the castles which I had known in England, when I was startled by someone touching me on the shoulder. It was the captain who had awakened of his own accord and now bade me to take to my rugs. Following his example, I made my way to the "cold bed" next to the logs and slept until the men began to stir in the morning.

Captain Standish, preparing the broth, left from the night before, gave it to his wife, not deigning to touch a portion for himself. While the frost was still on, we took ourselves to the woods to hunt. Again we stole along the brook and lay in covert places in the reeds for ducks, but none came. Amidst the trees we sought squirrels, hares, and finally in desperation would have taken a wolf. As the hours went by and we failed to find game, the captain became uneasy, wondering how his wife did so long without nourishment. I felt sorry for him and would willingly have gone any distance to have secured even a red squirrel.

When the sun set, we were empty-handed. I had just whispered, "Shall we go?" when there was a crackling of dead twigs in front of us. At the same time we saw the head of a red deer. Our guns went off together. The buck leaped high in the air, staggered a few steps and fell. Standing over the fallen deer, the captain took off his hat and with bowed head said a silent prayer, while I stood by paganlike—but said one in my heart.

With the prospect of this feast, we forgot our hunger, our day of toil, and woeful feelings. Under the burden of our guns and deer we hurried through the shadows of the forest trees. We both felt that now there would be ample broth for Mistress Rose and the other sick, so that the worry of providing for them was off our shoulders for the present. Arriving at the hut, throwing the deer on the ground, the captain made haste to tell his wife what there was in store for her. As we were dressing the deer I suggested, "Captain, what say you to taking a quarter to the elder?"

"'Tis too much to carry to him at one time, for he will give it all away. We had better keep the supply and send it as Lora needs it."

Acting on the captain's advice, I cut the choicest bits of venison and laid them on a piece of bark. The captain being busy in preparing his own meat, I asked, "Shall I take this deer meat to the elder and say that you sent it for Mistress Lora?"

"As you will," he replied, as he cut loose the deer skin under the light of the torch.

This was all the encouragement that I needed, for he had hardly finished speaking before I had picked up the bark with its burden of venison. My knock at the Brewster door brought the usual response of "Enter."

The elder and his family were eating the evening meal, when I went in and laid the deer meat down. "This," I said, "comes from a red deer which Captain Standish killed."

There was no hesitation this time in accepting the gift, nor did the elder raise any question of my connection with it. The mother arose, took the meat and at once began to prepare to serve it.

I had spoken loudly so as to give Lora notice of my presence, the curtains being drawn closely together. As she did not respond to my voice, I became alarmed and asked boldly, "How does Mistress Lora?"

"She has had a comfortable day and is now sleeping," replied the elder in a low voice.

With what feelings I went forth from that lowly hut no one knows, for I now conceived that with proper food, Lora would soon be out of danger. With this determination, I returned to the Standish hut where I found the captain had already prepared broth for his wife. With the comforting thought that we had provided amply for the next few days, we both lay down on the floor and slept peacefully.

The next day having leisure, I took notice of my log hut which was being raised like magic under the toil of the sailors. As it was almost ready for the roof, I showed Mate Clark where the best straw grew and left the thatching in his hands. While we were in the swamp we came upon a flock of ducks and I, in an off hand shot, killed four which I gave to Mate Clark and his men. So quickly had the deer relieved me from the tension of hunting from necessity that I gave these fowls away willingly.

Doctor Fuller and the head men of the colony had an

idea that much of the sickness arose from living in the cramped quarters on board of the ship, so that every effort was accordingly made to encourage the people to go ashore. There were now seven private and three public houses completed with others started. It soon became evident, however, that the land would not heal the ailing, in fact, those who were ashore began to be taken with the same maladies as those on board ship until every hut was filled with the sick. Doctor Fuller's face grew serious under these conditions and he labored day and night with his drugs and simples without avail.

The great sickness filled the sick-house to overflowing with men, women, and children. The common-house was likewise filled with beds of rough boards to keep the feeble off the clay floors. Governor Carver, who was none too well, began to show the strain as he saw his people failing through the various ailments. Some were down with scurvy, others with lingering lung trouble, while others suffered with quick coughs and high fever. Nearly all the men who were on the exploring expedition and who waded through the cold surf at Cape Cod were ill.

Coming from the ship to view my own house, I stopped in the sick-house to see what manner of place it was. The room was about fourteen feet square with clay floor, the rough bark of the logs showing in the sides and on the rafters overhead. There was no light except what came from the fire and a single candle which was lighted in midday. Within this hut, the men lay on one side and the women and children on the other. Owing to the cold, the door was closed, filling the room with a sickening odor from so many feverish bodies. The hot fetid air coming in contact with the

cold logs turned into hoar frost on the bark. There were only the bare necessities, a rough bed to keep the sick off the floor, a few thicknesses of canvas to lie upon with a rug or two to cover them. There was not a delicacy, nay, not even comfort such as a chair or a pewter jug of water at the bedside.

Sick at heart, I was about to turn from the scene of discomfort, when I caught the pathetic look of Francis Turner, a lad of twelve, whom I had seen often on ship-board. I could not leave him without an encouraging word. Stepping over to speak to him, he put out his hand hot with fever and said, "You will soon be back in England?"

"Yes, my lad," I replied wondering what was in his mind.

Looking up pleadingly into my face, he said, "Mother is in England. Tell her that I thought of her and that you saw me. It will please her."

There was not a whimper or note of complaint in the lad's voice as he gave me this message. He was a man at heart and lay dying as an Englishman should without a murmur. I gave the little feverish hand a squeeze and went out with the tears running down my cheeks.

Stopping at my hut, I found it ready for thatching. John Billington was watching the men at work when I arrived. He did not grate on me as he did on the others, as I only smiled at his forwardness and stupidity. "Master Beaumont," said Billington, "how comes it you do not strive for yourself on your own house?"

"Simple enough, John, I have others to do the work."

"Why have others when you can do it for yourself?"

"Because I would not soil my hands by laboring."

Big John became personal as he said, "If I forget not, you soiled your hands and pricked the blood as well when you were thatching Elder Brewster's house."

Not caring to discuss this matter with him, I started off saying over my shoulder, "Truly I labored once but that was on Elder Brewster's house."

Before I reached the Standish house, I noticed the red deer which we had left hanging at the side of the house had disappeared. I found the captain at the side of the house chopping fire-wood. Seeing me, he rested from his labors which gave me an opportunity to ask, "Captain, what has befallen our red deer?"

With compassion in his voice, he replied, "Master Beaumont, I sent it to nourish those lying ill in the sick-house."

"What of your wife?"

"I have retained a supply for this day, after that I must hunt for her."

I stood in silence, then remembering the scene I had witnessed in the sick-house but a few moments before, I answered, "Captain, you did right. We will go to the woods on the morrow as you say."

From the captain I learned that Mistress Rose was sitting up and was mending rapidly. The doctor was sure that her recovery was due to the fresh and nourishing food.

On the morrow we went to the marshes early, finding many ducks so that we were back to his hut with ample store by midmorning. The carrying of the fowls to the sick I left to the captain, while I made ready to move my possessions from the ship to my own hut.

Captain Jones had ceased to be curious about me or my plans, so that I had little difficulty in bartering from

him a few pots, kettles, and pans from the ship's scullery. My big chair which sat in the alcove of the roundhouse I had secured after some negotiations. A small table and a few knives and a large pewter spoon completed the outfit of my chimney-corner and made me rich in cooking utensils. For some reason I took with me my chests with all their fineries.

A half dozen sailors carried my household effects from the landing rock to the hut. The rest of the afternoon I spent in arranging them in the four corners of my house. Driving wooden pins in the walls, I hung my armor, steel cap, and bandolier; two more pins held my snap chance, so that the interior of my hut took on the appearance of an armory. With these tasks completed, I built a fire on my hearthstones, saw the smoke curling up my own chimney, and, looking around my narrow hut, called myself comfortable.

Captain Standish came over and sat with me for a few moments. He made no effort to conceal his pleasure at my being his neighbor. He spoke so well of my arrangements that I felt proud of myself and already enjoyed my hut more than I did the round-house. When he was gone, I stood for a moment on my log door-step. A haze overcast the sky and from gusts of wind I felt that I had not come ashore a whit too soon. Shutting the door on the outside world, I threw on a stick of wood and watched the light play upon the walls of my own castle until I wearied, then wrapping my rugs about me, I went to sleep contentedly for the first time under my own roof.

On the morrow my news from the maiden and Mistress Standish was that they were better. While they were improving, the other colonists were growing weak-

er and weaker. The sick-house was full of the feeble, so was the common-house, and so was nearly every other hut in the clearing. Each day found the situation worse than the preceding one. Doctor Fuller, broken by long hours of toil and poor food, was the last victim of the fever. Some of the colonists were sick on the ship so that he was kept going back and forth until he was worn to exhaustion and was compelled to resign his work to other hands. The trouble was that the doctor was the only one that was familiar with his herbs and simples, so that there was no one left to treat the sick.

Only Captain Standish, Elder Brewster, Master Richard Warren, Master Stephen Hopkins, John Billington, and myself were left to care for the sufferers. We all lacked experience. There was nothing else for us to do but labor in the sick-house, common-house, and the other huts, giving what comfort we could. Little Francis Turner was gone. Another lad lay in his cot who was soon to follow.

The labors of the day were followed by even greater toils in the night. Fearing the savages would discover the condition of affairs, the dead were left in their rugs until after dark, when we would issue forth with pick and shovel to dig a shallow trench. The burial ground was a little field that overlooked the sea just in front of the sick-house which we could reach quickly. Wrapped in a piece of canvas, we laid the dead away as best we could by the dim light of a smoky lantern. We were very careful to rake the loose earth back and forth to conceal the grave from the eyes of lurking savages. Under the cold sky and twinkling stars we would hasten back to the sick-house, leaving our tools at hand for the next unfortunate one.

Those of us who could walk now went from place to place, laboring as best we could that all the colonists might not be swept from the earth. Captain Standish, who was a fighting man at all times, was all tenderness as he went among the sick doing the most menial services patiently and kindly. The elder too was on watch constantly, soothing the sick and supporting the dying with his words of cheer. John Billington in his rough way showed his heart was warm with sympathy for the afflicted, though he had not the least idea what should be done for them. At this time he, who would not have been touched by the suffering of the colonists and done his uttermost to relieve them, would have been an evil minded pirate.

Governor Carver was lying ill in his own house. Happening in, I asked, "Governor Carver, how goes the day with you?"

He replied quickly, "Bravely, bravely, Master Beaumont, I shall soon be free of my bed."

As the governor spoke, so did the other colonists. Never giving up hope, even when the end was near, they would smile bravely and answer courageously to anything I said to them.

Though the captain and I devoted our time to the sick people we did not neglect Mistress Rose. We took days about hunting. Some days we found little, other days our game-bag was heavy and we had some to spare. We were selfish enough to keep the best for Mistress Rose and Lora. I had not made an effort to see the maiden since I moved ashore, so that so far as I knew, she was not aware of my change of residence. Mistress Standish was not strong enough to be about but the captain had hopes of her recovery.

Increasing Fear of the Savages

One day early in February, it being my turn to hunt, I lay behind a blind of reeds, waiting for ducks when I heard a rustling of the grass. I raised my gun ready to fire when suddenly there appeared a hideous face, covered and marked with paint. I remember seeing hawk's feathers sticking straight up from the top of this awful looking head and how tightly the red skin was drawn over the savage's ribs. The figure walked quickly by me never dreaming that a scared Englishman was lying in the grassy covert. Another and another came stealthily from out the grass followed by I do not know how many, for I was not in a humor to count them. It seemed to me that the forest was filled with these naked savages as they stalked by me toward the clearing. When the last one had gone by, I shut my eyes and fell back exhausted. As I lay there, it came to me that the savages in some manner, learning of the weakness of the colonists, were now on their way to attack the settlement.

Springing to my feet, I took the opposite direction running at my utmost speed toward the clearing. Before I had covered half the distance, I fancied I heard shouting and had no other thought than that I would see the huts in flames. Fear urged on my flight, until I was completely out of breath when I staggered through the brook and up the bank. Fortunately I found Captain Standish coming up the path towards his house. From

my appearance he knew that something was in the air.

Hurrying his steps he grasped me by the arm, exclaiming, "Beaumont, what is it? What is it?"

Pointing to the forests, I cried, "Savages! Savages!"

He stood nonplussed for a moment, then without asking any more questions ran into his hut. Coming out quickly with his gun and bandolier, he bade me tell my alarm.

When I had finished telling of the savages, he hurried down towards the common-house saying, "We must make the best stand we can."

We did not stop to put on our armor but started on a run in search of the well men. Hurrying into Governor Carver's hut, I found him wrapped in his rugs, sitting in his big chair in front of the fire. He saw I was greatly agitated and at once exclaimed, "What would you, Master Beaumont?"

"I am seeking the elder," at the same time I endeavored to hold back my fast breathing.

Turning in his chair, he demanded, "For what purpose?"

Seeing that the governor was becoming excited and feeling that he should know the danger, I cried, "The savages are coming!"

With a firm voice he said, "I feared as much," and to my utter surprise pushing aside his rugs, walked hurriedly across the room to his armor which was hanging on the wall. Reaching his steel cap, he pushed it down onto his head, then he faltered and, staggering against the wall, held himself upright by clutching the clay chinking. Catching him in my arms, I carried him back to his chair.

Looking up into my face pitifully, the governor ex-

claimed, "Oh, God! the poor people! the poor people! What will become of them?"

He was a pathetic figure as he sat there with his steel cap pushed down over his gray hair and his big eyes looking upward pleadingly. Hastening to leave him, he said in tones of anguish, "Master Beaumont, protect the sick. Don't let them suffer."

"I will do my uttermost," I answered and rushed from the hut.

Coming to the common-house, I found five men besides myself in arms ready to repel the attack. This handful was all that was left of over sixty men and boys who were able to bear arms.

The captain soon had his little force in hand and under control. Without loss of time he sent us to collect all the guns, powder, and bullets from the various huts and bring them to the common-house. The men came hurrying from every direction with their arms full of match-locks and bandoliers. The guns we loaded and, lighting the matches, stood them in a row along the wall of the common-house. Being in readiness, the captain ordered three to go toward the sea, while he led the elder and myself up the path towards our huts to keep a lookout for the savages in that quarter. Coming up to his house the elder made an excuse to go in. Taking advantage of the excitement I followed after him. The maiden was seated in a great chair surrounded by rugs. She was pale, thin, and still feeble.

With a second look the maiden read the danger in our faces and pushing her white hand from out beneath the coverings, she said, "Father, is it the savages?"

"They are in the forests," he answered.

"I thought so much," came back feebly and then she swooned.

Her father stooped over the maiden and laid her gently down. The fire being low, I put on a fresh supply of wood. As her mother was down with the fever and could not render assistance, I ran down to the spring for fresh water. By my return the maiden had recovered sufficiently to speak, so I went on.

Captain Standish was walking back and forth on the path, looking on all sides of the clearing for the savages. Not seeing them he hastily stationed his army of six along the street with instructions to concentrate at the point of attack. My station was along the brookside where I could keep a close watch on the neighboring forests so that the savages would not steal out unawares. My favorite post was beside one of the great willows that overhung the Brewster spring. At times I fancied I saw figures moving about among the undergrowth across the brook, at which I stood breathless, but a passing breeze would stir the underbrush and my moving figures would become dry twigs and branches. Through this day, we six men stood as sentinels, excited, watching, hoping, fearing, praying, but alert and ready.

With the coming of the night, we dared not rest. As I was walking back and forth, I happened to glance upward and to my surprise I saw reflections of light upon the clouds. Knowing it was from a fire of our savage foes, I quietly sought the captain and pointed out the light. It was a long way off so we took courage that our enemy had withdrawn for the night.

Passing the hut of Master William Mullins, a London merchant and one of the adventurers of the colony, we noticed a light burning within. As this was un-

usual, we pushed open the door and entered. Priscilla, a girl of eighteen, was bending over her father. The captain, touching the girl on the shoulder, motioned her aside. Taking the hand of the sick man, he spoke to him. Master Mullins asked for a drink which the captain gave, while his daughter and I stood by. The captain endeavored to get some word from the sick man. Giving up the task shortly, he put the father's hand into the daughter's and left the hut. I followed him quietly saying a blessing that I was able to be on my feet.

At the common-house, the line of glowing sparks along the wall told how well the men were on guard but within another scene greeted our eyes. The fire was burning low upon the hearthstones, a lantern shed its dim light over the row of figures wrapped in their rugs, giving them an uncanny appearance. The moist nauseating odor of feverish bodies almost stifled us. Our duty we knew was here, so we put aside these offensive things and began to render what aid we could.

Giving a cup of water to a sufferer, he told me that Master White had asked for a drink earlier in the evening. Though he was lying quiet in his rugs, I made haste to quench his thirst. Pushing back the cover, I saw that he was past needing relief. Gently pulling the rug over his face, I gave the water to the man on the next pallet. Telling the men on watch of the going of Master White, I stayed long enough to see them carry the wool carder forth in his rugs across the path into the Little-field-that-overlooked-the-sea. Shortly going up the path, I heard the sound of a pick striking in the hard earth and I knew that the last resting-place of Master White was being prepared.

My mind was not at ease about the savages, so leaving

the captain in the common-house, I made a detour of the clearing. Thinking I might be of assistance in the Mullins house, I stopped there on my way back. Master Mullins had gone his way and Priscilla was crying as if her heart would break. Her brother and mother were lying unconscious. Only this slip of a girl was left to grieve for the departed. It seemed a cruel thing to leave her alone in the dimly lighted hut with the sick and the dead; but there was no place to take her nor could I comfort her. Closing the door gently I went to consult with the captain as to what was wise to do.

Heartless as it may seem, we decided that it was best to carry Master Mullins to his burial at once. It fell to the lot of Captain Standish to tell this to Priscilla who took it bravely. The maiden, winding the canvas around her father, made ready to follow us. She was a pathetic figure as she stepped out into the night with a shawl thrown over her head and a cape around her shoulders, a solitary mourner. Three of us led the way with the courageous girl and the captain close behind us. Going to the little field, one of the men swung his lantern around to see that he had clear ground. While we quickly dug a trench, the girl stood shivering in the cold. Taking off my greatcoat, I threw it around her. She turned her face towards me and in a gentle way thanked me for my thoughtfulness. When all was in readiness, the form in the canvas was laid in the trench and we led the maiden away to her lonely hut.

The men had hardly come from burying Master Mullins when they were compelled to go forth on a similar mission for a little boy. They carried the frail form easily between them and were soon returning as there was no one to follow or mourn for him.

At midnight I happened into the sick-house. There was a cry for water. Finding the bucket empty, I started with it to fill it at Brewster spring. Under the night shades I went to the spring, dipping the bucket into the cool water, thankful that it was in my power to serve these people.

With my gun on my shoulder and the bucket of water in my hand, I tiptoed along the side of the Brewster hut. There was a candle burning within. Pushing the door open quietly, I entered and there sat the maiden in her father's great chair asleep with the glow of the dying embers lighting up her pallid face. Softly I crossed the room, picking her up in her rugs, I carried her across the floor and laid her tenderly on her bed. Then I stole away as quietly, thankful to have this glimpse of fairness in the midst of dismal scenes which surrounded me.

The morning after the night of sorrow, found us still on guard. At daylight the captain suggested that we take a turn in the forests to see if we could find signs of the savages. Though it was an unwise venture, neither of us thought so at the time as we wished to put an end to the suspense. Shouldering our guns we made a complete circuit of the clearing to the beach. Coming back across the Little-field-that-overlooked-the-sea, I was surprised to see how completely the men had effaced the marks of the graves dug during the previous night.

Returning to the common-house, the captain bade his men extinguish the matches cautioning them, however, to carry the guns into the house where they would be at hand in case of attack. While they were at this task, we heard a great outcry at the sick-house. Fearing the savages were beginning an attack, all of us ran down the path preparing our guns as we went. At the sick-house,

we found John Billington climbing up a ladder to the roof which was afire. As he had only a half bucket of water, I hastily took off my greatcoat and threw it up to him, bidding him to whip out the burning thatch with it. Fortunately the straw was damp, otherwise it would have soon been ablaze.

What would have happened to the sick in their flammable rugs and bedding if the fire had once gotten beyond us, no one knows. As it was, in the excitement some of them endeavored to escape; but they were so weak they fell to the floor and lay there helpless, until we came and put them back in their beds. When John Billington threw down my coat after whipping out the fire, both arms were badly torn and burnt, so I told him he could keep the garment for his trouble.

When it was all over, the captain standing in the path looking at the scorched spot in the roof, turning to me said, "Master Beaumont, can you think what more will befall us?"

I shook my head in reply as we went up the path to our huts and, though mine was cold and cheerless, I gave little heed to these discomforts but went to my rest with all of my clothes on so as to be in readiness in case of trouble.

I was awakened from a sound sleep by a peculiar scratching on the logs of my house. I lay quietly for a moment gathering my thoughts, then rose and threw open the door. There on the end of one of the logs sat a gray squirrel. It gave me a curious look and whisked its bushy tail from side to side as much as to say, "What sort of animal are you?" I withdrew to secure a Spanish roll to give my four-footed friend a feast; but when I returned, it had disappeared. As I had kindly ways

with all wild animals, I distributed crumbs around my dooryard to encourage its coming again.

The clearing lay calm and peaceful under the sunlight so that the alarms of the day before and the tragedies of the night seemed all a dream. There was a touch of reality, however, in the sentinels who were still on guard at the common-house. Taking my gun I went to their relief. All this day we kept close watch on the forests for the savages, but we did not catch a glimpse of one of them nor did we see any signs.

That the savages were still lurking in the woods we had ample evidence the next day. Feeling assured that they had gone their way, Captain Standish accompanied by Francis Cook went to the forest to chop wood; at noontime, coming home, they left their axes leaning against a fallen tree. Upon returning to work the tools were gone, the savages having taken them in the meanwhile. Again we were thrown in a flurry of alarm. Several days we kept active watch. The savages not appearing we again fell into our old ways. During this excitement, the captain and I managed to keep Mistress Rose and Lora supplied with fresh meat. Both seemed to be improving so we were fairly satisfied.

The reaction from the season of alarms and anxiety affected me peculiarly. As I was seated in my great chair by my own fireside one evening, watching the smoke break forth from the green wood with much crackling and little puffs of steam, I felt contented with myself and the world. In this perfect peace I was suddenly seized with a longing to celebrate the change of affairs. Almost as quickly came a thought of arraying myself in all my gay clothes. Perhaps it was my overwrought nerves. Perhaps it was the spirit of my noble

ancestry, surging up within me. Whatever it was, it moved me to do a foolish thing.

My chests with their contents of silks and velvets stood in the farther corner of the hut, where they had remained untouched since they were brought from the ship. Dragging one of them into the center of the clay floor, I threw back the cover bringing into view my scarlet velvet coat. Though at one time I was quite familiar with this garment, it had been so long since I had seen it I hardly knew the coat with all its gaudiness. Piece by piece I arrayed myself even down to my French Murray hat with its golden rope and gold and silver spangles.

When all was in accord with my fancy, I took my seat in my chair, dressed as a gentleman should be who was to be honored by the presence of great ladies. I confess I was pleased to be once more dressed in my true garb and looked with certain contempt at the torn and worn garments which I had just taken off.

Again I sat in the firelight as Sir Francis Beaumont, watching the jewels in my shoe roses glisten and my diamond garters shooting forth rays of light more sparkling than those that came from my wood fire. My rose colored silken hose showed bright, while the red poppies on my waistcoat were even of a more brilliant hue than I last remembered them. Taking a kerchief out of the little reticule at my belt I caught its soft perfume, flecking a lint of dust off my sleeve with the dainty linen.

Happening to think of my rapier, I arose and buckled it on strutting about the hut as I was wont to do on a Sunday parade. Once more coming to my chair I sank

into its arms pushing both hands deep into the pockets of my velvet coat. I felt something hard under the fingers of my right hand. With some curiosity I drew the thing forth and there in my hand lay the shoe rose of Lady Arabella Stuart. The bauble, which sent me across the ocean even into this hut, now confronted me with all its brilliancy.

I sat holding the shoe rose in my hand as one in a dream. Then I fell to musing and fancied the laughing face of Lady Arabella, her charming manner, her touch of humor, and felt her soft finger tips as she pressed them on the arm of this same brave coat. Once more the tones of her voice came to me and "Sir Francis" sounded clearly from her white throat. She again stood before me in all her beauty and I thought her more lovely than ever before. Surely I thought Lady Arabella has a charm which is fascinating and all her own.

The sparkling bauble in my hand grew dull in the light of the dying fire. My vision was gone for Lady Arabella came forth from its dazzling rays; when those went, so did she in all her glory.

The fire was burning low. Not caring to replenish it, I sat looking into its embers. A gust of wind whirled by in the outside world, fanning the ashes from the coals in my inner world, so that I could build in them Beaumont Hall with its heavy walls and embattlements. In fancy I saw the ancient building clad in ivy vines and heard the voices of children playing in its halls. There were the faces of my ancestors, looking as cold and stern as ever. It was June and the soft air of an English summer held me in its thrall. The fragrance of lilacs came

through the open window, drugging me with their perfume, then I heard some one calling, "Sir Francis, Sir Francis."

In my blithesome humor I would not answer but would make my wife seek me, then I heard footsteps approaching softly and felt a kiss upon my forehead. Looking up into her face, I praised her grace, her beauty, the comeliness of her form and the joy of living in her presence. The face I saw was not Lady Arabella's but Lora's, the Pilgrim maiden.

Then a half burnt stick of wood fell into my vision of Beaumont Hall sending it flying into a cloud of ashes, leaving its ruins in blackened coals. I sat in silence for a moment adjusting myself to my surroundings, then I arose, took off my scarlet coat laying it in the chest. Piece by piece the finery disappeared and I stood clad in my old garments, glad and comfortable.

It was late and the roar of the wind around my hut made me feel that I was in New England instead of Old England. To completely efface my recent vision of England from my brain, I crossed the floor, opened the door, and was greeted by a swirl of snowflakes swept in on a winter's blast. Hastily closing the door, I put on a heavy coat and went forth in the tempest to cool my feverish brow.

Since my earliest recollections a storm was fascinating to me. To be sure I enjoy the gentler mood of growing grasses, stirring winds, and the flowing brook in the springtime when all the world is gay with life and verdure and the music of the air is a hushing symphony. But the strident note of the tempest is the real song of strength and triumph. This exultation was in me now as I faced the rushing winds. My feeling was that I

was in the presence of a living being, as the wind essayed to push me this way and that. Facing my unseen antagonist, with head bowed and my greatcoat buttoned to my chin, I urged my way forward. It was always my feeling to spread my arms wide and let the furious wind beat my breast, not in a vainglorious way, but, as it were, to feel the spirit of the universe in the gale. The light of the stars was shut out by the dense veil of snow; but the flying ice only stirred me to greater activity until I ran down the path with the heart of a lad.

Through the sifting flakes I caught sight of lights moving slowly down the path. Coming up to them, I found two men carrying a limp form within a canvas blanket to the Little-field-that-overlooked-the-sea. In the wildness of the night, Thomas Rogers began his pilgrimage and was now being carried forth in the midst of the falling snow to his eternal resting-place.

With my spirits touched by this simple tragedy I went on quietly to the shores of the harbor and stood upon the landing rock. The mighty spirit of the sea was stirring the waters. Through the darkness I could distinguish white crested billows chasing each other toward the shore. The shrill notes of the wind were joined by the thunderings of the sea upon the sand making a mighty chorus in this wild song. This scene of action and power filled me with veneration. Removing my hat, I let the wind and snow beat into my face and I felt the intoxication of the tempest and of the night rushing through my veins. In my delirium I hailed the stars as companions and the scudding clouds as comrades. It was the majesty of the spirit of the universe that held me within its power as it stalked across the waters and blew hoarsely through the forests. For the moment my spirit

was illumined by the greater one of the tempest and I felt its grandeur beating triumphantly through my veins.

Though I stood a lone figure on the landing rock in the midst of the flying snow and dashing waters, I felt as secure as though I were in Beaumont Hall in England. The lurking savages, the lingering sickness, the darkness of the forests were all swept from my brain. Now and then there was a break in the blinding sleet, giving me sight of gleaming stars, flying clouds, and in the distance the lights of the ship. This vision was but for an instant, then the veil of snow again blotted out the heavens and the flickering lanterns, leaving me alone in the night.

Turning from the storm beaten beach, I climbed the bank, following the path until I reached the door of my hut. I stood for a moment, loathing to shut the storm spirit from me. Again I felt the inspiration, opening my door I entered, to find myself within the narrow confines of walls. I heard the swirl of the storm over the thatched roof. I was no longer a part of it, I had found refuge behind the works of man and had assumed his diminutive spirit. The winds were no longer friends but elements to be shunned, so soon had I taken on the trivialities of life. The largeness of the universe was narrowed down to my small world, bound by the golden thatching and pine logs. I shut out the wind, the driving snow, and the triumphal notes of the tempest. Within me dwelt a thankfulness that I was warm and safely sheltered from the storm.

During the night, the snow had filtered down my chimney showing a bank of white athwart the bed of ashes. Realizing that the fall must have been excessive,

I threw open my door to get a view of the outside world. The great clearing was buried beneath the blanket, the thatched roofs of the huts, showing like white coated mounds. Smoke was coming out of the chimneys, giving assurance that the people were still alive.

The wind had fallen to a gentle breeze bearing the flakes silently out of the dull sky. As a child I used to wonder how such lovely whiteness came from black clouds; though it was no longer the mystery of yore, my fancy came back to me, causing me to smile at my youthful innocence. A flake floating down through the air fell upon my sleeve. The delicate crystal showed its fabric of silky frostwork, glistening with a pure white light. Lightly it lay and I was charmed with its fairness. One moment it was all beautiful, the next it had turned into a dull listless thing, then faded away.

Out where the countless myriads were falling, these gentle flakes lay upon each other so thickly that the earth was buried beneath them and the forest trees stood with bowed heads, their branches bearing spectral blossoms blurred and cold. Nature was in a different mood this morning, abandoning her riotous freedom for one of gentle bleakness. There were no wild spirits abroad to stir me fiercely but a dolefulness instead.

As I turned to close my door, my eyes caught a flash of gray under the thatched roof. Stopping for a second look, I saw my squirrel turning its little head from side to side, looking intently down upon me. I was pleased, for I was not alone. Though I endeavored to speak its own chatter in an encouraging manner, it held its distance. Slipping a board out on the snow, I sprinkled it thickly with bits of bread for my little friend's repast.

From the squirrel I turned back to my own chimney-

corner where the glowing warmth of the fire brought me out of the chill that held the outside world within its grasp. My bowl of oatmeal with its seasoning of Dutch butter was unpalatable. Leaving my half finished breakfast, I opened the door again. Much to my surprise, I found the squirrel finishing up the last bit of rusk. There was a friendliness about this living thing that drew me to it.

Through the falling snow I caught the outlines of Captain Standish's hut causing me to wonder how Mistress Rose was faring. While I was still gazing, I saw the door open and the captain standing on his threshold looking over the snow-bound country. I threw up my hand to salute him but the dense flakes shut off his view. I essayed to call him but my muffled voice did not reach his ears. Sullenly the clouds held to their task, sending their white burden fluttering down.

Leaving the door open, I turned back to my own chimney-corner to watch the flames eat their way through the resinous pines. The heat seemed to invite my gray coated friend to enter or mayhap it was my company it was seeking, since we two were alone. At all events the squirrel came to my door, looked in, then cautiously ventured as far as my step. The bank of snow giving way, in great alarm it leaped upon the logs and back into its shelter. The cozening of the squirrel gave me pleasure as well as something to do.

By the middle of the forenoon there was a lull in the storm and over the snow drifts I could see the heads of the willows at Brewster's spring showing clearly against the sky. In the forests the crests of the ancient pines were white and the bark of the oaks glistened with snow.

Out at sea I saw the ship tugging at its anchors.

Above its black hull the masts stood stiff and straight; but the streak of white upon the cross-arms told that the snow was falling upon the sea as well as upon the land. It seemed such an insignificant thing in the midst of the wide waters. Even as I looked, there came a blur over the ship; a great curtain swept across the harbor, spreading over the clearing, and once more we were in the grasp of the north wind.

A burning log gave the hut warmth and cheer. Sitting in my great chair I attempted again to conjure up in the ashes my dream picture of the night before in which I saw Beaumont Hall. But somehow I could not bring it to pass nor could I nourish it back to please my fancy. Giving it up in despair, I spread the embers, contenting myself with the thought that we were safe from attacks of savages for the present. This brought me back to the helplessness of the sick colonists and Mistress Rose. Then it flashed through my mind, how were we to hunt in this snow? Two geese which I had shot the day before was their store of flesh.

This thought of the necessities of the feeble startled me to immediate action. Up to this time I had made no effort to leave my hut nor had I felt the necessity of doing more than clearing away the drift from my own door. Putting on my greatcoat and shouldering my musket, I issued forth. My first step brought me to a standstill in a bank reaching to my thighs. Though the snow was soft and giving, it so tangled my feet that I could neither raise them nor push through the mass. Determined not to give over my task, I plunged on until I was completely exhausted and was glad to return to my hut.

As I stood in my doorway, looking back at my deep

wallows in the snow, a few silvery flakes with their changing prisms of light and fairy filigree work fell upon my coat sleeve. I was no longer charmed by them but crushed them under my hand, as I brushed the hateful objects from me.

If I, a man full of strength, was bound in by the snow, I conceived the colonists in their weakness would be hopelessly beaten. I could not help but wonder if there was no end to the trials of these people and whether this snow was not the last of their afflictions. The only answer to these thoughts was the snowflakes which fell relentlessly out of the dull sky upon the clearing.

In my second effort to break through the snow I left my musket behind. Drawing my hat down over my eyes I plunged forward with the doorstep of the Standish hut as my goal. It was the same struggle with the soft seductive grasp changing into a grip of steel. Standing in a drift up to my waist I stopped for a moment to catch my breath. I could see the coating of snow thick and smooth upon the roof of the hut ahead of me with sticks of ice clinging to the edge of the thatching. Plunging, pulling, falling, I finally broke my way through the drifts until I came to the Standish steps. Stopping for a moment to catch my breath and free myself from the clinging snow I rapped upon the door. The captain bade me enter.

He was surprised that I had ventured forth and would have me partake of a drink of strong waters. Waving him aside, I replied being abroad was only the work of any man and refused his compliments. Mistress Rose, I learned, was restless and not so well. The captain show-

ing no anxiety, I joined with him in thinking that the storm had depressed her spirits.

Before I was fairly recovered from the cold, Captain Standish began to wonder how the sick people did under the snow. The captain was not content to sit by his fireside in comfort, while his companions needed attention. Taking a shovel from the corner, he made ready to go. I followed close after him with shovel in hand. Though it was cold and tiresome work, we kept steadily at it until we came to the path, already dug out by the other well men. At the common-house, we were confronted by the same scenes of despair and feebleness. The many empty cots showed too plainly the ravages of disease. The moanings of the unconscious and the prayers of the dying were mingled with the simple requests of the living. My heart sank within me as I thought of the days to come, when we could not go forth for fresh fowl to nourish these unfortunate people. It seemed to me that the end of this colony was in sight. Giving a cup of water here and there and a word of cheer now and then was all I could do. This I did gladly. Turning from this desolation I went out in the sweetness of fresh air.

I went up to the door of the Brewster house blowing the chill out of my fingers. The elder was absent, having gone to the common-house. Lora was seated in her father's great chair so that she did not see me as I entered. When I came into the light of the fire, she was surprised. Grasping the arm of the chair tightly she gave a little start and exclaimed, "Why, Master Beaumont!"

"Truly, Mistress Lora."

When the first astonishment was over, she sank back into her rugs. She was still pale but I could see that she was stronger than when last I saw her. Then with a smile she said, "Welcome, Master Beaumont."

Hiding behind my subterfuge of cold fingers, I replied, "Mistress Lora, my hands were so chilled I came to your fire to warm them." With this speech I took off her mitts which I was wearing, laying them on the hearthstones to dry. Lora broke the awkward spell by saying, "Is it quite cold?"

"Not as yet," I replied.

Then in her musical voice, she said, "I see the mitts which I gave you when you went forth on the discoveries still do you service."

I understood the look Lora gave me, as she made haste to let her mother know in my presence that the mitts were not a gift of love but a generous thoughtfulness for a stranger who was suffering in their cause. That was ever Lora's manner, for deceit did not lurk within her simple mind.

Grasping her purpose I did not fail her but replied, "Mistress Lora, the mitts you gave me have kept my hands warm and others. Many times have I said a blessing for them."

Seeing that she was in good spirits, I picked up the gloves and slipped them on in her presence. She blushed deeply again, then held out her hand. I grasped it tenderly, fearful of crushing it. I felt a touch of her fingers and a slight pressure on my palm.

The Great Sickness

As I was approaching my doorstep after this visit to the sick, I heard the squirrel chattering to encourage me. This welcome so pleased me I threw a whole rusk to my little comrade. When it had finished, I threw it another so completely had it won my friendship. I continued the feeding until, taking the rusk, it hid it in the thatching which was a notice of a full appetite.

Sitting over my blazing logs, I found contentment in my own position, but for the colonists I could not help but have misgivings of the future if this snow stayed long upon the ground. Ere I took to my rugs I visited with the captain. Mistress Rose was still feeble. I felt solicitous about her. Captain Standish did not speak of her with confidence. I walked back to my cabin under a clear sky and the snow crunching under my feet, glad that my journey was a short one.

On the morrow the clouds were high and the snow had ceased falling. Though the sun did not show itself, it shed a brightness over the clearing that gave me hope that the worst had passed. The squirrel and I ate our breakfast together. Throwing open my door as I nibbled at my hard bread, I threw a portion in the middle of the floor. Having overcome its suspicions, it did not tarry long on the outside but came quickly to the tempting morsels. When my little companion had brushed its muzzle clean many times, I sent it off to its shelter by making a noise with my feet.

We started on our rounds to the sick along the sunken path between walls of glistening snow. All we could do was to give the poor patients bread softened in warm water and bits of salt fish made wholesome by much soaking. I never wanted to give relief so much in all my life as I did this morning when I went helplessly from sick bed to sick bed. Doctor Fuller was still ill and gave us what advice he could in his feeble condition. But we were without skill, so that all we could do was to give what comfort we could and leave them to their fate.

As I walked back to my hut through the snow tunnel, my one relief was that the savages could not be abroad in such frosts. I did not have an excuse for visiting the Brewster hut so I had to be content with a few glances at its low door and smoking chimney, wondering how Lora stood the night.

At the captain's hut I found him hovering over a kettle of broth. Mistress Rose had rallied somewhat so that he was again hopeful. Standing before the fire, I chided him upon his cooking and he answered my quips with a smile. In due time he took a bowl of broth to Mistress Rose; but she pushed it aside, refusing to eat of it. This rather discouraged the captain; but he consoled himself by saying that she was tired and would partake of it later.

I came to my hut in the waning light of the eventide feeling lonely and weary. I had expected to be greeted by the chatter of the squirrel. Failing to be so welcomed, I was greatly disappointed. Being gone from his nest in the thatching, I suspected the little fellow had abandoned me and returned to its home in the trees. I was really lonesome and felt as though I had lost a

friend. Once or twice I left my warm corner at the fireside to see if the squirrel had returned so disturbed was I over its absence.

With the coming of daylight I was greeted with the scratching of tiny feet upon the logs. My squirrel had returned. Though it was early and before my time of rising, I was so glad to welcome it I made ready quickly. Opening the door, I invited my little friend in to an unusual repast. Finding a package of raisins I threw a few of them on the floor with the white bread. This was a dainty which it had never been offered before so that it refused to eat them; but the sweetness attracted it and like mankind it fell before the temptation. I expected to see the squirrel drop the raisin, instead it ate the delicacy quickly and looked around for more.

With my morning reception at an end, I stood upon my doorstep and took notice of the outside world. The winds had veered to the north and blew with icy breath. Though the sun shone brightly making the snow glisten and sparkle, it lacked warmth. I had heard of Henry Hudson's men who had striven in the frozen lands of the far north and of the people they found there who lived in great cold many months of the year, having huts of snow and garments of fur. Truly I thought we had the snow huts and wished that I had a good coating of fox or deer to keep me warm. Though the distance to Captain Standish's hut was not great, my fingers tingled and my cheeks were numbed ere I reached his door.

The captain was not so cheery, for Mistress Rose was not doing as well as he had hoped. He was making a broth of dried beef when I entered. This was all he had left, his supply of fowl being exhausted. The salt and taste of smoke in the beef not being to his wife's

liking, crestfallen he turned from her bedside, wishing for some more wholesome nourishment.

Having in mind a brace of geese which I had left at the Brewsters' door, the day before the storm, I left without saying a word of my intention determined to bring him a portion of them. As the captain and I were digging the path the day before I had seen the geese hanging at the side of the elder's door. As I came to the hut now in search of a portion of their flesh for Mistress Rose I saw that they were gone. I did not think this strange, fancying that they had been taken inside. The maiden was sitting in her father's chair enjoying the warmth of the fire when I entered.

Without asking after her health, I asked at once, "Mistress Lora, what has befallen the geese?"

"Father took them to the sick-house this morning. He says the people are in great need and failing for the want of nourishment," she answered, a smile lighting up her pallid face.

"To the sick-house!" I exclaimed.

"Surely."

"Leaving you without a morsel?" I went on in my excitement.

"We have ample dried beef, Master Beaumont," she answered with exasperating calmness.

I saw it was no use arguing with her. In her simple generosity she was gladly parting with what was necessary for her existence.

I had a view of Mistress Rose going first, followed soon by the maiden. She was watching me closely and even read my thoughts as she asked, "What ails you, Master Beaumont?"

"Nothing, Mistress Lora, nothing," I replied rudely

and hurried from her presence determined that I would rescue a portion of the flesh.

There was no evidence of the fowl at the sick-house, so I fairly ran back to the common-house. There I learned that there was nothing left of them. Pressing my demands further I was told that the necks and parts they did not care to cook were thrown into the snow. Without saying as much as a "Thank you," I made haste to the snow-drift in which bits of geese were thrown. Taking off my mitts I dug out the frozen pieces.

On the way to the Standish hut, I hid one of the necks in my pocket determined to save it for Mistress Lora, but when I faced the captain with my paltry offering of flesh and bones and saw his need I gave it all to him. Poor as my presents were, the captain took them gladly, giving my hand a squeeze of gratitude for my thoughtfulness. We both watched the boiling broth, lean as it was with nourishment, until it was ready for serving.

The captain took the steaming bowl to his wife's bedside. I heard him beseeching her tenderly to partake of the broth; but she finally pushed it from her and lay back upon her pillow. He came back to the fire and setting the bowl down said sadly, "Friend Beaumont, she will not even taste of it."

This was the first time that Captain Standish had ever called me "Friend." I stopped with him to give what encouragement I could, which was very little. Later in the day Mistress Rose rallied taking a portion of the broth, thus giving the captain hopes of her returning strength.

On my way to my hut my heart became sorely disturbed. The snow lay so deep that no man could wade through it, while the ice was piled upon the beach so

that there was no hope from that quarter. In fact the shallop was lying in the mouth of the brook while the ship's boats had all been hoisted on deck so that there had not been communication between the ship and shore for several days.

As the night came on I heard a lone wolf's cry off in the forests. At first the doleful call made no impression on my mind knowing it was beyond my reach, but I remembered reading that in the plains of Muscovy during great snows, these brutes would frequently seek the habitations of men. Taking down my gun I cleaned it by the candle light. Having the assurance that the gun was fit, I decided to lie in wait for the wolf if it should be so bold as to come into the clearing.

Opening the door cautiously, I stepped outside into the shadow of my hut. The moon, shining brightly, filled the clearing with its steel cold light; the silvery clouds drifting across the sky were seemingly a reflection of the snow-covered earth. The forests, the hills, and the great clearing with its snow clad huts were all flooded with this cold, cold light, making me cringe at its cheerlessness. Even as I moved my feet, the snow crunched beneath them with a hollow sound in keeping with this spectre world.

As I stood in the deep shadow of my hut, I again heard the howl of the wolf. I stood as stiff and likewise as cold as a statue. The cry of the wolf ceasing, I began to give up hopes of its coming. Eagerly I watched and in my fancy I thought I saw many creeping wolves. While I was slowly freezing and my breath was steaming white with frost, there came a black spot upon the snow. With eager eyes I watched the vague

moving spectre in the moonlight. I held my breath as the creeping thing dragged itself along. On, on it came slyly, until I could see the frosted air rising from its nostrils. Suspicion and craft was in its every movement. The black figure was strangely outlined against the snow. With a quick move I threw my gun into my arm and fired. The wolf sprang high into the air and fell upon its side.

The crust of snow was so knit together as to indifferently hold my weight. Though I broke through many times I finally reached my prize. There was a great crimson blotch upon the snow which I saw distinctly but it made no impression upon me. Picking it up by its bushy tail I dragged it after me to the captain's hut.

Captain Standish was standing in his doorway. Throwing the wolf at his feet, I said, "Captain, this is all I have to offer."

"Friend Beaumont, I am afraid it is too late."

"For what reason?" I asked hurriedly.

Without answering he motioned for me to come in. The curtains of Mistress Rose's pallet were pushed aside, so that I could see her pale face and hear her breathing heavily. I waited for the captain to speak. As he was bending over her, he almost sobbed as he said, "Beaumont, she is not sleeping but dying."

"Nay, nay, Captain," I said in astonishment at the same time going over to the bed. Though Mistress Rose was pale and her face thin, still her breath was coming deeply and regularly. I picked up her feverish hand and gently stroked her forehead. She opened her eyes, looked up into my face feebly muttering something.

The captain, who was by my side, knelt to hear what she might have to say. "She is speaking of England," he whispered.

Mistress Rose was a pathetic figure as she lay in her narrow bed flanked by the rough bark of the pine logs and the clay chinking. The color had gone from her cheeks and the calmness of her face was lost in the pallor that beset it. In her ramblings she would work at her coverlids with her hands which were thin and bloodless. Used to comforts, it seemed hard for one of her station lying helpless in the midst of cold and snow, sheltered by the thatched roof of a log hut. My heart was touched with sadness that the life of one so young and comely should come to an end in such quarters.

Drawing the curtain over the two, I left them together. A flickering candle stood upon the narrow table, giving forth an uncertain light which could not penetrate the gloom which had settled upon the cabin and had fixed its touch upon us. Sorrowfully I stood before the fire, waiting the end of the tragedy that was being enacted behind the curtains.

I could hear the mutterings of Mistress Rose mingled with the endearments of her companion, as he endeavored to make her going easier or hold her to him if he could. There was a silence broken by a few feeble utterances then a hush. I saw the curtain move, then part, and the captain came forth with haggard face and bowed head. I knew Mistress Rose had gone.

I stood on one side of the fireplace, while the captain stood on the other looking intently into the blaze. I could not speak for my feelings would not permit me, nor could I have first broken the silence ushered in by

the sacred farewell. So we two strong men stood gazing into the blazing logs.

While my thoughts were of grief, my spirits dejected and my soul was stricken with sorrow, I heard the captain move. Looking up I saw him step quickly across the hearthstones and laying his hand on my shoulder with tenderness in his voice said, "Beaumont, the Lord's will be done."

I grasped him by the hand, pressed it firmly between both of mine, then without a word left him in the hut with his own.

Though the living pressed hard on the dead, the captain could not bear to have Mistress Rose carried forth immediately. Through the next day I was with him, though he did no more than sit silently in his great chair in front of the fire. The well men came and spoke a word of comfort but not a woman's hand was there to lay back her raven black tresses. When the night time came, the captain wrapped a canvas rug about her himself.

With the moon shining upon us, the captain and I carried forth Mistress Rose in her rugs. Down the narrow path between the ridges of snow we took her, until we came to the Little-field-that-overlooked-the-sea. By the light of two lanterns we dug through the drifts until we reached the frozen earth, then I stopped for a moment to catch my breath. The captain straightened up from his labors as well. We had not said a word, both of us preferring to be silent.

As the captain saw the gentle form lying in her rugs, he turned to me and said, "Beaumont, 'tis hard."

"Captain, cruelly hard," I replied.

That was all that was said. We turned back to our task. With the chill of the night set upon us, we prepared with heavy hearts Mistress Rose's last resting-place, setting her face towards the sea and England, which was her last thought, and left her wrapped in a shroud of ice and snow.

After the sad ending of Mistress Rose Standish, my solicitude for Lora weighed heavily upon my spirits. A diet of dried beef and neat's tongue was not fit to nourish her out of her feebleness. To add to my perplexity, word came that she was confined to her bed. This moved me greatly, for I must stand in my doorway and look out helplessly over the waste of snow.

My only consolation was the companionship of my gray squirrel which now became my boon companion. It watched my comings and goings and welcomed me with its chatter, stirring my heart with affection. I divided evenly my bread and denied myself dainties that the squirrel might have its fill. In its simple nature it now confided fully in me so that I would not have harmed it for the world. But my pleasure in the little fellow was marred by my doleful thoughts for the maiden.

Captain Standish spent what time he could with me not wishing to be alone. The curtain of his hut was down and already its interior was lacking the touches of a woman. He never spoke of his wife nor did he grieve in my presence. But the burden of the other people bore so heavily upon him, he did not have time to sit in his chimney-corner and mourn. I was by his side in his administrations to the sick, doing what I could for their relief. I saw daily Governor Carver, Master Bradford, and all the others.

For several days I chafed under my helplessness, wondering if the snow would ever depart. All the while I managed through one source or another to learn of Mistress Lora's condition. My messages were far from being happy ones, being generally that she was not so well. Once I shouldered my musket and endeavored to push through the drifts to the forests, but I soon found myself hopelessly entangled. Then I stood in the shadow of my hut at night, hoping to get a shot at another wolf; but there was not a living thing abroad.

When I had all but given up hope, there came a change over the heavens and from the low hanging clouds the rain began to fall, the winds moderated to the mildness of spring, bringing a new order of things to the snow covered earth. Instead of its beautiful chilly whiteness, the snow turned to a dull nameless color, the smooth unbroken surface became pitted and filled with cracks and crevices rough and irregular. The fairy world of the north winds with all its wonders gave way to an ugly world, besotted and repulsive. It is ever so with all things. A warm nature would have us love the rose with its velvet petals and delicate fragrance. When the end of the flower comes, this same nature converts its glowing raiments into dried and shriveled leaves making us willing to part with it. So all things, when they depart from us, take on forms which make us let them go, their beauty having gone from them.

Instead of growing doleful, I became glad when I saw the water soaked snow, and heard the rush of the brook filled to its brim with the yellow flood. I kicked the slush from beneath my feet, fancying that I would shortly be abroad with my musket. I left my door wide

open so that I could sit by my fireside, and look out on the vanishing drifts, so anxious was I to see them depart. While I was so engrossed Captain Standish came in.

Giving the captain my chair, I took a stool at the chimneyside. We had been seated but a moment when the captain said, "Mistress Lora fares not so well to-day."

"What say you, Captain?" I exclaimed hastily.

Then he repeated, "Mistress Lora is not so well. She is in great feebleness." He hesitated for a moment then continued, "Her father fears for her life."

When the captain was gone, I went down to the Brewster hut. The mother, who was now up and about, was leaning over the maiden's bed offering her broth. She did not hear me enter, so I stood in silence near the door watching both of them intently. The mother holding a spoon filled with the broth to the lips of the maiden with kindly words urged her to take the nourishment. Mistress Lora refused it turning her head upon the pillow. Then again the mother urged the maiden until I heard her feebly say, "Mother, I am so tired, let me sleep."

"Nay, Doctor Fuller would have you take this," pleaded the mother earnestly.

"Please take it away," begged the maiden so pitifully that the mother desisted, looking helplessly down at the pale face.

As I stood there, I knew that the crisis had come. I turned away from the two without their seeing me. How and where was I to get the fresh food in the midst of this besotted snow? If I gained the forests, I was not sure I would find a fowl or hare for since the snow

fell the only living thing that I had seen was the lone wolf which I had killed, and which had already been eaten by the famishing colonists.

As I came up to my door, I was comforted by my gray squirrel. A smile came over my face in answer to my little comrade's calling, then I stopped and staggered up against the logs. My thought was, "The squirrel, the squirrel for Lora."

My smile of welcome faded into a look of caution fearful that it would flee from me. Stealthily I crept across my door-step. Taking down my gun, I examined it carefully determined to take no chances. With my heart set with steel I advanced cautiously. The log on which it was sitting was empty. I advanced boldly to the door with my gun in readiness but the squirrel had gone, then I fell to poking in the thatching and seeking it in its various shelters. My feelings of kindness had disappeared, leaving the brutal desire to kill, and I felt hateful that it did not come forth to be slaughtered.

The thought came to me that the bullets would tear the squirrel to pieces. For a moment I was nonplussed. Then I thought of my rapier in my chest. Putting my gun upon its wooden pins, I dragged my dainty sword from amidst its gorgeous surroundings. It was cold sharp steel without heart, I thought, a suitable instrument for my work. To complete my betrayal I began chattering in my friendliest way. At other times the squirrel answered my call quickly but now it failed to come and I was troubled.

As I was facing the open door, I saw a little head peering down upon me at the same time giving a friendly chatter. I answered, stealing the rapier to my back. The little fellow looked wistfully down at the morsels

on the floor, then abandoning its perch advanced boldly to its feast. That I might make the surer of its life I threw it a raisin. As it ate the dainty, I advanced toward it slowly and cunningly until I stood ready to strike. I threw my comrade another raisin. With this sweetmeat at its lips I made a quick lunge; the squirrel was quicker than I, leaping aside in safety, while the point of the rapier struck the clay floor breaking off near the hilt. With disgust I threw the broken steel into the snow, blaming myself soundly that I had trusted myself to such a tool.

My defeat only set me more determinedly to my task. I felt that the raisins were so tempting that the squirrel would not stay away long. My plan now was to tie a long string to the door, and from my seat at the fireplace close it with a jerk while the squirrel was feeding. This time I set my trap well. Taking a handful of raisins I spread them temptingly around on the floor, all the while talking in squirrel talk. Then I drew forth my strong broad sword with a blade for rough work and laid it crosswise the bed, throwing a log on the fire that the light might be trustworthy. With the details worked out, I sat down in my chair facing the door awaiting the coming of the squirrel. No savage ever baited his victim with greater pleasure, as all that I could think of was that the maiden must be saved.

The feast of raisins and rusks lay temptingly on the floor. My human sense proved wiser than the animal's instincts, as it was but a short time until the little head came in sight twitching nervously from side to side, as if in doubt of my sincerity. My heart beat rapidly, yea, even gladly. More cautiously than before it leaped upon the log looking longingly down upon the tempt-

ing morsels. Our friendship had been so marred by my unusual action, it hesitated so long I was on the verge of flying at it. While I was fingering my sword the gray squirrel leaped upon the floor. My hand was in a quiver to pull the door after it but I restrained from so doing until it began to feed. With a quick jerk the trap was sprung. The little victim made a desperate effort to escape but the door closed upon it. I hunted the squirrel down with as little cruelty as I could for now that I had it in my toils, I felt sorry for it. A wicked thrust, however, ended the unequal contest. Once it was in my hand, I remembered Captain Standish sending up a prayer in the forest for his red deer, I now stood with bare head and made a blessing for my gray squirrel.

My mind being set on serving Lora, I divided the flesh that I might serve it twice. There was little time lost in the broth making. With the kettle in one hand and my lone pewter spoon in the other, I must have made a queer picture as I went down the path to the elder's hut. I was in hopes that the elder would not be at home. Though he loved his daughter dearly, still he did not appreciate the extent of her feebleness and was so set against me and my people, I was not sure of his actions. I was fearful that he would look upon me as pushing myself into his hut and would resent it.

I did not stop to knock but advanced boldly into the room. Both the elder and mother were gone, which I conceived to be a cruel thing with Lora in her low condition, but they fancied others were worse off and they would tend to their wants first. By the light of the fire I saw that the curtains were drawn tightly. I hesitated to part them but the urgency of the case impelled me.

Moving them aside gently I saw the maiden's face pale and thin. That was sufficient. I pulled the curtain back boldly, she moved restlessly upon her pillows. Setting the broth upon the floor, I spoke tenderly to her. There came a smile over her face, no doubt she thought she heard me speaking in her dreams. Again I said "Lora," and reached my pewter spoon down to put it in the kettle, but it was gone.

Turning around quickly, I was confronted by the wrathful face of the elder, holding my precious broth in one hand, and pointing to the open door with the other. He was in great anger and before I could explain or plead with him, he crossed the room and emptied the broth into the snow saying, "It is better that she should die, than be one of you."

My fists were clinched as I rushed across the floor prepared to strike him down. He made no effort to defend himself, but stood looking at me without flinching. My rage was so great I could have strangled him, had not the thought of Lora come into my mind. Dropping my hands I passed out of the door without so much as making answer to his cruel speech.

My feelings were divided between distress for the maiden and indignation towards the father. Coming to the door of my hut, I felt that I had sacrificed my little friend needlessly, but out of these differences of opinion there arose the dominating one, my love for the maiden. In this was swallowed up my wrath for the elder, since I considered he had much to anger him. The maiden, Lora, was more to me than life. I set my pride aside with a calmness that I did not consider possible for one of my temper, since I thought that I alone

could lead her out of the depths which threatened to engulf her.

Swallowing my wrath and pride I again set about making broth. I divided what flesh I had so that there would be a second helping. When it was ready I deliberately set myself to spying on the Brewster hut. Though it was an unfair thing to do I felt as though the maiden's life was at stake. In time I saw the elder come forth and go down the path to the common-house. Now was my opportunity. Though I felt like a thief stealing into a man's house, I did not let my conscience keep me back.

There was a blazing fire when I entered so that I could see the curtains were again closed. Feeling that I had no time to lose I crossed the room and threw the hangings back quickly. Though the maiden was breathing quietly I did not like her repose. Setting the steaming broth on the floor, I endeavored to arouse her by speaking to her gently. With increasing fear I called to her, then placing my hand lightly upon her forehead, bade her know me. There was a break in her breathing as she opened her eyes, dully closing them again. A second time I stroked her forehead and begged her to look at me. I could see that she knew that a strange person was about her, and that she was making an effort to respond to my urgings, but her strength was not equal to it.

Getting down on my knees I hung over her pleading that she would but know me. Again she opened her eyes, but she did not recognize me. Filling my pewter spoon with broth and with a quieting word I gave it to her. The maiden was so weary that she would have

lapsed back to her old state had I let her, but I pled with her to hold onto life and I would steady her in her fight, until I fancied that she felt my strength. Then I gave her more broth. In my excitement I lifted the black and ugly kettle to the side of the bed. This disturbed her. Giving one look at its blackness, she turned her head away from it and me. Though I begged her to take more nourishment, I was unable to arouse her from her sleep. Slipping away I quietly made my escape.

I was elated; my thoughts were wholly of Lora. Now that I found that I could steal in to her unawares, I had hopes. But the kettle, how I hated its ugliness for I fancied she would have taken all the broth had she not been sickened by its appearance. The problem was how to get rid of it. Among my possessions was a pewter bowl, but I soon saw the broth would be cold ere I made half the journey from my hut. I sat perplexed consulting the flames of my fire as my friendly counsellors. Absentmindedly endeavoring to pick up an unburnt end of a round stick to throw it into the fire, I found the wood so hot I could not touch it. Then the thought came to me, if I could but sink my pewter bowl into the end of a block like this, I could carry the broth hot in a dainty dish and so please the maiden's fancy.

I soon found my block of wood and had it on my hearthstones ready to char when the captain came in. Though he found me in no mood to talk, he was so depressed, he preferred to spend the evening with me. He sat in my chair, facing the fire while I was content within the shadow of the chimney-corner. We did not exchange many words during the entire evening but each sat in the silence of his thoughts. Before he went I began to be impatient, turning my block over several

times in my anxiety to begin upon it. The captain noticed the piece, and I feared he would ask about it; but he went to his own hut without putting me to the test of answering his questions.

When the captain departed, I began my work quickly, first charring the end of the piece of wood, making the fire strike deeper in the center than at the edge. The soft ashes I removed with my knife. A second charring followed and so I continued charring and scraping until the pewter bowl fitted snugly into the hollowed end of the block. Though it was a crude warming dish, it pleased me and as I looked upon it finished I thought I was quite a workman. It was past midnight when it was completed, but I could not wait until morning to put it to a test. Heating the wood I filled the bowl with warm water and set it in the back of the cold hut. Much to my surprise the water held its heat until I considered I could have made a journey to the common-house with it still hot, which was twice the distance to the Brewster hut.

Early in the morning I saw the elder going down the path to the succor of the sick. I waited impatiently for the mother to leave. My mind was fixed on going shortly, even though I must confront the matron, for I fancied the maiden was in sore need of the steaming broth. From my log door-step I finally saw the matron in gray hood and white neck cloth start down the path on her mission of mercy. I felt that she had better stayed at home and taken care of her own, but I lost no time in such thoughts.

Carefully I poured the hot broth in my homely fashioned warming pan, then picking up the heated block made haste on my mission. The curtains were parted

and I could see the maiden moving restlessly behind them. At her side sat a bowl of thin soup with its smell of smoked tongue which the mother had left for the maiden's nourishment. Setting it aside I placed my wooden warming dish in its stead. Then I spoke gently to Lora that I might awaken in her feverish brain the thoughts she bore toward me. She moved restlessly opening her eyes wide and looked me in the face, but her brain was so feeble she did not recognize me. I was not ashamed for her to see the bright pewter bowl and its hot contents. Though I could not rouse her to the point of recognizing me, I fed her the nourishment which she took from my hand without a protest.

As the maiden took the broth I could see that it was arousing her blood to its duty. Kneeling on the clay floor I asked her over and over again if she knew me, until I fancied I aroused her from her lethargy. Smoothing back her brown hair from her forehead, I stroked it gently that her mind might be quickened by my touch. Then I fed her from the pewter spoon until the bowl was drained though it was still warm. Giving the last spoonful, I stooped over and kissed her. She seemed dazed for a moment, then looking into my face with a gentle smile, she feebly whispered, "Francis Beaumont."

The first Appearance of the Savages

My heart was beating a merry song as I made my way back to the hut with my wooden warming pan hot against my breast. I felt that I had aroused Lora from her weakness. With high hopes of better days, I put the warming pan in the chimney-corner, where it would not lose its heat.

I did not stop in my hut long but went forth through the slush and mud to hunt in the forests. The brook was no longer quiet and orderly but was a turbulent yellow stream flowing like a mill race. Being already wet above my knees, I plunged into the cold water gaining the opposite shore with some difficulty. I knew full well that ducks and geese were out of the question since what few remained were feeding in the ponds where I could not go to them. My only hope was for a chance hare or squirrel.

Standing on the roots of an immense pine, I hugged the trunk of the tree and listened intently for the footsteps or call of a wild beast or fowl. Though my footing on the tree roots kept me out of the mud, my wet stockings and clothing were far from comfortable. But what were discomforts to me now? I strained my eyes and ears in vain, then I moved under an oak getting a better view. While I was standing like a statue, I heard a nut drop from a great larch. Kneeling in the mud that my aim might be true, I began looking for the squirrel that had aroused me by its feeding. The

patience of gray squirrel is well known to all hunters, also their curiosity. Though it will keep on the opposite side of a tree or branch, still it ventures to peek at you from time to time. I held my position in the slush until I caught sight of the little head. Firing quickly I was gratified to see the squirrel whirling over and over in midair. I was on it as soon as it struck the ground. Though I stayed until I was nearly frozen, I did not see another thing, but I felt repaid for my wet feet and muddy clothes as I hurried home.

Finding Captain Standish in his hut, I asked him to carry the squirrel to the elder's hut. Coming back shortly he pleased me by saying that the maiden was still alive. My hunting was not so irksome the following day, in fact I was not greatly pushed again to secure a fowl or hare for her nourishment.

Now that Lora was mending, I made no further effort to go to her secretly. Though I desired to boldly enter the hut while the elder and his wife were at home, I refrained from doing so, not wishing to widen the breach between us. I was content to know that each day found her alive and improving slowly. What pleased me more was the word that came to me shortly after, which was that the maiden was able to sit before the fire again in her father's great chair.

While the maiden was improving, the other colonists were doing likewise, though many were still low with weakness and fever. Doctor Fuller was soon able to be about. Governor Carver and all the master spirits of the colony were spared and were improving. With the touch of returning health, the colonists immediately began to devise civil and military measures. While Captain Standish was looked upon as commander-in-

chief of all the forces, this title had not been conferred upon him in due form by the people assembled. This was another phase of this newfangled government in which the common people would dominate their superiors. However this may be, word was given out on one Friday evening, late in February, that a meeting of the people was to be held the next morning at the common-house to elect a military leader.

There was a tuneful rattle of the drum Saturday morning. Those who had survived the great sickness, and the rigors of the winter assembled at the common-house. Though I had no right to convene with them, through sheer curiosity I answered the call, going down with Captain Standish. There were no idlers about the common-house as there was wont in England but every man was at his place when I entered the log house. The ravages of the scurvy, fever, and coughs marked their faces. Peaked and pale, many were still too feeble to carry a weapon; but they were prepared to do their part so far as they could. Governor Carver was thin and careworn after his severe illness, and his gray locks seemed to be whiter than before. Sitting at a table on which lay his sword of state, he looked quite like a real governor of men. When silence had been secured and a prayer said, he came directly to the purpose of the gathering, many of the men being too weak to be out of their beds long. The leader stated that the time had come for the fixing of military order in the colony and the selection of a leader.

He had hardly made this statement, when we were startled by a lad running down the path screaming, "The savages! The savages!"

Every man sprang to his feet and made for the door.

Fortunately we had our guns at hand. I pulled back my lock and saw that there was dry powder in the firing pan, while the others blew at their matches. On gaining the path I was making off towards my own hut when I was halted by the command of Captain Standish to "fall in." Though I was greatly excited, I took my place in line with the other colonists. All the while we were looking around for the savages.

As there were no savages to be seen, the lad who had raised the alarm was taken to task for his useless outcry. He at once pointed to the top of a wooded hill across the brook. There amongst the trees we saw two savages making signs as if they would speak to us. Whether this be a signal of peace or war we did not know. Whatever their purpose was, Captain Standish and Master Stephen Hopkins decided to bravely answer the challenge. They did not wait for conference with the others, but of their own accord advanced to the edge of the brook, laying their arms down on the ground as a token of safety.

All the while we stood and looked on in great excitement. Captain Standish and Master Hopkins were at the brookside making motions of peace, the two savages answering back with queer antics; then, without stopping to parley, they ran over the hill. As soon as they disappeared, great shouts were heard as if the woods were full of the wild men. But we did not see another one except the two who showed themselves. Their numbers were alarming and the strange actions of the two men made me think that they were declaring war.

Captain Standish and Master Stephen came back very much wrought up. The latter from his Virginia ex-

perience declared it was one of the tricks of the savages to send out decoys to lead the colonists into an ambush. The captain had no idea of sending us into the woods, declaring we would stay in the center of the clearing where the arrows could not reach us.

Leaving a few men as sentinels the remainder went back to the common-house for a conference. It was then decided to call upon Captain Jones and his sailors to assist in mounting the heavy cannon upon the platform built for them, below the great mount in front of the governor's hut. This work was to be done upon Monday, and many wished that there was no Sunday intervening, fearful that the savages would return at any moment. The rest of the day was given over to repairing and making strong the platform, so that there would be no delay on Monday.

Sabbath was a bright and comfortable day, with enough of the winter's wind left in the air to make it bracing. The roll of the drum called the people to worship. From each hut came forth pale and feeble men, women, and children, who with halting steps dragged themselves to the common-house. Many eyes were dimmed as they stopped for a moment and looked upon the Little-field-that-overlooked-the-sea, where rested their loved ones. Not a word of complaint or a note of discouragement fell from their lips, however, as they beheld their losses and looked upon the dangers, that bore heavily upon them. They were glad to be abroad, thankful for their lives counting their sufferings as of little moment. There was but a handful in the congregation compared to the number that left England, yea, even of those who landed at Cape Cod but a few months before.

The faithful few turning away from the house of worship now and then cast an anxious eye towards the forest, where they knew lurked their savage enemies. An air of hopefulness pervaded the clearing this day, which made me feel that the colonists would persist in their purpose of stopping in the country.

Captain Jones and his sailors were abroad early Monday morning to assist in mounting the heavy ordnance on the platform. The great saker that had lain upon the beach for several weeks was the first piece labored upon. With hand spikes and levers the cannon was lifted upon a sled, and by means of a long rope the colonists began dragging it through the mud up the hill. Captain Jones was in command, the governor being under him. I was not able to bring myself to the point of taking orders from Jones so I relieved a sentinel and sent him in my stead.

From my beat I could see the long line come up from the sea, dragging after them the cannon. This would have been an easy task when the snow was on the ground, but now the runners of the sledge sank into the earth, making their headway slow and laborious. All that kept them to their task was the fear of the savages. The moving of the cannon was a day of great excitement. The women came to the doors of the huts, while the children ran alongside of the long line of laboring men, feeling proud of the strength of their fathers and brothers. Even the sailors mingled with the colonists in a friendly manner, no longer cursing and swearing at them. On the other hand they saw much good in them, though tardy in recognizing it.

The hill was made in short stretches with every man in the colony laboring on the rope, including Captain

Standish, the gray haired governor, and even Captain Jones. Slowly but surely they worked along covering the ground by inches. With a last effort the head of the column came up even with the log structure, then with a rush they pulled the sledge alongside the platform. So the saker came to its mounting place with the quality, commoner, and servant mingled together, all striving for the common good. Then a minion and two bases were lowered over the side of the ship into the shallop and with all the boats of the ship following came to the landing rock. These pieces were smaller and lighter than the great saker, and were dragged with little effort to the platform, and mounted alongside of their greater companion.

As the sun was going down over the tree-tops, Captain Standish stood looking proudly over his array of cannon. Edward Dotey acted the part of cannonier, while we stood around watching the captain, who was hard by with a lintstock bearing a lighted match. The colonists stood in groups to the right and left of the platform. My military experience entitled me to a place close by the gun where I could see clearly. As the sun dipped behind the forest trees showing their spreading limbs against the red background, Captain Standish gave a hasty look to see that all were in places of safety. With a quick swing of his arm he thrust the lighted match into the vent of the cannon. There was a flash and a roar which reverberated through the forest and echoed back from the sea. So the saker announced its arrival, and hurled its defiance to the savages of New England.

Though many of the colonists were up and about, there were many who were sick unto death. Indeed, as

the cannon were being dragged up the path, three of the Pilgrims passed beyond their protection. So accustomed had they become to the death of their fellows, the governor did not hesitate to invite Captain Jones and his sailors to a feast for aiding them in mounting the heavy ordnance.

The feasting board was set with a fat crane, a mallard, and a neat's tongue, supplied by the colonists; while the sailors, not to be outdone gave a fat goose to the provender. As I have said before Captain Jones had a different heart towards the colonists. He felt that men, who could withstand the rigors of winter, who stood by their sick generously, and who were ready to face the savages courageously, were to be respected. As I sat looking into the faces of the Pilgrims, as they called themselves; it came to me that the sailors had good reasons for recognizing their good points even as I did.

When the feast was over, the colonists went forth to bury their dead. Such apparent indifference some would find fault with, but it seemed so natural at the time that the thought did not occur to me until long afterwards. They had been confronted with starvation, the savages, ravages of winter, sickness, and death, so that they looked upon the going of their companions as a deliverance from bondage and the entering into a closer communion with God. It was the spirit and not the body they held above all worldly things. The colonists wrought to overcome the overshadowing disasters, believing that they had been given power for this purpose, only stopping from time to time from their labors, to ask a divine blessing upon their efforts. At no time did I ever hear Elder Brewster call upon the Divine Spirit to do what they could do themselves. As I con-

ceived, their idea of death was as the falling of a drop of dew from a reed into a brook and so in time coming to a great ocean, where the drop of water fulfilled its mission to the whole. So the colonists conceived men's lives were to eternity.

Master Stephen Hopkins and Richard Warren with lanterns led the way from the feast of the cannon to the Little-field-that-overlooked-the-sea, while the others brought their burdens within their canvas rugs. There was not a word spoken as tenderly they fulfilled their missions and went to their huts with the hush of eternity in their hearts. Beginning the evening with feasting, they ended it in another frame of mind—all the while they deported themselves as true and strong men.

Upon this somber scene of sickness and death, an early spring put its touches of softening air and changing colors. The oaks and elms which had been standing brown and leafless began to glow with swelling buds and unfolding leaves. The calling of the ducks was again heard along the brook and in the marshes. Even the great clearing began to smile under the mystic touch, giving me hope that after all, New England might rival Old England in its verdure and foliage.

With the coming of the warm days, the return of the water-fowl and growing things, the sick mended rapidly. Mistress Lora was no longer in danger but came forth from the dark hut and sat in the sunlight and thrived under its treatment. The first time I saw her white hood showing against the pine bark of the logs at the front of the Brewster hut, I could have shouted for joy. I had not had an opportunity to speak or even see her, since I last stole to her side with my dish of broth. I could not resist the temptation now of say-

ing a word to her, so taking my water bucket I made as if I was on my way to the spring as usual.

Lora was seated in her father's great chair to the right of the entrance. Coming opposite I made out to see her for the first time. Setting my bucket down I made a low bow and took off my hat as if bowing to a queen which she surely was to me. She returned my salute with a smile. Taking heart I approached her saying, "Mistress Lora, it pleases me to see you abroad once more."

"Master Beaumont," she replied, "it pleases me to be abroad."

"You have been seriously ill."

"Truly, and many times I thought I should die."

"I am pleased that you have lived through the winter."

"But for Captain Standish supplying me nourishing food, I would have followed Mistress Rose, I am sure."

It was not for me to set her right that it was I and not the captain who served her so faithfully. I did manage to say, "Mistress Lora, I rendered some aid to the captain before and after Mistress Rose went."

Looking around to see that no one was near, blushing deeply she began, "Master Beaumont, —" then she hesitated.

I fancied that she was going to say something of my devotion and waited with bated breath.

Working the folds of her rug nervously and looking confused she began again, "Master Beaumont, in my sickness many queer thoughts came into my mind. Some of them were vague and foolish. Some of them seemed to me so real that I still remember them. Among these

scenes which come to me is one in which you — ” Then she stopped.

“I, Mistress Lora?” I wanted to call her Lora, but I dared not. What I did do was to grow red in the face, and shifting nervously from one foot to the other, repeat, “I, Mistress Lora?”

“It was but my sickened fancy,” she said modestly.

“But it concerns me,” I said encouragingly.

“Master Beaumont, my mind was in such confusion that I dare not trust it. Nay, it would not be fair for you to place such trust in my visions.”

“Tell me of them, Mistress Lora,” I said.

She shook her head and resolutely refused to say anything more even though I urged her to do so. I knew that she was in doubt as to whether I were at her side with the broth, or it were a trick of her fevered brain. I took much satisfaction in thinking that her vision was a pleasing one, but that was all the satisfaction I could get.

When I pressed her further she said, “Master Beaumont, perhaps I will tell you some other time, but not to-day.”

The Coming of Spring

My recollections are distinct of Saturday, March thirteenth, sixteen hundred and twenty-one. The morning was ushered in with the south wind blowing mildly across the great clearing, which was wrapped in a gray mist, so that I could barely see the outline of the captain's hut. The eaves of my thatching were lined with drops of dew, glistening like a silver fringe. The sound of the axes came hollow out of the woods and the calls of the men sounded ghostly through the fog. This dense curtain gave way before midday to the sun, so that there was a clear sky overhead with the drifting mist hanging in the hollows between the hills.

Strange how this one warm day set the hearts of the colonists for planting. Not once but many times I thought they would abandon the country, either sailing to the mouth of Hudson's River or else taking ship for England. I am of the belief that some of the men would but for the steadfast courage of their leaders. This one day of summer sun, however, set the seal of their content upon stopping where they were and establishing themselves as best they could.

The tools belonging to the colonists being held in common, they were kept in a storehouse to which each man went in the morning to receive his ax, hoe, or mattock and returned them in the evening. As I was coming up from the landing rock this morning, after the thick mist had risen, I stopped in at the storehouse

where the tools were kept. Master Isaac Allerton was storekeeper and by dint of industry had things in good order. Several men were at the door asking for axes, picks, and shovels. The men of quality, who knew the conditions of the contract with the London adventurers, were careful to return their pieces promptly. While I was there Master Isaac took the liberty of speaking boldly to some of the commonality, admonishing them that they must obey the rule, and not take undue liberties in keeping the tools in their huts.

Peter Browne, happening to ask for a spade, Master Allerton said, "Peter, you must do better by this spade, than the ax you last had."

Peter became indignant at once replying with some heat, "It wasn't my fault that you gave me a poor ax handle."

"So you sayeth, Peter," replied Master Isaac, "but don't break this spade and don't forget to return it to me at sundown."

The careful Peter looked over the ash handle, testing the blade of the spade on the log door-step, then went off to dig in his garden plot. One after another the colonists came to the storehouse and received their implements, indicating how the warm winds had turned their minds to the labors of the land. When the wants of the well men were met, Master Isaac locked the door, shouldered his spade, and went off to his garden duties.

Beyond the brook the birds were singing in the forests, so that I could well believe that I was in Old England with spring breaking forth after the tares of winter. Enticed into the depth of the trees, I sat down upon a fallen log and grew glad that I had lived to see this day of sunshine. I soon fell under the spell of the

south winds, the smell of damp earth, and the stir of sleeping things coming out from under their winter blankets.

As I was breathing in the rejuvenation of the land, I could not help but think that my days were numbered on this side of the ocean. The bright days had caused Captain Jones to unbend the sails and clear the ship for the homeward voyage. He was impatient to be off. The head colonists were not so anxious and offered to pay him if he tarried until late spring. I knew that he would not stop long now that the good days had come.

The maiden, my Lora! My thoughts came back to her out of this turmoil of woodland dreams and vexing doubts of an early sailing. My heart was in the maiden's keeping. So far only, was I certain. Her feeling toward me was puzzling. At times I thought that she looked upon me with favor then again she was retiring as if in doubt.

But the mother and father were the clouds that really overcast my sky. They had set their minds against me. Would Lora leave her people and go with me to mine? I sat in great perplexity until I was aroused from my reveries by the rumbling of distant thunder and the sudden darkening of the forests. Though I had stood for hours in the chilly rains of winter undisturbed, I now made haste to get out of this mild spring shower.

Coming down to the brook I saw the men and women at work in their gardens, making them ready for early seeding. Each yard was laid out alike, a path running down the middle of the plot with beds of garden plants on either side and rows of herbs as borders. The elder had finished turning his ground and had so

mellowed the soil I could not but praise him for his industry.

As I stopped to inspect this labor, I caught a glimpse of a figure in gray and white amongst the trees at the spring. I made haste to cross the brook upon the fallen log, which was now in use as a foot-bridge. My eyes were not at fault for as I came up to the willows Mistress Lora was leaning against one, looking down intently into the bubbling waters of the spring.

She was so occupied with her thoughts that she did not hear me. I had a moment's glance at her unbeknownst. Her face was still pale. From beneath her white bonnet which fitted loosely upon her head, stole out brown locks which hung in ringlets. Her white throat shawl thrown loosely about her shoulders gave grace and beauty to her form. A nymph of the woods could not have been more perfect than the maiden as she stood at the brink of this forest fountain.

First I made a noise as if to warn her of my approach, but she was so occupied as not to hear me. A second time I moved that she might discover me and not think I came upon her unawares. This time she turned with a startled look and made ready to go.

I held up my hand to stop her saying, "Mistress Lora, it pleases me to see you at the spring."

She stopped and with some embarrassment answered, "Master Beaumont, this is my first journey."

She seemed so frail, I asked, "Stood you it well?"

"Quite well."

Coming closer to her side I said, "You know, Mistress Lora, I was fearful you would not live through your sickness."

Looking down into the flowing water, she answered demurely, "Were you, truly?"

"My days and nights were filled with constant alarm for you, Lora."

This was the first time I had called her by her first name; she caught the note of my love in it and exclaimed, "Oh, Master Beaumont!" at the same time blushing deeply.

Now that we were alone all the love that I had felt for her during the long winter broke forth, ere I was aware, and forced me to say, "Lora, my love for you sent me into the forests amid snow, ice, and even savages."

Looking up quickly she said, "Then it was you who sent the fowl and hare and not the captain?"

"I sent them to you, Lora."

Then with a curious look she asked, "Did you not come yourself?"

"Truly," I said with some uneasiness.

Looking up into my face, her eyes filled with tears, she sent me a message which her gentle voice confirmed as she exclaimed, "Oh, Master Beaumont!"

I read her affection for me, even though she would have withheld it and before she was aware I clasped her in my arms and kissed her.

She fluttered from my arms like a wounded bird, saying, "Oh! not yet! not yet!"

"Why not yet, Lora?" I pleaded.

"Oh, why would you have me love you when there is such a great breach between us?" she replied looking at me through her tears.

"Nay, not between us, Lora; for we have closed it."

"Master Beaumont," she said with a smile, "you would have me close the breach?"

"Truly, Lora," I replied.

Then another thought came into her mind and she shook her head as she said, "But my people are not your people."

"Truly, Lora, but you need have only me."

"Oh, that I could believe it!" she answered with tears streaming down her pale cheeks.

I could not bear to see her in grief, so I clasped her again and kissed her into smiles. This time she did not push me away, though she escaped from me quickly saying, "Why do you love me?"

"Because you are worthy of it," I replied hastily.

"Know you not that my father does not favor you?"

"I will win his consent," I replied bravely.

"You little know his nature. Though kindly disposed, he does not understand you, more than you do him. His feeling of suspicion is deep set and springs not from a personal dislike of you but hatred of your class."

"Truly, he is a fair man."

"Yea, and more, but he sees through different eyes than yours."

"But you, Lora, you do love me?" I entreated.

"Do not press me," hesitating for a moment as if in doubt, then her innocent nature spoke out the truth of her heart as she said impulsively, "I would love you, but I dare not."

Just then a drop of rain fell upon my forehead. Mindful of her weakness, I pressed her to seal our love but she would only give me her hand which I bowed over and kissed. Then she turned and hurried up the

hill as fast as she could; at the top she looked back but gave no further sign of her thoughts for me.

I made my way through the rain to my hut. Coming up to the door, I saw Captain Standish pressing the earth down over the roots of a lilac bush. All winter long it had been upon the ship in its good Dutch soil and now showed tips of green upon its outer branches. This was the only lilac bush on the ship and was the pride of the captain, since it was not only a favorite flower of his but of Mistress Rose as well. So I saw him out in this first spring rain, paying his last respects to her who filled an unmarked grave in the Little-field-that-overlooked-the-sea. Ever after this, as I saw it growing daily, I could only think of it as the Rose Standish lilac, as it was through her care and attention that it lived to flourish in this new country.

Seated under my own thatched roof, I began to meditate over Lora's refusal to avow her affection for me. From her speech I could see that her love was divided between her duty towards her father and me. I felt assured that if I could but gain his good will, she would not deny me long.

As I sat looking out into the rain that was now falling fast, my thoughts turned for the first time to how my family would receive this simple Pilgrim maiden. Would she be happy in England with my people and would they be content with her? To these question I turned a deaf ear, for who could know her without loving her?

The attitude of the elder I considered now as of a more serious nature. Listening to the rain beating upon the thatching, I thought the whole matter through, coming to the conclusion that I must see her father without

delay. As I arrived at this decision, there came a flash of lightning followed by a great clap of thunder which sent me to the door in a hurry. Seeing that the maiden's hut was whole, I stood and watched the lightning play across the sky fancying that this new country brought its spring rains forth with strange accompaniments.

It rained hard all the afternoon and evening so that I could not go forth but sat over my fire greatly disturbed about the coming interview with the elder. The next day I went to the spring hoping that I would have a greeting from the maiden. As I stood on the curbing, I saw that the elder had taken advantage of the rain the day before and had planted sprigs of parsley, sweet chervil, sorrel, and other pot herbs on one side of his garden path. On the other were sage, thyme, spearmint, mullein, fennel, and the other bitter herbs which every household considered as necessities for potions and medicines. While I glanced around the garden plots I kept a close watch on the maiden's hut hoping that she would appear.

Coming up from the spring, I saw the elder and his good wife planting hollyhock roots at the front of the house, to remind them during the hot summer days of their old English home, and likewise hiding the brown bark of the logs behind the stalks of red and white flowers. They had already planted sweet brier and other rose bushes, so that later on their front garden would be filled with fragrance as well as color. Though driven by stern necessity, kindly instincts lingered within them, causing them to cultivate flowers as well as herbs.

When I was by the hut, happening to glance back, I saw Lora stooping over a bush doing her part towards



BILLINGTON SEA

beautifying the home. I set my bucket down hoping that she would see me, but I was not even noticed by her.

As I came up to my house rather downcast, I met Captain Standish issuing forth from his, encased in armor and bearing his snap chance. Asking whither he was going, he answered, "Governor Carver has decided to take a party and explore the source of the brook."

Some weeks before one of John Billington's lads had gone into the woods with one of the sailors. Climbing a tree to look around the boy discovered a great body of water which in his excitement he called the sea. Ever since, the colonists had spoken derisively of Billington's Sea which lay somewhere in the hills. The rain of the day before making garden work heavy, the governor decided to sally forth with a body guard and see what was beyond the screen of trees that grew around the great clearing.

Bidding the captain to wait for me, I was soon in full panoply of steel with gun ready for use. I found five others at the common-house, all in full harness as myself. The governor lost no time but led us down to the foot log across the brook, where a deer path ran along the bank near the water. Through several centuries of usage, the wild animals had worn this highway deep into the soil making a firm footing. We marched in single file brushing aside the branches of willows and oaks that grew out of the brink of the running waters. The startled water-fowl arose from the pools and flew away sounding the alarm of our approach. Amidst the prints of the deer's feet sunk the heels of our heavy shoes, setting a mark upon the soil which has never since been effaced. Hills overshadowed the stream on both sides,

at times receding, making ponds and marshes, again approaching forming narrows through which the waters flowed over mossy rocks and miniature waterfalls. Truly it was a brook of sweet waters, flowing out of the hills into the sea.

Advancing cautiously, for we were on constant guard against attack from the savages, we came to a great marsh.

Skirting this soft place we reached high ground beyond, where the brook was lined with a heavy fringe of brush and barberry bushes. Ahead of us was a great rock, lying partially on shore, its head washed by the waters of the brook. The governor desiring to get a view, clambered out upon the rock. As he stood there girt in his steel armor, his gray hair showing beneath the edge of his steel cap, his broad sword swinging loosely at his side, I thought him a splendid picture of an ancient viking warrior. Seeing that all was well, he leaned over the edge of the rock and drank heartily of the running water. From this incident, some of the party called it "Governor's Rock," which can still be seen, no doubt, much the same as when we first beheld it. All I could see from the bank was the thick line of bushes above which arose the pines and larches, but so far as we could see this wilderness was uninhabited by man or beast. Shouldering our arms we once more took up our march.

As we followed the deer path around the base of a small hill, we came out of the thick brush onto a lake of surpassing beauty. Its surface was as smooth as a steel looking-plate, and in the center arose a wooded isle thickly set with trunks of pine, tall and stately.

Upon the island in the lake were huts of savages

which at first view gave us great alarm. At second sight we saw that they were unoccupied, which caused the governor to remark to Master Stephen Hopkins, "It puzzles me greatly to see on all sides old signs of savages, but no recent ones."

"I have noticed this as well," replied Master Stephen, "though we are constantly coming upon paths, there seem to be but few used, most of them being abandoned and overgrown. What means it?"

The gray haired governor replied with a shake of his head, "It perplexes me."

We ranged the shores of this lake, or Billington's Sea as some would call it, looking carefully for more huts or markings of the savages, but did not see others than were upon the island. These savages came and went like imps of the air, though there was evidence all about us of their presence, and at times they were seen at a distance, still the closest searching in the woods failed to bring them to view.

Tired with our morning's walk, we turned back towards the clearing. Passing down the deer path we came to the huts, without seeing or hearing a living thing, except a wild goose with a black head and a pillowful of white feathers on its breast, which I desired more than its flesh.

This journey through the forest had given me ample time to think and plan my talk with the elder. I stopped long enough at my hut to take off my armor, hang up my sword, and drop my musket on the wooden pins. Hastening down the path I came upon the maiden planting sweet lavender and gillyflowers by the side of the hut. Hearing me approach, she looked up from her work.

"Would you have me aid you with your planting, Mistress Lora?" I asked.

"Nay, Master Beaumont, a maiden's garden grows better under her own hands."

"Do not call me Master Beaumont, but Francis," I urged.

"Would that I could and know that it would not bring both of us heartaches," was her puzzling reply.

Just then the elder came around the corner of the hut. I had not seen him alone, since we almost came to blows, so I did not know how he would take my being with Lora at this time. He came directly to me, offering his hand and said, "Master Beaumont, I acted hastily when last I saw you, and so, ask your pardon."

His graciousness was so unexpected I stood speechless for a moment then managed to say, "Elder Brewster, my anger was greater than yours; besides I was in the wrong in going into your house during your absence, so I conceive that I should ask your pardon, rather than you should mine."

Lora, arising from her planting with her fingers soiled with the clay, stood in amazement at our greetings. "Father," she exclaimed, "what act of Master Beaumont caused you great anger?"

It was clear to me that she thought we had had an encounter over her and was shocked by it. Though I would like to have explained, I felt that it was best for it to come from her father, so I stood in silence.

The elder was almost as greatly disturbed as I was and it was only after some little pause that he explained, "It was an act of kindness which I misunderstood."

I watched the shadows flee from her face and I took this as a good omen of her affection for me.

The father's explanation seemed to satisfy the maiden and as he was in good humor again with me, we three stood at the corner of the hut commenting on the stalk of the English sweetbrier-rose, wondering whether it would take root and thrive in this soil. Several times I led up to what I wanted to say to the elder but somehow my tongue failed to speak, though my mind and courage were fixed upon it. When I finally had the matter in hand, Governor Carver happened by, calling the elder away.

Lora and I were hardly alone when she would know all that had occurred between her father and myself. I endeavored to turn it aside, as a slight matter of little importance. But she did not cease until I told her how I killed my favorite squirrel for her sake, and brought the broth to her bedside. I hesitated, omitting that scene in which the father threw the broth into the snow, but she would not let me shield him, making me give it with all the other details.

As I told her how I had stolen in to her with my wooden warming dish, she looked up at me and exclaimed, "So that was not a dream after all?"

"What?" I asked.

"Your bending over me and feeding me the broth. Your —" then she stopped.

"My kissing you," I answered knowing full well what was in her mind.

Then with a little cry of anguish, she said, "Oh, why did you tell me that this dream of mine was true?"

"Because you dragged it from me, Lora."

"Would that I had not."

"Why?" I exclaimed in surprise, thinking that she should be in joy rather than in pain at my confession.

In a plaintive tone came her reply, "Because it makes me love you against my will."

"Surely, not against your will, Lora," I urged.

She nodded her head and bit her lip as if greatly agitated.

"Did you not see the graciousness of your father towards me?" I went on hopefully.

"I saw his justice only, back of that is the immovable spirit."

I ignored her reply and went on hotly, "If I win your father, will you consent?"

Then facing me resolutely, she replied, "Why press me now? I know full well what will happen. Father will hear you through and will deal fairly with you. What his answer will be I know now, as though you had already brought it to me from his own lips. He has warned me against you and all persons in high places, as he sees naught but evil in their ways of living. He would not have me become one of your class even though a dukedom were laid at my feet. My heart is already faltering, and I must not talk with you more if I would hold fast."

With this she turned from me and entered the hut which I would not now have exchanged for an ancient hall of stone and timber. She had left her sweet lavender seed spread over the ground uncovered. Stooping down I planted the first seeds in my life that I might serve her through them.

Standish and I went over to the Brewsters early next day, the captain seeking the elder, while I strolled around to see how the sweet lavender bed looked. There I found Lora in blushes and smiles. The touch of spring was in her cheek and the glow of health was

upon her forehead, so that I thought her charming as ever in her coarse working clothes. My desire was to see her father, so I induced the maiden to apply her toils to the sweet brier, where I could have a view of the front and know when the captain left the hut. The two coming forth shortly and seeing the elder was likely to escape me again, I called after him, asking him if he would spare me a moment. The captain did not stop but went on down the path.

When the elder confronted me, I made an end of my suspense quickly, saying bluntly, "Elder Brewster, no doubt you are aware that I have set my affection on your daughter, Lora."

"My daughter, Lora, Master Beaumont! Nay, it is impossible," replied the elder with great emphasis at the same time looking me squarely in the face.

This rather nettled me, so I answered, "It does not seem impossible to me, since I prefer her above all others."

The father set himself squarely in front of me and with more energy than was pleasing exclaimed, "Master Beaumont, I say again it is impossible! I will not have it." With this he strode off down the path.

The Visit of Samoset

The maiden in her wise innocence, surmising the nature of my interview with her father, awaited my return in the front garden. She was making believe to be stirring the sweet lavender bed when I came to her, impulsively saying, "Lora, your father does not appreciate you."

Starting up and facing me, she asked "Why?"

"Because he says it is impossible for me to love you."

"Truly, he is right."

"All I can say," I replied with warmth, "is that you do not do me or yourself justice."

She ignored this as she went on, "What answer did father make you, if I may be so bold to ask?"

"Impossible, impossible! I will not have it," and went off to the common-house."

Then with an air of sadness at the same time resignation, she replied, "Master Beaumont, I know my father better than you do. I love him and my duty is to him."

"Nay—"

I had hardly gotten the word out when her face turned ashen; grasping my arm, she pulled me round and pointed up the path.

It was time for me to become alarmed as well, for a stalwart, half naked savage came down upon us saying, "Welcome, Englishman, welcome," at every step.

Pushing Lora back of me, I bade her flee into the hut and bolt the door, while I went forward to meet this

strange visitor. The savage was without clothing except a broad band of deer skin around his waist, with a fringe hanging almost to his knees. In his right hand he had a bow and two arrows, one with a head of fish bone, and the other without. His hair was short before, but fell long behind and was as coarse and black as a horse's mane. He was a tall proper man without excess of flesh or clothing.

As he came to me the savage kept saying, "Welcome, welcome," until I made haste to reply, "Welcome, welcome."

With this he offered me his hand in friendliness. Accepting it as a sign of peace, I gave him mine in return. As we stopped on the path to survey each other, I saw the maiden standing in the doorway, ready to come to my aid or give the alarm if I was attacked. I recognized her courage by the wave of my hand and started towards the common-house with the savage.

There was an assembly of the colonists in the common-house now to discuss military officers. The sentinels at the door spying the savage and myself coming down the path raised the cry. There was a stampede and ere we had come within a hundred paces of the place, Captain Standish followed by the governor came running up the path shouting, "Hold, where you are!"

Obeying his command I halted the savage, who was now very much alarmed repeating again and again, "Welcome, Englishmen, welcome."

As the captain came to us out of breath, he asked of the savage, "What would you?"

"Welcome, welcome," answered the savage at the same time offering his hand. The captain grasped it, giving it a hearty shake. Then Governor Carver and

Master Stephen Hopkins came up, asking in great excitement whence and how the stranger came.

To all questions the savage made the same answer, "Welcome, welcome," all the while he was shaking with fright for fear he would not be made welcome. But with all his fear, he was a bold fellow and would have gone straight into the common-house if they had not stopped him.

Governor Carver did not like his persistence in entering the log assembly hall, fearing the fellow was a spy. A guard was quietly placed over him, though he did not suspect it. The colonists with their gun matches still smoking gathered around the stranger, examining him closely as he was a great curiosity to them. Some admired his straight body, others his clean limbs, while others whispered that his bow was a weapon to be feared. The chief wonderment of all the men was how the savage stood the cold with nothing on. I saw one of the boys touch the man slyly on the back, evidently expecting to find the thickness of a bear's skin since I heard him say, "'Tis like an Englishman's skin;" while the others shook their heads and marveled.

Governor Carver was disturbed in mind as to what was best to be done with the savage. Master Stephen Hopkins was full of distrust, warning them not to permit the stranger to learn the real feebleness of the colonists. After parleying among themselves, the head men decided to interview the man in the open.

A blanket was thrown over a log for the benefit of the naked savage, who no doubt found it more comfortable than the rough bark. Governor Carver sat on one side while Master Stephen Hopkins took his station on the other, at the same time acting the part of interpreter,

while the colonists crowded around eagerly to know whether the man was the forerunner of peace or war. Captain Standish and I stood in front, so that we could hear all that he had to say. The faces of the colonists as they bent forward to see, and strained their ears to catch the words of this savage, told of their anxiety and interest.

When the savage was seated and the colonists were crowded closely around Master Stephen, he asked, "Who are you?"

The native answered, "Somerset" or "Samoset," I could not quite tell which.

"From whence come ye?" asked Master Stephen.

The savage having regained his confidence began talking freely in a strange language, being a mixture of English and his own. He talked so fast, Master Stephen stopped him making him repeat several times what he said. As near as I could understand the man, he said he did not belong in this part of the country, but came from an island, Monhegan, which was a day's distance by the sea and several days' journey by land. He called himself a "Sagamore," which I fancied placed him among titled lords of his nation, whatever it was.

After the first excitement was over, Master Stephen asked him a question which was uppermost in my mind, "Whence learned you English?"

The savage answered that English fishermen came to his island yearly in great numbers, and that it was through them that he knew our language. He had learned the seamen's oaths better than the other words, and in his ignorance he so jumbled his curses in his talk, that we could not help smiling.

Master Stephen who was still suspicious, shrewdly

asked the names of the vessels and their masters. Our savage lord was not puzzled in the least but gave the names of fishermen from Bristol, Dartmouth, Barnstable, Plymouth, and Southampton; telling how and where their cargoes were caught and dried. These answers so satisfied Master Stephen as well as the governor and the rest of the colonists, that they forgot their fears and looked upon the man in a friendly spirit.

As the savage told in his lingo of seamen's oaths, bad English, and perhaps good Indian, how Captain Dermer of Plymouth had brought him to this coast eight months before, I heard someone whisper, "His coming was providential." Whatever it was, the savage happened to be where he was now of great aid to them.

When Governor Carver heard that our lordly Somerset was at Cape Cod, he asked, "Saw you our ship at Cape Cod?"

For the first time we learned why the natives were so shy, not only at the first landing at Cape Cod, but in the great clearing as well. From the red lord, we learned that this same Captain Dermer, who had brought him to these parts, was attacked by the savages at the Cape just six months before our arrival; and of a boat-load of men only the captain escaped, and he with fourteen wounds. When our ship appeared, the savages at once thought that we were on a mission of revenge so that they were afraid to approach us.

While this parley was at its height, the wind began to blow cold from the sea. The colonists shrugging their shoulders buttoned their coats for protection. All Lord Somerset could do was to tighten his leather belt which had no other effect than making him breathe hard. As a matter of fact he sat as straight and unconcerned as

though it was a hot day in June. The men thinking he must be cold threw a greatcoat around his shoulders. While this protection was being sought, the Indian visitor was not plied with questions. Glancing up the path I saw the dooryards of the log houses filled with women and children, looking down at the crowd, anxious to get the first word from the conference.

The best evidence we had, besides his manner of speech, that this savage had associated with Englishmen, was his asking for a drink of beer. As it was not to be had, Master Allerton gave him a draught of strong Holland waters which he took properly and with a relish. A feast of biscuits, butter, cheese, and a piece of mallard was set before him on a pewter platter. These dishes he ate well of and showed such liking for them, that the colonists gave over doubting him completely.

After this banquet, Lord Somerset once more took up his story of the people who had lived in and around the great clearing. He said the clearing belonged to a nation called "Patuxets."

Before he could say more, Governor Carver spoke up with, "Whence are these people?"

It was an all important question. Instinctively the men crowded forward holding their breath in their anxiety to hear what the red lord had to say. He noticed the eagerness of the colonists, hesitating so long I wondered what he was holding back, when he quickly said, "All dead, but one."

"Dead!" exclaimed the governor.

Then the savage nobleman told how a great plague had swept over the country three years before sending whole nations to their graves, including the owners of the great clearing.

The relief this message brought to the colonists was shown in their faces. For months they had been living in dread of the return of the savage owners of the clearing, demanding its return. Now that they knew that there was to be no such procedure, and that there was to be no conflict with the ancient owners of the land, things took on a new form. A moment before they stood with doleful looks, now that the pressure had been removed, they smiled and grew merry. The governor caught the humor of his men and looked up smilingly, showing the relief of the dread of the savages was at work upon him as well.

When the colonists had recovered from their joy, Lord Somerset said the only remaining Patuxet was a man by the name of "Squanto" who had lived in England and could speak the language without halting. From his talk I gathered that there was a king of the savages called "Massassoit," who ruled over the surrounding country, though his people were few and in a lowly condition. Then Samoset startled us by saying that for the past three days all the lords of the land had been holding a devilish council in a neighboring swamp, conjuring whether to attack the colonists or not. Before beginning the assault it was decided to first test the friendliness of the colonists by sending an emissary among them, Lord Somerset being the one selected for the mission. It made me shrink as I thought of the great danger which had been hovering over us, while these red savages discussed our fates. Had an underlord moved strongly for war, no doubt but that the huts would have been burned and the whole colony been swept from the face of the earth.

As night came on and the savage ambassador did not

show signs of returning to his people, Governor Carver became uneasy and was troubled how to dispose of him. A hurried council was held at which it was decided to take him aboard the ship which was agreeable to Somerset. Coming to the rock, the water was so low that the shallop could not make the voyage. Then it was agreed that the savage should spend the night with Master Stephen Hopkins. Followed by the curious crowd, Samoset was conducted between the governor and Captain Standish up the path to the log hut.

At early candle light, Captain Standish and I went down to see more of the red man. The governor had preceded us and was gleaning further information of the country, winds, time of planting, and most of all the character of King Massasoit and his people.

These questions the man answered as fully as he could, causing Master Hopkins to say to me, "He speaks the truth."

"A soldier is always on guard, Beaumont," observed the captain as we left the Hopkins house and went out onto the path where the men were standing in groups discussing the new turn of affairs. This observation showed how little Samoset's talk had affected the military instinct of Standish who was still determined to keep close guard over the clearing.

The doors of the huts were open throwing shafts of light out into the night until the path was fairly lighted. "This is a gala night," I said to the captain as we went along.

"Truly, it should be since it celebrates the dawn of a new day to this colony."

We did not say more until we came opposite the elder's hut. There we could see through the open door

that there was a gathering inside and after a moment's hesitation, we decided to join the crowd. We were given a seat on a form at one side of the chimney, while the rest of the company continued to discuss the arrival of the red lord of the forest. A great loaf of rye bread and a piece of cheese were brought forth by Lora and passed around to each of us. I won a confiding look from the maiden which to me was very much better than the feast, but the rest also ate their bread and cheese with a feeling of contentment and peace, which they had not known since they left England and Holland.

I had but a word with Lora. When I arose to go, she intercepted me near the door where the shadows were deep and we would be unnoticed. Laboring under the excitement that was stirring the colonists over the prospect of peace with the natives, she asked, "What think you? Speaks this savage lord the truth?"

"Surely, since he talked too freely to deceive."

"Oh, that it were true!" she said doubtingly.

"Lora, you may rest content, this Lord Somerset is a messenger of peace." These words seemed to satisfy her and under the faint rays of the double candle, I saw the feeling of uneasiness flee from her face. Captain Standish rising to go, the maiden bid me a "Good-night" such as I had not received before.

As we walked up the path, the captain gave me a start by saying, "Now that the dread of the savages has been removed, I fancy the governor will not hold the ship much longer."

"Think you it will sail soon?" I asked in alarm.

"Captain Jones would have sailed ere this, but the head men agreed to pay him and the ship owners extra pay, if he but stopped until we were better established."

By this time I was at the door of my log house. The captain went on to his while I entered mine, lighted my candle, and sat down to think over the prospect of an early separation from Lora. My mind was still disturbed over what the captain said about the sailing of the ship.

The next morning which was Saturday, as I went down to Master Stephen's house to see if Lord Somerset had managed to escape, I half wished that he had run away so that the colonists would keep the ship longer. These thoughts, however, gave way to better ones ere I reached my destination, where I found the red nobleman was well contented.

About midmorning the governor thought it about time that Samoset be sent back to his friends. Accordingly he was given gifts of a knife, a bracelet, and a ring. This last he immediately put upon his finger being as much pleased as a youth with his first broad sword. The governor impressed upon his lordship that he was to convey a peace message to King Massassoit, at the same time inviting him to visit the clearing, furthermore, he was to bring all the furs he had to barter with him.

This instinct of business was so strong in the colonists, that their safety was hardly assured before they began to think of trucking with the savages. They had a store of colored glass beads, brass rings and bracelets, red coats, caps, and other trinkets brought expressly for this purpose. Seemingly they were anxious to begin. With some solicitude I saw his lordship disappear in the trees across the brook, for I could not relieve myself entirely of suspicion of his honesty. The colonists, however, had given themselves over entirely to believing in the

sincerity of this forest lord, and for the first time since landing went about their work without weapons.

On Sabbath morning the great clearing was lighted up by a bright sun which was but a counterpart of the feelings of the colonists on this first thanksgiving of their release from the dread of the coming of the warring natives. The long roll of the drum sounded along the path calling the colonists to worship. With stately tread and tranquil mien, the men and women came forth from their winter quarters, dressed in their best doublets and French hoods and pure white neck cloths. The children, who were but miniatures of their elders in their wearing apparel, walked behind them with their youthful instincts suppressed and eyes downcast, as though they were on their way to a funeral. Governor Carver wore a ruff for the first time since landing, making a dignified and quite a worldly appearing cavalier in his stiff starched neck-piece. Back of the family groups followed the single men, walking two and three together towards the meeting-house.

I saw the elder with his greatcoat buttoned close to his chin, with tall hat, long staff, and Bible under his arm. Beside him was his faithful wife and back of them walked Lora. She was too far away for me to see more than her gray dress, white cap and white neck cloth that formed a collar, spreading its folds down over her shoulders. Of all things in my mind for which I was most thankful, was the sight of the maiden once more on her way to church with unshaken health and increasing beauty.

As I stood in my doorway overlooking this tranquil scene of the moving sea, whispering winds and reverent people, Captain Standish came forth from the door of

his log house on his way to church. I saluted him. As I did so I saw him suddenly straighten up and look intently towards the top of the mount in the clearing. Involuntarily my eyes followed his, and I saw five tall and proper savages coming down the hill towards the huts. The leader was a big man wearing what I took to be a tiger skin around his naked body. I fancied this was a party of noble red men as they wore long hose of deer skin up to their loins very much like Irish trousers, instead of being naked like Lord Somerset was on his first appearance.

Both the captain and I made for our guns, but when we found the men were without arms, we leaned our pieces against the huts, and went forward to meet the savage visitors. Lord Somerset who was of the party, recognized the captain at once, and began shouting lustily, "Welcome, Standish, welcome."

The captain did not notice the forwardness of this greeting, cheerfully answering, "Welcome, Samoset, welcome."

With this salutation the party stopped in front of our huts, their naked bodies showing in colors of yellow and red, while their faces were painted in such hideousness I thought the evil one himself, would have been content with their appearance. Some had their hair trussed up with hawk feathers sticking straight out, another wore a fox tail woven into his braid, while another let a tuft of his coarse black hair shoot out from the top of his head very much in the fashion of a painter's brush. Their complexions were like our gypsies, dark and swarthy, lacking, however, the blush of the blood that gives color and comeliness to the face of the Englishman.

By this time the church going people too had caught sight of the visitors, so that this scene of peacefulness was turned into one of turmoil and uproar. The women and children ran with all haste into the nearest cabins, while the men lost no time in securing their arms. Those who had entered the common-house hearing the cry of alarm, came running out into the path, and taking one look scurried away for their armor, without stopping to see whether our savages were on a footing of peace or war.

When the governor saw us parleying with the natives, he came quickly carrying his flaming match-lock in his hand. Lord Somerset at once set up his cry of "Welcome, Carver, welcome."

"Welcome, Samoset," responded the gray haired governor. Seeing that the savages were unarmed, he quickly placed his piece alongside of the hut, where ours were ranged. At the same time he motioned to the other colonists that they were to disarm themselves, grimacing, and shaking his hand since they were in no danger. Master Stephen Hopkins was fearful of some set plan on the part of the savages to lead us into their hands. It was only after many sly and quiet motions of the governor, that the stubborn Stephen put aside his piece, and came forward to greet the visitors.

All the colonists were now crowded around the savages, even the elder forgetting his sacred duties joined his congregation, and looked with curious eyes on the tawdry costumes, and nakedness of the wild men.

The visitors showing signs of friendship and peace, the governor drew his head men off to one side for a conference at which it was decided, even though it was the Sabbath day, an entertainment should be provided.

There was a scurrying from hut to hut in the gathering of food for the feast, the women and children joining the quest for provisions to fill the lanky savages. Without doubt it was the quickest gotten together luncheon that this New England country had ever witnessed. Its hastiness, however, did not detract from the quality of the dishes in their eyes, yea, in the stomachs of these men. For no such compliment was ever paid to English cooking, as was the testimony of the clean dishes and vanished food given by the half naked foresters.

I am quite sure the more ignorant colonists expected to see the savages choke on the delicacies, as a sign of the displeasure of the Almighty for this idle desecration of the Sabbath. But when the breasts of the half dozen ducks, a quarter of a deer and a great platter of fish had found their way down the throats of the visitors and they were still alive, they began to look upon this scene almost as a miracle.

The feasting was tame compared to what followed. I can still see a lot of brave faced men look puzzled, then turn pale as their simple feast turned into an orgy, and the neighboring woods, bathed in Sabbath peacefulness, suddenly resounded with shouts of mirth and merriment. While the feast was still on, the governor, out of the kindness of his heart and desire to show his hospitality, ordered a mug of strong waters to be given the savages. Now the head of an Englishman with all his ancestors of heavy drinkers behind him will get in a turmoil if the measure of spirits be not filled according to his temperament. Such being the case, what hope was there for the proper carrying of a draught of brandy by these simple heads, which had never been burdened

with stronger waters than that which flowed from out the hills?

Quite stolidly they drank the brandy, but seemed to like its touch. They were soon melted into a state of merriment under the influence of the warming drink. As it worked upon the savages they began to talk freely; then in the humor of the moment, they thought it befitting that inasmuch as they had been bountifully entertained, it was their duty to return the compliment by making music of their own. First, they began to chant, so doleful, I thought it well fitted for a funeral dirge; but in time their slow toned music quickened into a howl, which grew in fury and intensity, until of a sudden the whole party sprang to their feet and before we knew what had happened, started a dance which I am sure the dervishes of distant Persia could not have equaled for noise and clamor.

As soon as the dance began, I saw a queer look come over the faces of the colonists, who stood aghast at this outbreak on the Sabbath day. Governor Carver, with his ruff, stiff and prim, and his coat of black thrown back from his gray doublet, stood and watched the howling dance in dismay. The governor looked at the elder, the latter looked at Winslow, and in the end they all looked at each other, wondering what they could do to stop the heathenish orgy; but no one made a move to do so, fearing the savages would take offense. While the colonists were looking with consternation upon this uproarious scene, I had a serious task to keep from laughing outright.

But a short time before they were on their way to church, going with solemn step and stern faces, fearing

to smile lest they violate the sacredness of the Sabbath. Now they were silent witnesses of a riotous desecration such as they never dreamed would take place within the clearing. While I was being afflicted with this internal mirth at the sobersided colonists, I happened to glance towards Captain Standish. There was a merry twinkle in his eye which I understood and felt, though his face was as free from his real feelings as was my own.

There was no stopping the savages until they were exhausted and could neither howl nor leap. As a sample of music or dancing I did not fancy the performance, though under the circumstances, it was ludicrous beyond description. When they had subdued themselves to the point of speaking, Lord Somerset brought forward four deerskins, offering to truck them for beads and other fanciful pieces. But the governor put Somerset aside kindly, making known to him that they would not barter for skins on the Sabbath, bidding him to come the following day with as many furs as he could find. Very modestly the savages assented to this, promising to return and, to show their good will and confidence in their new friends, offered to leave what they had brought without pay.

With much diplomacy, the governor managed to get his savage visitors in mood of going, though they wished to stay the rest of the day. Captain Standish forming an escort of his armed men, in a manner thrust them from the clearing, as he showed them the way whither their bows were left. Then he went among the savages shaking them by the hand, saying, "Farewell, farewell," to each one until the whole party left in good humor saying to each other, "Farewell, farewell," as though it were a companion piece to "Welcome, welcome."

But Lord Somerset was not so easily gotten rid of, this savage lord taking such a fancy to the English food and strong waters that he would not leave them; for when the time of departure came, he was stricken with such an active stomach-ache, he could not leave the clearing. I think it was one of the Billingtons who was unkind enough to say that he could not bear to be separated from the Dutch brandy. Perhaps he conceived that with ample groans and moans, he would receive another mug of spirits. At all events, his comrades went stalking off through the trees without Samoset, who found what comfort he could in the hut of Master Stephen Hopkins, who was heartless enough to use a plaster of mustard externally for warming purposes.

Once more the quiet and solace of the Sabbath day reigned within the limits of the forest fringed clearing, and once more the sound of the rolling drum bid the colonists come to service at the common-house. By the stately governor strode the first lady of New England, in modest costume, which rather added to than detracted from her grace of person. From the various cabins came the men, women, and children bent upon the same mission, no doubt hoping to make amends for the unholy scenes which had been enacted in their presence.

In the sunshine of this renewed peaceful day, I saw the white hood and flowing hair of Lora and I joined with these people in silent prayer that at last peace and security were assured from the savages, and that she was firmly seated in her new home without the prospect of future disturbance. As the last colonist disappeared within the doorway of the log house, I heard the notes of a psalm filling the clearing with harmony, quieting and assuring.

The great Chief Massassoit

The following day in the gray light of early morning I saw a strange figure pass my door going towards the wilderness. He was clad in a shirt bound around the middle with a red band of cloth, a tall peaked hat on top of his head and on his red legs was a pair of gray stockings and shoes with broad buckles, being partly Pilgrim and mostly Indian in his attire. It was Lord Somerset whom Master Hopkins had thrust out, after fully satisfying himself that the savage was feigning sickness, that he might further fill his lean loins with food and drink. There was no wanting of diplomacy on the part of shrewd Stephen, for he so praised and worked upon the naked lord, as to make him think that he was leaving upon his own accord. Feeling proud and handsome, the strangely bedecked native went off through the woods to carry further tidings of the new settlers to his friends.

All was quiet in the clearing until Wednesday morning, when a third meeting since the landing of the colonists was held in the common-house to conclude laws and order for their form of government. While they were in the midst of the subject, three savages appeared suddenly on the hilltop across the brook shouting defiance, pulling their bow strings and otherwise challenging the colonists to combat. The meeting broke up in confusion as the colonists ran out into the open firmly grasping their pieces.

The boldness of the challenge stirred Captain Standish to prompt action. Taking a comrade with a musket and two unarmed sailors, he advanced quickly to the brookside, without stopping to parley, he plunged into the creek and made for the opposite shore. All the while the savages were scraping their arrows across their bow strings, accompanying this strange music with grotesque antics and shouting. All my dreams of safety of the maiden were lost, as I conceived that these were forerunners of an attack. There was nothing else to do but to stand and watch anxiously the advance of the little party up the hill. All the while the savages kept up their shrieking and weird music on bow strings, until the men were half way up the hill, then they ran off still shouting defiance. This did not disconcert the captain who pushed on faster than ever, determined to know the object of this warlike attitude. I watched the men closely as they climbed higher and higher until they reached the top of the hill, where they stood looking upon all sides as if undecided whether to advance or retreat. I held my breath, fearful of an ambushade or some other treachery, until I saw the captain slowly returning followed by his men.

Once within the clearing, the captain returned to his martial law so that the settlement again took on the appearance of an armed camp, rudely shattering the hopes of peace with the savage neighbors. During this period of suspicion, the people were divided as to whether Lord Somerset was a friend or an enemy, and so argued on this point, until even the governor grew lukewarm in the defense of his savage ally.

Coming down the path shortly after this scene, I saw a procession of men, women, and children, moving

slowly up from the beach. In surprise I asked who the newcomers might be. John Alden who was now fully restored, answered me, that they were the last of the colonists moving ashore from the ship where they had spent the winter, being too feeble to build their huts ashore. So on this the thirty-first of March, the last of the people who boarded the ship at Southampton the previous September finally left their wooden prison. Most of them were feeble and sick, but out of the kindness of the colonists' hearts these were distributed among the huts, and were not sent to the sick-house of unpleasant recollections.

My desire to protect the maiden caused me to enlist under Captain Standish, offering my services either as officer or private. The day after the alarm, I slept late, as I had stood guard duty all the night before. This new menace of the forest inhabitants placed me in a quandary, as I could not decide whether to go or to stay. To abandon Lora confronted by this danger was cowardly, but to live with the colonists I knew was impossible. As the day was warm I opened my door and pulled my chair to the step, where I could sit and breathe in the freshness of the ocean and the forests. Sinking within the arms of my chair, I happened to look across the harbor, there I saw the ship with all sail spread.

My heart sank within me as I sat powerless to move or speak, then starting up in alarm I shadowed my eyes with my hand from the bright sun, and stood looking intently at the full sailed ship. Down in my heart I felt that it could not be, as I would surely have heard of the sailing either from the colonists or Captain Jones. But I knew the master to be a captious fellow, and had

no doubt he would make up his mind some fine day to go to England, and would accordingly set sail with or without the leave of the colonists. Even as I looked, I saw that the ship was still at anchor. I concluded that the captain was drying the sails, but for the moment, it gave me a scare which I did not soon forget. This alarm caused me to settle back and decide upon another early interview with the elder.

I was deeply engaged in this thought of Lora, when I was startled by a shouting. Looking out I saw Lord Somerset accompanied by a stranger coming down the path boldly as though nothing had happened. I felt now that the fellows who frightened us the previous day were not his people, or else, he was a perfect villain in his acting.

While I was willing to forgive, the colonists were more suspicious, and came out of their huts with guns in hand. The governor and Captain Standish, however, showed their confidence by advancing to their savage ally unarmed, and offering him their hands. As soon as Samoset clapped his eyes on the governor, he began to cry, "Welcome, welcome!" Much to my surprise the stranger spoke in good English saying, "Welcome, Englishmen, welcome!" These friendly greetings set at rest the fear of attack, though the more suspicious still stood aloof.

As the stranger shook hands with the governor, Samoset was forward with the information that his name was "Squanto," and that he was the sole survivor of the nation of the Patuxets, which owned the great clearing in which the huts were located; so that the colonists now stood in the presence of their lord and overseer for the first time.

There was no hesitancy on the part of the colonists now in taking the two savages within the common-house, where the parleying was continued. There Squanto told how he had been carried off as a slave by an English free booter, by the name of Captain Hunt, who had visited this coast in 1614. This same Hunt endeavored to sell him in Spain for rials of eight, but the priests called upon the people not to buy, so that Master Hunt sailed away for England with his captive. In London, Squanto said, that he lived in Cornhill, with a merchant by the name of Master John Slavy, where he learned the ways and speech of an Englishman.

So it seemed as if a kindly Providence had once more come to these people. In the first instance, Samoset himself only happened to be in this part of the country, having lingered eight months among strangers, apparently to be the ready instrument for bringing the colonists in peaceful contact, with the estranged savages. Now Squanto, the sole owner of the land which they occupied, came from London, upon the scene at the proper time that he might give them further assistance. Whether these two men appeared within the clearing at their respective times through chance or divine influence, their coming as they did, forms an interesting and important incident in the history of the Pilgrim colonists.

As soon as the people gathered together and silence could be secured, the governor began further speech with Squanto. Then much to our surprise, Squanto said that the great King Massassoit was now on his way to make a friendly visit to the clearing, and that he would arrive shortly with his royal retinue. There was great excitement and rejoicing as well, over the pros-

pect of seeing a native king in the midst of his subjects—particularly this monarch who was ruler over the surrounding country; for it was the opinion of the colonists then that this Massassoit was a king in his country, as King James was in England, one to whom all people bowed down in honor and subjection.

When it was known that the king of the savages was in the neighboring forests, haste was made that His Majesty be received in due honor. Most of the colonists had lived on the great North Road leading out of Scotland to London, down which came kings and queens with their retinues of nobles and courtiers, and in their own fashion had made service and obeisance to them, so that they were not new at the play of entertaining royalty. When the summons came this April day to prepare for a visit from His Majesty, King Massassoit, there was great scurrying among the quality, commoners, and servants, to untrunk what bit of finery they possessed and array themselves in it.

Governor Carver retired to his hut, appearing shortly in a new white ruff of magnificent proportions, well starched and spotlessly white. One lapel of his cloak was thrown back, just as a courtier of England would wear it in the ante room of Hampton Court, showing a new gray doublet with a row of brass buttons, polished and gleaming. His peaked hat was brushed anew, and the brazen buckles of his shoes, showed that Mistress Carver had bestowed the same attention upon them as she had on the doublet buttons. The governor was of a goodly figure, and would have attracted attention in the court of King James.

Master Edward Winslow not to be backward wore a green velvet coat with wide spreading skirts over his

armor, a brave garment and no doubt a relic of other days, since it was somewhat of an ancient pattern. I offered Captain Standish my red velvet coat and my silk waistcoat with the flaming red poppies, and such other pieces of brocades and satin as my chests contained, but he waved me aside preferring his steel armor to puff and powdery dress. In haste in burnishing his armor he left dull places here and there in the joints, showing plainly that it was the work of a hurried man and not of a patient woman. Since the captain would not wear my gaudy stuff, I let it lay in the chest, only turning it over to secure a gold neck chain and a new pair of saffron stockings. The other colonists were as active in arraying themselves as were the head men. True, they did not have ruffs and rapiers, but they busied themselves in removing the dirt from their buckles and buttons. The children were equally well washed and cleaned, their faces showing red with much rubbing.

The colonists were in a turmoil over preparing for the coming of King Massassoit. The monarch himself with his retinue of sixty men came to the top of the hill across the brook, and tarried there with his brother, Quadequina. No doubt, he was as greatly agitated over his coming to the colonists as they were by his visit.

Captain Standish and Isaac Allerton with a guard of six musketeers went down to the brook where the colonists, little and big, ranged themselves along the top of the bank as anxious spectators of the coming event. Lora, of course, was among them so that I soon sought her out and stood by her side. She was not in the least nervous, however, over the presence of the savages, pointing out to me their curious fashion of dressing their hair with hawk's feathers and fox tails; and, wo-

manlike desired to have a closer view of how these fantastic devices were woven.

There was a halt in the proceedings at this point, growing out of the suspicion of both sides that the other was not to be trusted too far. The result was that the colonists would not send their governor to the king, nor, would His Majesty, trust himself within the clearing. As Captain Standish was walking back and forth somewhat troubled over the failure of the king to descend to meet him, Squanto offered his service to learn the cause of the delay. We at the top of the bank grew restless, wondering what had occurred to prevent the appearance of the king; in fact we could plainly see the savages moving around upon the brow of the hill, as they looked down upon the guard at the stream.

Lora, too, grew doubtful, asking, "Master Beaumont, think you the king will come?"

Though I was not overly sanguine, I would not let her be disturbed by my solicitude, I replied, "Surely, but he will come with caution."

While we were talking, I saw Squanto cross the brook, ascending the hill. Soon he was lost among the followers of the savage court. King Massassoit proved himself to be a diplomat of no mean quality, for he refused to receive a message except from the lips of one of the colonists, asking that one be sent to parley with him. There was some consternation at this request, for who would care to risk his life among those untried savages; but Master Winslow put an end to this question by offering to go unattended to the king. He made an interesting figure in his great coat of green velvet and steel breast plate, as he struggled up the hill with a pot of strong waters in one hand, and a bag of biscuits

and butter in the other, presents for King Massassoit.

All eyes were fixed upon the going of the first ambassador to the court of the king of the Wampanoags, as he made his way upwards among trees and underbrush of the forests. On his shoulders rested the safety, even the lives, of those who watched him. Nervously I twitched my forefinger around the lock of my snap chance, as I saw Winslow approaching closer and closer to the group of savages.

Once Winslow stumbled, causing Lora to seize my arm and exclaim, "He's down! He's down!"

But he gained his feet still clinging to his brandy cask and sack, and with renewed energy climbed on rapidly, until I saw him drop his bucket and doff his hat to salute; then he was lost to view in the crowd of savages that closed around him. The group seemed greatly agitated, its members forcing this way and that; I held my breath until I chanced to catch a glimpse of the green velvet coat.

Besides the English provisions, the colonists' ambassador carried a pair of knives, and a copper chain with a large cheap stone setting for the king and a knife and a jewel, for the ear of Prince Quadequina. Seeing these presents of tawdry jewelry, I thought His Majesty must be in a poor way to be pleased with such simple gifts.

I afterwards heard Master Winslow tell how gladly the presents were received, how the king at once placed the copper chain around his neck; at the same time casting longing eyes at the strong water, as if he thought the best was yet to come. Winslow said he made a speech, which Squanto interpreted to the king, in which he stated that he was a representative from King James,

that the colonists came in peace desiring to make him a friend and ally. Furthermore, he boldly asked Massasoit to go with him to meet the governor in the clearing, that a treaty might be entered into between the colonists and his people. The king heard him through, telling Squanto he was pleased with the goodliness of the speech, but before deciding to go and meet the governor, the king said he would test the food and the quality of the strong water the messenger had brought. After His Majesty had subdued his appetite with butter, cheese, and brandy, with true kingly manners, he gave the rest to his followers. The strong drink so worked upon His Majesty's brain as to cause him to make merry with Winslow, offering to buy his coat of mail and sword.

All this while we stood in the valley, looking vainly to get sight of Winslow. Lora began to grow impatient, asking, "Where, think you, is Master Winslow?"

"With the king."

"But he has been gone far too long to please me," she answered.

While we were watching and waiting, I saw a band of twenty stalwart men coming down the hill led by a lusty captain. Though I looked closely I could not catch a glimpse of Winslow's green coat, nor any indication of his presence. Lora noticed his absence as well and would have commented upon it, had we both not been so much interested in catching the words of Squanto, who was shouting something across to Captain Standish.

Listening closely, we saw him point to the leader, and heard him say, "This is King Massasoit."

The captain saluted His Majesty, as did Master Alerton, quite gallantly. The king came to the edge of

the brook, hesitating whether to go ahead or retreat. Standish seeing the disposition of the chieftain, wisely saluted in such friendly manner that he made haste to cross the stream.

As he came ashore, Captain Standish gave him his hand saying, "Welcome, King Massassoit."

Squanto who was beside his ruler, judged that the king should return a similar greeting, and I could see him whispering something in his ear; but His Majesty gave a few grunts in his own jargon, not daring to trust his tongue to handling English.

While the exchange of greetings was going on, every one crowded around the band of savages, that they might see and hear all that was done and said. I was very much surprised not to see Governor Carver at the brookside to greet the coming of the king to the clearing; but he was a monarch himself, and wished to impress His Savage Majesty that he was not of the common people.

Lora and I had hardly taken our positions, when Captain Standish gave a loud command to his army of six musketeers, who were to act as a body guard to conduct the king to the governor. Three of the escort fell in behind, while the drummer showed the way up the bank, playing a rattling tune as fast as he could ply his hands. We followed close behind in true English mob fashion, being careful, however, not to interfere with the progress of the procession. The captain with drawn sword and shining armor led the way down the path to a half finished house, which was to be used as the council hall.

While there was neither platform nor dais for the king, the house was not without decoration; as a green

rug was spread upon the clay floor, and four soft cushions were placed in a row upon it.

There was an opening for a window in the side of the hut which I took possession of for Lora and myself, having full view of the interior. As Captain Standish came to the hut, he halted his musketeers; leading the king through the door, he marched with stately tread pointing out the royal cushion, at the same time advising Squanto to be seated beside his master. Then the twenty savages of the retinue ranged themselves to the right of the king, sitting upon the earthen floor cross legged like London tailors.

The captain had hardly seated his guests, when there was a sound of drum and trumpet. Looking around, I was surprised to see Governor Carver coming toward the council chamber, with all the pomp and show of a king. Preceding the governor were a drummer and trumpeter; there were also musketeers before him and musketeers behind him, so that the ruler made a brave showing as he marched with martial music along the path to meet the king.

The nearer the governor's party came to the Council chamber, the harder the trumpeter blew and the faster the drummer played, until I fancied the savages must have thought King James himself was approaching. At the door, the procession halted, the governor being led across the green carpet by Captain Standish, the king rising from his cushion throne. To my astonishment, Governor Carver stooped and kissed the red king's hand! This obeisance took the monarch by surprise, but he quickly regained his composure and reaching down took the governor's hand and kissed it with loudness.

There was another flourish by the drummer and trumpeter, who stood in the doorway, after which the governor seated the king on his green cushion, while he took the one next to him. The colonists crowded in the hut, standing with bared heads in the presence of the two monarchs, even the children pushing in to get a peep at the strange red men, who wore few clothes but much paint.

Noticing that Mistress Brewster was not likely to see much where she was standing, I surrendered my place alongside of Lora to her. There was a block of wood back of them, which I mounted, looking over the maiden's head at the savage monarch. He was a man of about thirty as near as I could judge from his face, hidden as it was beneath its stain of red; there was likewise apparently a rugged honesty in his countenance, which was indeed pleasing, impressing me favorably towards him. I could not say as much for the rest of his retinue, for as they sat cross legged upon the clay floor, their bodies shining with grease and their faces painted many hues, I thought, they were about the hardest looking crew I had ever seen outside of Newgate prison.

Lora did not like their looks any better than I did, for after gazing at them awhile, I heard her say to her mother, "What ugly, ugly creatures."

When the music had ceased and the first salute of welcome had been given, Governor Carver called upon Master Richard Warren to bring forth a pewter pitcher filled with rum. First Governor Carver took the silver cup belonging to Winslow from the cup-bearer, filled it with strong waters, then turning toward the king, drank his health. I thought His Majesty showed some impatience at the size of the draught poured out for him

by the discreet Richard, as he seized the pitcher himself, filling the cup full of spirits, then with true kingly capacity he poured the liquor down his throat as though it were spring water. Knowing the strength of the rum, I thought if His Majesty stood that great draught, he was surely a mighty man.

When all the retinue had been served with drink, the governor called for food for the guests. A great goose was brought in on a pewter platter steaming in its own juice. I could see the longing in His Majesty's eyes as he gazed upon the brown sweetness of the fowl, watching over it closely lest it escape. Governor Carver would not partake of the goose waving it on to the king, who was not so dainty, as he made haste to seize the breast in both hands, gnawing at the flesh like a hound. Then the other savages fell upon the dish with such vigor, that the whole retinue were soon greasy from chin to eye brows. They ate heartily of the English cooking, looking with longing eyes when the platter was empty, no doubt hoping that another fowl was forth coming.

Having dined his royal guests, next the governor proceeded to call his secretary of state, Master Hopkins, that more weighty matters than a gray goose be discussed. The governor bid Squanto say to His Majesty, that King James of England, saluted him with words of love and peace.

With this the savage monarch essayed to rise, thinking that the governor was King James, but as I thought, the draught of rum held him to his cushion. Failing to gain his feet, His Majesty bowed several times, however, to show his homage. I could not refrain from smiling at the defeat of this red monarch in his first

encounter with strong waters, for he sat now in a tremble, swaying back and forth, and could hardly sit upon his cushion. The governor, giving little heed to the king's condition, had Squanto repeat after him the articles of a treaty, which he urged should be entered into at once.

After each article, and there were several of them, was read and agreed upon, Massassoit would nod his head and grunt, then all his subjects would grimace and applaud. It was a simple treaty of alliance, each side agreeing to do no hurt to the other, and both averring they would render assistance to each other in case of attack. When the last article had been agreed upon, the governor told Squanto to say to the king that if he kept faith with the colonists, King James would esteem him his friend and ally. Again the king endeavored to rise, but he was so badly worsted by his great draught that all he could do was to grimace, bowing low at the same time.

There was no mention made of King James in the first article of this treaty. I must say that Governor Carver looked the part of a strong independent spirit as he sat in the midst of the savage dignitaries, dictating to them this first treaty, binding them in an offensive and defensive alliance. As the various articles were discussed, I could see that the commonality of the colonists were in accord with them, though this was their first knowledge of the treaty.

With the finishing of the alliance, not a paper was signed by either party confirming this strange treaty. King Massassoit took from a bag at his belt a few leaves of the tobacco plant; crushing them into the bowl of his pipe, he drank in the fumes, sending it from him with

lusty puffs or permitting it to trickle from his nostrils.

The maiden asked me curiously, "What smokes the king?"

"Some of your tobacco, the seed of which I gave you with your shell basket," was my reply.

Looking into my face with a twinkling smile, she said, "Truly."

Before I could answer, she plucked me by the sleeve saying, "Look! Look! the king would have Governor Carver drink tobacco smoke with him."

Looking, I saw the governor put the pipe to his mouth gingerly drawing in the fumes, then he coughed sending the smoke from his mouth in one blast. Still convulsed with coughing, he handed the pipe to Master Hopkins to test his stomach; likewise Master Allerton and Captain Standish, who were seated as councilors of the governor, were then made to drink of the smoke, which they did with curious expressions coming over their faces. When the last of the colonists had had more than his fill of the pipe, the affair of state came to an end. In England such treaties were signed in ink, but in this country in smoke; I wondered which manner was the more lasting.

When His Majesty would arise, he had to call for assistance, as he was still sweating and trembling freely. This caused the maiden to whisper to me, "See the king has been seated so long, he barely stands alone."

I could have told her something of the effects of his draught of rum, but I held my tongue. Some of the London folks nudged each other and would have made merry with the monarch's condition; but they were properly frowned down by the other colonists, who were

grave and serious, appreciating fully the importance of not giving offense.

Master Winslow being held as a hostage, it was decided to detain six members of the retinue until he was safely returned. With this understanding, the king and his followers were ready to go. The colonists crowded to one side as Governor Carver, prim and grave, took King Massassoit by the hand leading him in the midst of his body of musketeers. The other savages pushed closely after their chieftain. As the curious colonists looked on, the governor raised his hand; the captain gave his command, "Forward," and amidst the roll of drum and the music of the trumpet, the royal cavalcade marched through the clearing down to the brookside.

At the end of the foot log, the procession halted. The drummer and trumpeter were doing mighty service with their instruments, while the governor embraced his red majesty lovingly, giving him a cordial farewell. As the king mounted the log unsteadily, I held my breath; he hesitated, then waved his arms wildly, the maiden exclaiming, "He's falling, he's falling." For a moment I thought we would be greeted with the sight of a king in the brook, but he steadied himself reaching the shore in safety. One by one the rest of the savages passed over the stream, leaving the six hostages for Winslow's safety in the hands of Captain Standish.

All this time I had been straining my eyes to catch a glimpse of Winslow. In the order of things he should have been present to have passed over to us as soon as the king had reached the other side of the brook. Instead of his coming, I could see the savage court on the hill in great agitation.

Governor Carver and Captain Standish both stood at the edge of the flowing stream, anxiously looking and waiting the return of their ambassador; the drum and trumpet were silent, the colonists crowding closer and closer together, stood in a body wondering what delayed Winslow in the savage court. The six hostages mistook the uneasiness of the colonists as a menace to them, and were not anxious to leave their guard of musketeers.

At this juncture, Squanto came down the hill alone, relieving the suspense somewhat, though we had rather seen the green coat of Winslow. From my position I saw the savage messenger leap down from the foot log and speak with Governor Carver and the captain, then remount the log and go back to his people. All these mysterious doings were explained, when the word was given that Prince Quadequina would make a call upon the governor, and that Winslow was to be held as his hostage until his return. The governor giving his consent, we waited to see what sort of a person this new princeling might be.

Presently there came another troop down between the tall pines led by a proper tall young man. Like His Majesty, this man wore a mantle of the fur of some wild animal thrown loosely around his shoulders, and was of goodly appearance even to the eye of an Englishman, as he crossed the log, strong and sure-footed. Governor Carver saluted him, which the young man returned equally as well as the king had done, though I am compelled to say, both would have made awkward courtiers in any of the European courts. There was a natural grace and dignity about both of these savage noblemen that stamped their movements with sincerity, which I can not say of the shallow and idle favorites

of many civilized monarchs. Again the trumpeter touched upon his horn and the drummer rattled away as fast as his sticks could fly, while this second party was led down the path to the unfinished house, and seated with regal honors upon the green cushioned throne.

I could not help but notice that Richard Warren, the cup-bearer, held tightly to the pewter pitcher which contained the spirits, taking no risks of the repetition of the king's great draught. I took it that the prince was a poor warrior, as he showed a dislike to the muskets, asking Squanto to have the captain put them aside. Standish sent the musketeers out of the Council Chamber, but warned them to keep a closer watch than ever.

The prince was of modest countenance and impressed me as a man of good parts. Since he and the king were really of marked dignity and quality, I conceived that after all there might be a nobility among these wild pagans and began to have respect myself for these members of the savage dynasty. When the feast was over, the prince with the cheap yellow jewel in his ear was conducted to the foot log with only part of his retinue, the others lingering where roast goose and foaming liquors were handed about freely.

Down through the brush and the dead leaves of the forest Master Winslow now came, having great trouble in preserving his velvet coat from the branches of the underbrush. This day he fulfilled well all I thought of him at the time of the signing of the compact in the roundhouse of the ship. Alone and unarmed except for his sword, he trusted himself in the midst of the savage horde and by his courage gave them an example of confidence, which no doubt influenced the king to come to visit the governor in the clearing. There was no haste

in Winslow's coming now, picking his way with the same indifference as though he was in the midst of his friends, he crossed the log and stepped off into the embrace of the governor, who welcomed him as coming from a deed well done.

The six hostages went back quietly to their people. Captain Standish drew his sword with a flourish and gave a shrill command. With the trumpeter and drummer sounding their music, the musketeers began their march, while all the people proudly followed after them, feeling that this treaty day was the beginning of a new order of things.

As night came on the visitors who lagged behind for food and a drop of brandy left, except two who would have tarried longer but for the active persuasion of the governor who bid them sleep in their own camp. Lord Samoset and Squanto, being considered friends, sat in the shadows of Master Hopkins's chimney-corner as welcome as the governor could have been. Captain Standish and I went together to sit with Master Stephen and converse with the two friendlies, being anxious to know more about this worthy King Massassoit and his court. We soon found that while Squanto could talk on simple subjects, he failed us entirely on deeper matters.

The governor, likewise the elder, coming in, gained further information about the plague that swept the savages away, how the people lived and what religion they held to. On this last subject both Samoset and Squanto stumbled somewhat having but little knowledge of English doctrines and tenets; but after some words, we found that both believed in a Great Spirit that dwelt in the blasts of the tempest, that swept in on the billows of the sea, or that came like a song in the southwest winds—

a mighty spirit that watched their comings and goings, who in peace brought game to their kettles, and in anger brought starvation to their doors. The elder listened closely to the two pagans, then drawing his Bible from his doublet began to read from it. Having finished his reading, the elder and the others knelt in the shadows of the fire. Lord Somerset and Squanto looked around curiously not knowing whether to go or to stay, then under the spell of the others they too came to their knees.

Through the open door I could see stars off in the far away and caught the softness of the wind as it swept across the harbor. Only the elder's voice was heard above this universal silence. Earnestly, and even eloquently, he sent up a plea that the hearts of the savages might be awakened by the touch of the spirit of Isaac and Abraham. So this night within the pine log walls of this lowly hut, the Pilgrims began their mission of mercy, as they conceived it, amongst the Philistines of the new world.

The Beginnings of Democracy

As the captain and I went forth from Stephen Hopkins's hut under the spell of the elder's prayer, we saw the camp-fires of the savage king's household upon the hill across the brook, giving us ample assurance that his day's visitation was a reality and not a dream. After looking at the fires awhile, Standish told me that he had taken the precaution to post double sentries around the clearing. Though believing in the sincerity of the king, he would take no chances on the encroachments of his subjects. I began to chide him upon the pomp and show of the governor's court in the Council Chamber. To this he replied in good humor, that he divined the colonists were without bitter feeling against King James and his glory; but, they judged their worship was founded upon their conscience and the Bible, and not upon the king's commands.

While we were still discussing the loyalty of the colonists to the king of England, to whom they still were dutiful subjects, we came to the elder's house where I fancied I saw a slender figure with a white shawl showing against the dark cabin wall. I thought it was the maiden walking alone in the night air. The captain did not notice me, as I turned my head from time to time so I could see the better. Though I did not stop, I so managed my steps as to keep the figure in view.

At my door, the captain bade me adieu for the night, wishing to make the rounds and see that active watch

was being kept. Hastily seizing my water bucket, and swinging it carelessly in my hand, I made my way towards the spring. As I came near the Brewster hut, my heart beat in high hopes, for there was the bit of white, and I fancied I could fashion the slender waist of the maiden as she stood waiting for me to come. The thought of her standing so long in one position never entered my mind, so anxious was I to see her once more alone. But as I came closer, my vision took the form of a sweet brier rose bush with a white cloth thrown across its thorns fluttering in the air.

With a look of disgust I turned away from the phantom figure, starting back without so much as filling my bucket; but remembering my morning draught, I overcame my feelings and went down the bank to where the willows hung over the brink of the spring. Stooping over, I pushed the wood deep into the flood, the water swirling into the pail. Holding it beneath the surface for a moment, I seemed to feel the consciousness of the presence of some one in the willows. With a swish I drew the bucket from the spring and turned to confront the intruder.

At my first glance, I saw the form of a woman shrinking against the trunk of the nearest tree. I do not know why, but I called, "Lora."

"Master Beaumont," she answered, "I did not expect you at the spring this time of night."

"Nor did I hope to see you here either, Lora. Let me carry your bucket of water."

"I have none to carry."

"Pray, then, what brings you to this lonely place?" I asked.

"Perhaps it was due to the excitement of the day. I

was restless within the house, so I came out into the night to find peace."

"Think you, you will find it here at the spring?"

"It is a quiet place," she replied, "and the running water over the stones soothes me; besides the willows are friendly, so that I can talk to them freely."

"Of what, Lora?" I asked moving closer to her.

"Master Beaumont," she said with an effort, "you would not like to know my whole mind. As it might be ill, it might cause you grief."

"Nay, not ill of me, Lora," I urged pleadingly, "I would have you love me with all your heart."

She replied resolutely, "Master Beaumont, that is impossible for many reasons, and I must not give you pain in going over them."

"But, Lora, I want to hear them. Could I but know what lies between us, perhaps I could aid you in overcoming it," I went on impulsively.

Then in a plaintive and far-away voice, she said, "I fear you will have to go back many centuries to our ancestors, as there is the beginning of our differences. At first sight I thought you were one of those soldiers of fortune, so many of whom I had seen in Holland, gaining fine clothes and some gold by serving Dutch or Spanish masters; but when you went forth in the cold and snow, I confess I saw you through different eyes. So far you have not told me your birth nor station."

"But I will, now," I said hastily.

"Nay, nay, let me finish for I must make an end of this quickly. That you come from a noble family, I fully believe. That I come from a family of sturdy yeomen, I am equally proud. Now you see the impossibility of our positions; your ancestors came from

ancient halls, mine from ancient fields. Would you have the doors of your family closed against you? Nay, Master Beaumont, I would not sacrifice you, even though I dared to love you."

I would not listen to her further but broke in, "Lora, if my family but saw you, they would adore you as I do. True, I come from Beaumont Hall; still it will open its doors widely to welcome you as my wife."

"Your wife!" she exclaimed and I felt her draw from me in alarm.

"Truly, my wife, Lora; for I love you as I do my life, more than that, I would give it freely to protect you."

Then she drew further away from me saying, "Nay, nay, not such sacrifices for me. Even though we were agreed, still there lies my duty to my father and mother. Our family has been driven closer together by hardships and sufferings. Now that we are standing in the presence of our greatest one, would you have me desert them? Would you have me speak the truth about you?" she exclaimed with emotion.

"Lora, even though your words crush me," I replied firmly.

"Then, Master Beaumont, down in my secret heart, I do love you. I dare not confess it aloud, nor bring my affection to my own view, but back somewhere within me, I love you."

"Oh, Lora, Lora!" I exclaimed advancing towards her.

"Nay, nay," she said hurriedly at the same time pushing me from her, "my love is one of my buried secrets, one which crushes me and brings me pain instead of happiness; one which I must not gratify, nor permit you to encourage. Instead of peace and joy, it brings me

grief and sends me forth into the night. I confide in my willows only, and I came here but now to unburden my heart to them."

Then with greater vehemence than ever she went on, "Nay, nay, Master Beaumont; I must not love you! I must not love you!"

I could see she was laboring under great excitement and in a manner was unburdening her heart to the willows instead of me. That she never intended me to know her love, I am sure; but she had suppressed it so long, she could not withhold it more. Fortunately or unfortunately, I happened to be present when she gave way, thus gaining the secret of her heart. Now that I knew of her affection and her courage in withholding it, I was more in love with her than ever. I had no words to answer hers, for how could I bid her forget her father and mother, or ask her even to abandon them in their distress and go with me? It was not in my heart to urge Lora to return to England, at the same time I knew it was impossible for me to tarry with her. Though I longed to press my suit, I did not think it would be fair to do so.

Lora soon regained her composure and began to reproach herself for her outbreak, appealing to me, "Master Beaumont, forgive me. I never intended that you should know my secret love. It came from me unexpectedly and I know not what moved me so to give it up. Now that you know it, do not turn from me for awhile, at least."

"Turn from you, Lora? Your confession brings me closer to you."

"I would that it did not, for my burden already distresses me, and I would not add more to yours." Then

remembering her long absence, she said quickly, "I must not tarry longer, Master Beaumont; but must bid you good-night."

Tenderly I kissed her hand and as she went from me in the shadows of the night, I thought her worthy of her blood, be it from fields, forests, or palace. My head was in a whirl. Sitting down on the roots of the willows, I went over her words, endeavoring to find some way out of the snarl that beset both of us. I could plainly see she was bound with living chains to her parents, the breaking of which lay only in their hands. Perhaps, I thought, if I could gain their consent, Lora would go with me. But I had already tried this measure without success, so that all that was left me, was a confusion of thoughts.

The next morning I could see no other way out of the matter than by another interview with the elder. I was soon knocking on the door of the maiden's hut, and was greeted from within by her voice inviting me to enter. I found Lora and her mother alone. The mother was not overly cordial in her greeting, but the maiden was calm after the night's interview, though I could see her eyes had not found much sleep. From the mother I learned that the elder had gone to the woods with the other men. Though I was loath to see the mother and father separately, I was so determined to know my fate that I unfolded my love for Lora without delay.

The mother did not show the least agitation as she said, "This comes to me not as a surprise, Master Beaumont, as I knew of the mitts that Lora knit for you, for there is an ancient saying, that when a maiden begins to clothe a lad, 'tis a sign of love."

This pleasant speech I at once conceived to mean that

the mother did not find fault in me but I learned differently and that her mind was fixed not to give her to me. Catching a glance of sorrow from the maiden, I desisted though I longed to go on. Now I conceived that I was but causing Lora pain to pursue my love, and I left the hut with the knowledge that certain defeat was my lot.

Instead of going to the woods in search of the father, I returned to my hut and the arms of my great chair with a heavy heart. Now that I knew her secret, I could not help but think how much stronger a woman was than a man. Though apparently frail and gentle, bowing easily before the blasts of life, she forthwith straightens up like a reed after the wind ceases, once more standing firm and strong. My mind told me I was in the wrong, though my heart urged me to forward my suit. Out of all this confusion came the unpleasant thought, that since she would make a martyr of herself, I must sacrifice myself as well.

For her sake I decided not to speak to the father, but to join with the maiden in a bond of self-control and self-effacement.

With the firm resolution of sacrificing my love, I went out into the warm sunshine. At the path I met the captain and Master Allerton going towards the brook. Then much to my surprise, the captain informed me that King Massassoit had sent a messenger requesting his visit be returned and that they were now about to set out on this mission to the court of the savages. This adventure appealing to me, I proffered my company which was accepted.

Without arms we crossed the brook while the people stood around and wished us safe return. I looked for

the maiden, but she was not in the crowd nor was her mother, so I fancied they were still dwelling upon my recent visit. Struggling up the hill, we came to the top where I was greeted with my first view of a savage court. It was all I cared to see, to forever put an end to my notion of royalty amongst these people, as we English knew it; for they had no excess of things to give one man advantage over another, but all were upon the same footing of poverty and want.

King Massassoit sat in the midst of his people, holding his court beneath the branches of a tall pine, having neither a green dais, nor a green cushion to mark him as one above the ordinary. When we came up to the king, he arose and kissed our hands. The captain and Master Allerton returned the salute, while I merely bowed low, not caring to kiss the painted hand of this lord of the woods.

His Majesty was drinking smoke from his tobacco pipe, filling the air with its pungent odor. Once seated upon the mats which were laid on the ground, the king took a long draught from his pipe, then handed it to the captain. I watched Standish closely as he handled the pipe daintily and breathed in the fumes, letting the smoke curl out between his lips with such grace, I was really jealous of his trick. Master Allerton came next; though he did not fancy the ordeal, he managed to keep control of his face. Coming my trial, I slyly wiped off the mouth piece then quickly drew in the fumes. I made no effort to imitate the graceful puff of the captain, for the stuff suffocated me and I forced it from my throat like the belching smoke from the mouth of a cannon. The biting and acrid taste of the tobacco plant smoke might be good stuff to sign treaties, but for my

own pleasure, I must confess, I did not care to test its virtues for a second time.

This social function having been endured, I had time to look around and take observations of the camp and the people. The meagerness of wealth was apparent at the first glance. In their persons the men were tall and handsome timbered people, square faced with ample black hair upon their heads, but their faces were free from its growth. None were cursed with much flesh upon their bodies, being lean limbed and lithe as our English athletes. Their pride carried them to excess in dyeing their faces many colors, and in some instances pouncing their breasts with queer decorations.

Some of the women were quite comely, carrying their fur mantles with modesty, and even dignity. As a rule, however, they were hard-faced, thin and gaunt, showing clearly that the life in the forests did not improve their sex. The ancient women were hags, toothless like our witches, and with bent backs as peasants, so that they were not charming to look upon. One could well believe in their craftiness as they looked at us out of their black bead-like eyes, while we sat next to the throne of their ruler.

I longed to ask his Majesty how his subjects obeyed him as he spoke to one of them, evidently sending him to a task, but the man did not move until he was finally sent off, after many sharp words had been passed between master and man. I wondered how long King James would desist from putting into the Tower an Englishman who would dare to contend with him to his face.

We tarried long enough for the captain and Allerton to establish their friendliness, and for me to have my

mind filled with the meanness of their living, their want of order, and their total lack of social distinctions. As we bade farewell, the king slipped something into the captain's hand which I did not see.

On our way down the hill, Standish said, "Beaumont, the king's court is a poor one. See what he gave me."

Then the captain showed me a few ground nuts and a roll of dried tobacco plant. Ere I could reply, Standish went on to say, "After all, little as it is, the gift was made in good will."

There was an anxious crowd at the brookside awaiting our coming, deeming it venturesome business to go into the savage camp. The people were eager to know how we were treated, what we saw, and asked so many questions, we would have been compelled to have stopped the rest of the day to have answered them.

I went with the captain down to the common-house where we found the governor, the elder and others of the colonists busily engaged in filling a great iron pot with peas, for the comfort and feeding of the savage court, which was in a fair way of starving in its hill quarters. A couple of savages walked away with the pot between them, delighted with an early prospect of a feast.

The governor was anxious to know all about what the captain saw and heard on his visit. Master Carver was adroit in his thoughts, placing much significance in the meager gifts of the king. As we were standing in front of the fireplace, Governor Carver turned towards Standish saying, "Captain, what think you, will we live in peace with the savages?"

The captain did not answer at once but stood thinking, then in time replied, "My thoughts are, that we

will have peace with the king, as he has powerful neighbors pressing him hard, so that he is of necessity friendly to us, as he expects our assistance in case of attack."

"How know you this?" eagerly asked the governor.

"From the king himself through Squanto, who says that a people, called the Narragansetts, are likely to bring him to war."

"Then Massassoit will be truly our friend," replied the governor; for he was diplomat enough to see that the king was looking upon the colonists as his allies, and the clearing as a place of retreat in case he was hard driven.

As we came from this conference, we met Squanto coming up the path with an arm load of wriggling eels, the largest I had ever seen. Our savage friend was followed by a crowd of curious colonists, who were anxious to know from whence the eels came, and how he caught them without hook or spear. The craftiness of the natives in their struggle for food now came forth, for Squanto said that the eels were from the bottom of a river, where he tramped them out of their winter quarters with his bare feet. Master Allerton weighed one in his hand. The shake of his head was more expressive of the quality of the eel, than his words could have been.

The governor in his fairness refused to accept the eels as a present from Squanto, ordering him to be given value for them from the common stores. So that the first commerce began over the bartering of the eels, and strange as it may seem, the proprietor of the ground was the first to profit by the coming of the colonists.

Savages in their fur mantles and nakedness were in the clearing, as soon as the colonists were abroad the

next morning. Their familiarity was alarming to the governor, who was for sending word to the king to keep his subjects at home. No action was taken, however, until after a convention of all the people at the common-house which was to be held as soon after the morning meal as possible.

I was standing in the door of my hut watching two of the savages who were hanging around the captain's cabin, when the "rat-tat-tat" of the drum called the colonists to attention. The two wild sons of the forest first looked at each other then at me in the most startled manner. As the drummer kept his rattling music going, their astonishment grew in vigor until I saw them lope away towards the woods, as if some devilish conjuring had been devised against them.

The colonists, however, answered the call of the drum going in groups of two and three or singly to the common-house. While I had no direct interest in the gathering, still I was curious to see how the commonality would conduct itself at the making of the first laws and rules to govern itself.

At the signing of the compact at Cape Cod, Governor Carver was merely confirmed in his position as "ship's governor ashore," without laws to govern his subjects except the common law of England. There was a notion among the colonists, now that they were established, they should assert their freedom in the selection of a governor and fix rules and laws for the orderliness of the colony. Knowing this was the program of the day, I closed my door walking down to the common-house to witness the lawmakers at work.

As I was walking along, I could not help but recall the warning of King James to the commoners when

they began to show signs of tinkering with his kingly duties. These are his exact words, "Do not meddle with the main points of government, that is my craft. To meddle with that were to lessen me. I am now an old king, for six and thirty years I have governed Scotland personally and now have I accomplished my apprenticeship of seven years here and seven years is a great time for king's experience in government, therefore there should not be too many Phormios to teach Hannibal. I must not be taught my office."

If King James had known this morning how his commoners were to meet in convention and select a monarch from their own number, His Majesty, no doubt, would have forthwith called Master Carver and the rest to account for their temerity, at the same time setting his seal of disapproval on their interference with his kingly craft.

With these thoughts still in mind, I came to the door of the common-house. The interior had a different look than usual being filled with forms made from log slabs with four pine sticks driven in the corners for legs. These were placed in rows so that the quality, commoners, and servants could sit together while they were legislating.

A table stood in front of the chimney with three vacant chairs which I recognized as the governor's, the elder's, and the captain's. I had seated myself in one corner of the room when I heard the blare of a trumpet. Many times I had heard the same air at a jousting tourney heralding the approach of a knight. Turning around I was just in time to see the tall form of the governor enter the door, hat in hand. Stately he walked down the narrow aisle followed by the elder and the

captain, looking neither to the right nor left of him, seating himself in his great chair at the council table facing the people. As he came in, the men of quality and commoners arose, doing obeisance to their governor as though he were the king opening his parliament. I could not bring myself to do him such an honor so held fast to my log seat watching them closely.

To the right of the governor sat Elder Brewster, who I thought showed the effects of the winter. To the left in full armor was the captain, his shining steel plates giving him the appearance of a god of war. Master Bradford was too ill to attend the meeting but I fancied he knew full well what program was to be followed.

Looking over the gathering, I saw Master Stephen Hopkins leaning against the rough logs of the side of the house and next to him was Master Richard Warren, the only London quality man left of the number who sailed so bravely from the London dock. Masters Martin, Mullins, Tilley, and White were gone, leaving woful gaps in the ranks of the little band. These recollections called up memories of the common-house whose logs were worn smooth by the hands of the sick; when their cry for water went unheeded, and the dead were carried forth nightly from its portals. My heart was touched as I thought of those who had come so far and fallen so courageously, and who were now resting in the Little-field-that-overlooked-the-sea.

Turning my head towards the open door I saw a motley crowd of savages looking in. They little knew that they were the idle witnesses of an order of things which, had they but the wisdom to follow, had made them great and everlasting in their country. It was a strange blend-

ing of the affairs of men, these half-fed savages looking in upon this handful of men organizing a plan of government which ultimately was to establish one people and overthrow the other. It was the old forms giving way to the new, idleness falling before industry, shiftlessness overcome by organization; but I am drifting from my text.

After the elder's opening prayer, the governor arose, as a monarch among his people would report of his good deeds and further necessities. Governor Carver did not dwell upon the sad scene of the winter and upon their loss but steadfastly put his face to the future. His speech was worthy of a statesman as he made known his policy towards the savages; though he favored peace, it was not to be had at the sacrifice of their honor and position. He felt beholden to no one for their safety but they must at all times rely upon themselves, always dealing fairly with the savages but being prepared to fight if needs be.

With this question disposed of, the governor declared a new order of their own affairs and conduct for the coming year. He said that since all of the men were to labor in common, he would advise that they be assembled at sunrise at the common-house by the beating of the drum and so march forth to toil, furthermore, they were to be called from the fields at noontime and at night by the drum, so that all would be treated alike.

There was to be a master of the fields, master of the tools, also a master of the forests, who were to plan their work, keeping things in order and readiness.

I could see some of the men moved around restlessly in their seats, speaking their thoughts by the shaking of their heads rather than their tongues, as if they did not

fancy being driven to and from work. The governor was quick to see this factious spirit, making haste to say, "There must be no favoring of one man over another. I shall go willingly to work wherever I am sent, either in the fields or forests. I am sure the elder will do his part and Captain Standish has never feared labor. Every man must be up and apace, and I will lead the way."

I thought this declaration was in keeping with the governor's spirit and I felt when the time came for action, he would not falter; but a scowl of discontent marked the faces of a few, who still fancied that as long as they were free to govern themselves, they should do as they pleased. Governor Carver ignored their ill looks and made known permanently that there was to be no dissension, that they must stand together and each one do his utmost duty.

As the governor saw the future rising before him, his words came simply, properly, and I thought him as effective a speaker as I had ever heard. Nudging George Soule, who was of Master Edward Winslow's family, I asked him, "How comes the governor to speak so well?"

"It must come from within him, surely not from without since he has had little opportunity or training," replied this commoner.

"He speaks like a statesman," I whispered back, which Soule answered with a nod of his head.

I have heard the lords of state halt and hesitate in their addresses, but this untrained governor in the log council chamber in the wilderness never lacked a word or thought, doing his task in a masterly manner. I sat with my back up against the pine log wall and heard the governor urge loyalty to King James, but all the

while his plea was the right of the colonists to rule themselves. I admit that I was so interested that I almost forgot that I was a king's man listening to seditious talk. As he progressed, I soon saw that the governor was preaching the doctrines advanced by Pastor John Robinson of Leyden in his last letter to the departing colonists. Now I, also, felt the spirit which caused these lowly men to rise in the presence of one of their own number, and why the governor came in with all the pomp of a prince of the realm. As they saw the matter, it was not the individual, but the dignity of the law represented in the person of their own selected ruler, that they were bowing down to and honoring. However they saw it, I could not help but feel that this day there was a man's courage beneath the coat of the governor and a statesman's plan within his brain. When Governor Carver finished speaking and the others rose to pay their respects to him, I came to my feet readily, glad to stand within the presence of an earnest man.

The governor had hardly gained his seat when the elder arose and in goodly terms praised the steadfastness of Governor Carver at the same time commending him to the people as their ruler for another twelve months. I looked around to see how this continuing in power of the same man met with the approval of the commonality. There was little opposition to be seen in their faces since necessity pressed them so hard there was no other choice. The Leyden people having named the governor for another year, the Londoners spoke likewise in favor of him, thus the two factions united in their choice of a ruler.

About this time Squanto came boldly into the room taking his seat on the same bench with me. There was

a half dozen savages now standing at the doorway, deeply interested in the proceedings. While I was watching the wild men, the governor arose again and spoke briefly, then sat down. With hearty voices the men of quality, the commonality, and the servants voted the governor in his office for another year. Thus Squanto saw his ownership of the great clearing pass into the colonists' hands and was witness of his own loss without so much as knowing what was going on. As for myself, I was annoyed at the simplicity of the performance and the ease with which the governor was made monarch, so that Squanto and I were both astonished, though in different ways; as for King James, he was in blissful ignorance.

While the people stood, the captain and the elder conducted the governor to the door where the body guard of musketeers had already formed and with the beat of the drum, the governor marched forth, ruler of the colonists, without so much as asking, "With your leave," of King James of England. As I looked into his face, I must confess I thought the people chose well, for I knew no one among my noble friends who could have taken his place.

With the governor gone from the council-chamber, the men mingled together showing such spirit of common fellowship that I conceived, after all, Englishmen might rule in the wilderness without a king over them, but I doubted it.

I was curious to know what Stephen Hopkins had to say over the proceedings so I singled him out, asking, "Master Hopkins, what think you of your new monarch?"

"Not a monarch, Master Beaumont, but a governor,

since we have his making," he replied quite knowingly.

"Then you are content to have your two servants join with you in the government of the colony?"

"Truly, since this is the beginning of a new plan; perhaps they will grow in knowledge as the colony grows older, so that they will be able to act wisely in such matters."

I soon discovered that Master Stephen was an advocate of the new order and left the log house where the new government was founded and the first selection by the people of a governor without royal consent was made in America. I shook my head in doubt as to the unusual proceedings, not knowing whether to think it was rebellion or necessity; at times feeling indignant then again calm, but all the while positive that sooner or later, the plan must of necessity come to a bad ending.

Preparations for the Return of the Mayflower

King Massassoit and his savage retinue were gone, leaving the great clearing in sunshine and happiness over the outcome of his visit. I was not entirely pleased, for as I was standing in my doorway looking over the harbor, I saw the ship's boats hovering around it like a flock of ducks, loaded with sand for ballast. I knew full well that I was fast being driven by fate to a cruel parting with the maiden. What would I not have given to have been able to have lowered myself to the toils and labors of one of these colonists and to have lived in her presence in this new country? But the activity of the boats across the harbor gave me notice that my days in America were numbered. I was about to turn away when I happened to catch sight of Captain Jones down at the common-house. Closing my door I hurried after him. His winter's stay had not improved his appearance, in fact he showed the same marks as the rest of us, as having been long away from the comforts of life.

Seeing me, he shouted, "Master Beaumont, what word shall I take back to England for you?"

"What word?" I exclaimed hastily. "I will carry my own messages, thank you."

"Go you then with us?" he asked in surprise.

"Captain, I have no other thought. When do you sail?"

With a sly look, he said, "Master Beaumont, you seemed so bewitched with these people, I thought you had cast your lot with them and I should go back to Plymouth without you."

"Nay, nay, Captain; there is a great breach between us which can not be bridged."

"If you are going, you must make haste as this is Monday, and we sail Thursday with the early run of the tide."

"I will be aboard this day, Captain Jones, to arrange my goods for the voyage." With this I went back to my little hut with a heavy heart. My fate was sealed. I knew it was to be England without Lora.

I had only seen the maiden once since my morning's interview with her and her mother in the cabin. It so happened I was going down to the spring at the time Lora was working in her sweet lavender bed. Though I had determined to steel my heart and go by her, my resolutions failed. The first I knew I had set my bucket down and was standing by her side. She looked up and smiling said, "Master Beaumont, I wondered if you would pass me by unnoticed."

"Not unnoticed, Mistress Lora, for I look for you longingly every time I pass in hopes you will come forth, so that I can see you once more. But I must not encourage my love for your sake."

"Master Beaumont, I would that I could relieve you of this sacrifice. If I could take your burden and add it to mine, I would gladly do so and send you back to England with a light heart."

"Lora," I said, "why make you more unhappy? I will go to my hut."

"It is better that you should," she replied, so plaintively that it wrung my heart.

I could not leave her and tarried until the distress had left her face, though I felt the hurt still in her voice. When I had won a smile from her, I left her in a fairly happy mood, though I longed to tarry at her side until she had finished the sweetbrier and hollyhocks as well.

Since this interview, several days had passed in which I had bravely, though sorrowfully, kept my vows to keep away from her. Coming up to my cabin from my interview with Captain Jones, I felt as though I must see her again. Stopping on my door-step to look at the distant ship I wished that I had never seen it. The bitterness of defeated love was full upon me, the taste of which no man ever forgets. My heart was not only heavy but paralyzed at the prospect. The coming of a maiden's love is all sweetness, but its going is a pitiless grief. While in the midst of these gloomy thoughts, happening to cast my eyes down the path, I saw her white hood in the sunshine. A smile stole over my face and for a moment I felt a thrill of joy, then she passed out of sight. With her disappearance the bitter sting of disappointment returned. I could stand it no longer, but rose and with rapid strides went off into the forests to seek relief amidst the trees.

The touch of spring was upon the woods, sending forth the green leaves upon the oaks, and here and there calling forth patches of grass, giving life and color to the dull carpet of the woods. No doubt, if I had listened I could have heard a robin's call, but the dullness of my ears sealed me against such pleasantness. Finding the root of an ancient pine tree, I sat down and

looked up through its interlacing needles into the far-away blue, but the spirit of the woods did not give me relief. I felt as though the world were a dull, lonesome place, even though it was joyous with stirring life. Restlessly I kicked away the dead leaves and there waving its delicate colors of pink and white was the first cluster of May flowers. I sat looking listlessly at the spray, then the wind rocked it with its breath making it bow back and forth in a friendly manner as if to bid me welcome to its forest home. Stooping over I plucked the cluster from its nest of moss, rejoicing to have one ray of gladness break through the gloom.

Being interested in the mayflower, I did not hear footsteps approaching me and was not conscious of anyone's presence until Standish spoke, "Beaumont, you have the appearance of worry."

I looked up at my friend and impulsively my thoughts were to uncover my distress to him. The captain was more than interested in me, he was friendly; I knew I could trust him with my secret; then with the thought that it was Lora's trust I was keeping as well as my own, I turned from him saying, "Standish, I can not speak."

He suspected my troubles so he only tarried a moment; as he was going, he said, "The elder is alone, chopping, a short distance deeper in the woods. I am going to the clearing," then went on.

I sat idling with a birchen twig a few moments after the captain left me, not fully gathering the import of his words. Then I realized that the elder and I were alone in the forest. I sprang to my feet, determined once more to make a plea for the maiden. My resolution of self-sacrifice was forgotten and I rushed on, unheeding the briers, prepared once more to face her

father. Strange as it may seem I took my inspiration from the spray of mayflower. In my forwardness I christened it, "Lora," and fancied it to be her champion as well as my own.

I found the elder with his sleeves rolled up astride a log, wielding his ax like a man of twenty instead of sixty. He did not hear me until I was upon him and was greatly surprised to see me issue from the underbrush, instead of the captain.

He looked at me intently until I felt nervous under his gaze, but with the hope of Lora urging me on, I waved aside all thoughts except of her and began my entreaty. The elder was all attention, hearing me through kindly and patiently.

When I had finished he said, "Master Beaumont, you have misunderstood me. Since our landing, you have ever forwarded our cause and even suffered in it. I would that our differences were not so great, but to me they are insurmountable. My daughter is as dear to me as my life and I can not consent to her going with you to your people."

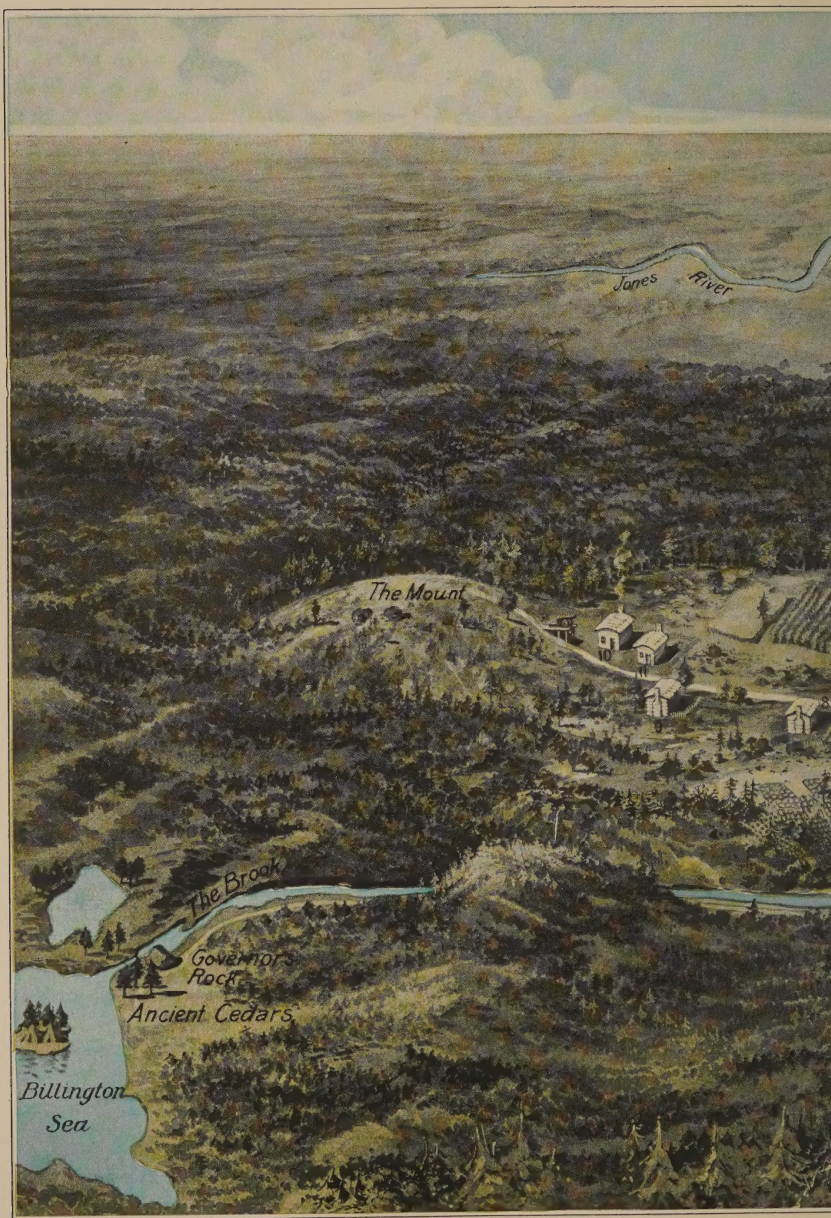
Though I urged and pleaded, he was so fixed in his purpose, I could not move him. He would not see me in the case, but would go to my family ties and connections and end matters with them instead of me. Though I caught the cheer of the mayflower, I could not make him forgive or forget my ancestors. That which most Englishmen honored, he thrust aside disdainfully.

Seeing there was no hope of winning him over, I left him and went deeper into the forests where I could bury my disappointment. Vainly I sought the sprig of flowers to comfort me. Though its green shone as if waxed and the white and pink petals blended their col-

ors as delicately as before, the heart of the spray which was Lora was gone leaving only a flowering thing. Still its memory was sweet and I held it as a sacred thing, wondering if I could call back its spirit with my love. But the night shades crept through the forests and shut out the colors as I still sat trying to bring back the hope which was gone. Though I could not see it, the gentle fragrance gave me its lingering support, and I went through the darkness holding it close to my face.

Tuesday morning found me ill at ease, after a restless night during the hours of which I had thought out many plans only to abandon them in the end. If I had had the right on my side, I might have had hopes of winning, but I was well aware I was asking sacrifices of the maiden and her family without making them myself. My only hope was to abandon England and take up my residence in the colony which I felt was impossible—not but that I would have been treated fairly and kindly, but there was a deep conscientious feeling within me against accepting their doctrines, and without them I felt sure the elder would not give me Lora. Recognizing the inevitable still I longed for some way out.

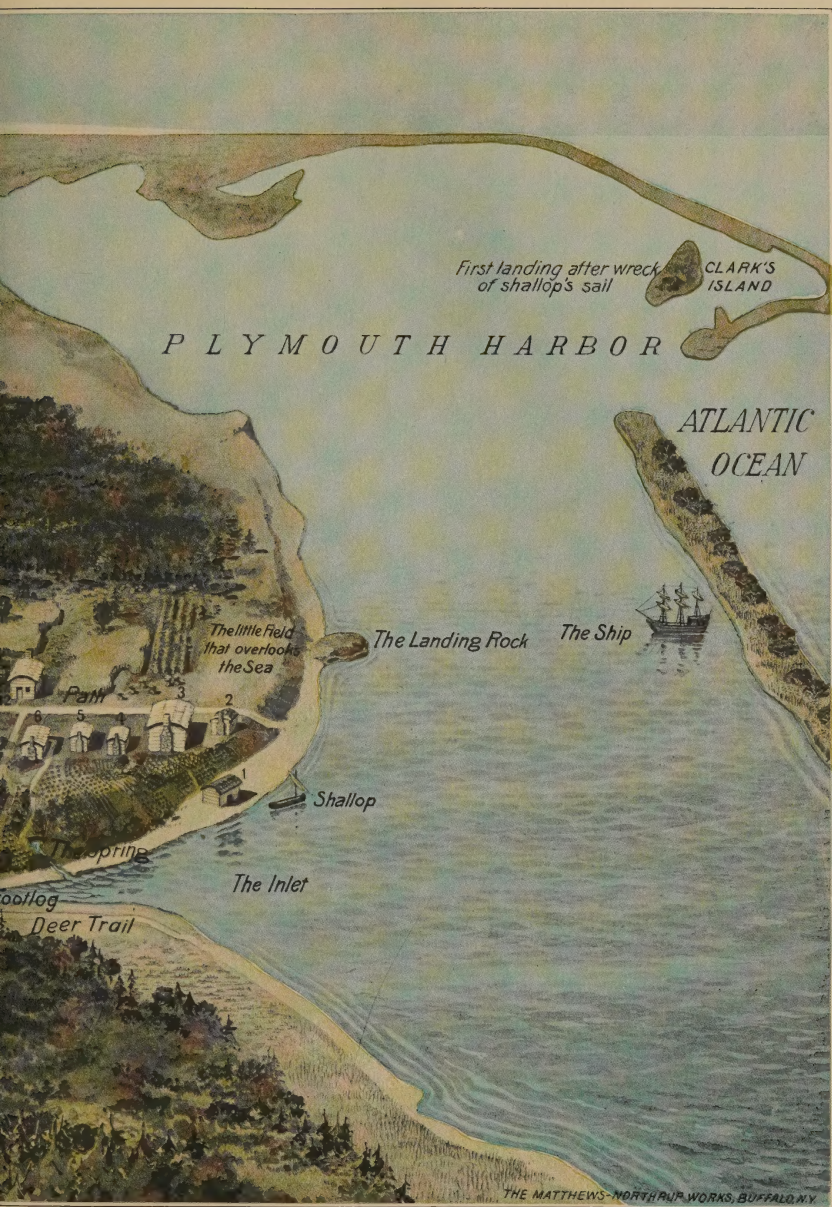
Aimlessly I wandered down the path towards the common-house, where all was hustle and activity over the early sailing of the ship. Though I watched her door closely as I passed, there was no such good fortune as my seeing the maiden. Even at this distance I could see the green shoots putting forth from the sweetbrier-rose bushes, so that they had already planted their roots firmly in this strange soil. I wondered as I passed on whether these English men and women would find their anchorage as quickly, and whether in this new country they would forget the old.



- 1 STOREHOUSE
- 2 SICK - HOUSE
- 3 COMMON - HOUSE

- 4 PETER BROWN
- 5 JOHN GOODMAN
- 6 ELDER BREWSTER

PLYMOUTH P



ATION 1621

- 7 JOHN BILLINGTON
- 8 ISAAC ELLERTON
- 9 EDWARD WINSLOW

- 10 CAPTAIN STANDISH
- 11 FRANCIS BEAUMONT
- 12 GOVERNOR BRADFORD

At the common-house I found everyone interested in the return of the vessel; even the feeble and sick came with halting steps glad to get away from their own dreariness. All, who could find a reason for going abroad, fashioned their steps towards the great landing rock, where they stood looking across the bay at the ship's sails, which were aloft, or else chatting with the sailors who rowed back and forth in the long boat, still busy with the ballast.

As I came up, I heard Mate Clark say to a colonist, "What say you, will you go back with us to England?"

The good man looked about him and I thought was making an excuse in his own mind for leaving, when he replied with fervor, "Not for all this clearing, would I leave it now."

This amused Captain Jones, who chucking a lad by the name of Joseph Rogers under the chin said, "Here's a lad, that will go to Merry England."

The boy, whose father had died in the winter leaving him all alone, his mother having died sometime before the coming, replied as he shook his head, "I won't leave father."

The captain either through chagrin at the lad's reply or wishing to test the spirit of the people or out of compassion said boldly to the crowd, "All you who wish to return, follow me." With this he stepped forward.

The faces of the men grew set and stern as they glanced at the red faced seaman but not one moved. Their indignation turned to contempt, as they turned their backs and walked away, not deigning to reply to the captain's invitation.

Captain Jones grunted insolently, "Master Beaumont, these are stubborn people."

"Nay, Captain, they think you are but playing with them, since you know that they have fixed their minds to abide here, come what will."

"Think you they prefer this place to England?" he said slightly as he looked around at the clearing and its lowly huts.

"Surely, since they have come far and suffered much for their conscience sake. They now consider this place as their home, made sacred by their dead."

With a grimace, he replied, "Master Beaumont, you may think so, but I call it stubbornness when a man stays here when he can go back to England." With this he went to the landing rock.

Stepping to the open door of the common-house, I saw the governor at work amidst sundry papers, preparing his correspondence to be sent back to the adventurers of London and his friends in Holland. Among his official papers was the will and last testament of the London merchant, Master William Mullins, to be written in the court records in England. Priscilla Mullins was in tears as she stood beside the gray haired governor, who was now her fatherly adviser as he read her parent's wishes. A few months had seen her watch the night burials of father, mother, brother, and family servant, leaving her an orphan and alone. The pangs of sorrow had changed her from a lass into a maiden, whose comeliness was not lost upon John Alden, whom I could see was hovering near her even at this moment. I saw her smile through her tears at Master John, the cooper, and envied him the message that she sent.

Standish happening by with a handful of arrows, I asked, "Standish, whence came the arrows?"

"Beaumont," he replied, "these were shot at us at our

first encounter on the third voyage of discovery, and are now being sent to our merchant friends in London."

This caused me to ask what other merchandise was being sent to the merchants to recompense them for their investments. He replied with a shake of his head, "It will be a sorry cargo, only a few furs which we bartered with the savages, a few hogsheads of sassafras roots and clapboards. The London merchants who loaned us the money to come, will meet with bitter disappointment, no doubt, expecting big returns upon this vessel." With this he went on into the common-house to make ready his handful of arrows.

One by one the colonists came to the door of the common-house bearing messages to their friends across the sea, or perhaps bringing a memento of a departed one. This excitement being a relief to my mind, I lingered a while watching the people come and go.

Captain Jones who was the busiest of men came ashore before noon to interview the governor. I saw Master Allerton hand him a package and overheard him say, "Captain, this packet contains the last relic of Goodman Degory Priest. This letter, telling of his death, and the shoe buckles in the parcel are all that I can send his wife as a remembrance. Though it may be a poor solace to her, it is better than that she be totally forgotten."

Such was the ending of Degory Priest, the hatter of Leyden. Though he had long since departed this earth, his wife in Holland still thought him living, doubtless fancying each day would bring news from him of his good fortune in the strange country. But only a pair of shoe buckles were destined to reach her, bearing their message of sorrow.

There were others who were sending tokens and messages of sadness back to waiting loved ones and friends. Mary Chilton bore one addressed to London, telling of the death of her father and mother, leaving her alone. Master Bradford was unable to leave his sick-bed, but sent word off to Holland telling of the tragic death of his good wife, Dorothy, at Cape Cod. Besides these written messages, others were given by word of mouth by the commonality who could not write, but urged the seamen their words must not be forgotten.

My heart filled with gloom and depressed by these words of sorrow, I started up the path with downcast eyes. I was so engaged I did not hear some one step aside to let me pass, and did not know of Lora's presence until I looked her in the face.

"Good morrow, Master Beaumont, you seemed so deep in thought, I feared you would pass me by unnoticed," she said as a smile played around the corners of her mouth.

"Yes, Lora, I was deep in thought about you, for I sail on Thursday for England, and would that you could go with me as my wife."

She shook her head, her lips quivered, but she did not make reply. I could tell from her face that she was suffering intensely. Feeling that I was giving her needless pain, I made haste to say, "Lora, forgive me, I have no wish to add to your distress. I suppose I must make up my mind to our separation and meet it bravely. Can I bear a message for you to some one?"

Her face brightened at once, as she handed me a packet saying, "Here is a message for my sister in Holland and another for friends in London. Master Beau-

mont, if you will but bear them safely, you will find favor with me."

"Lora, I would bear them even to Arabia, wherever that may be, if you would but ask it."

"Nay, Master Beaumont, I would not send you to such a distant country, since England is ample distance to be between us."

"Think you so, Lora?" I said with some hopes.

She nodded her head several times, then burst into tears and fled from me weeping bitterly.

I stood in the pathway, looking at the fleeing figure as one struck dumb. Her actions spoke more convincingly of defeat to me than if she had put her thoughts in words. I seemed to comprehend for the first time that her devotion to her parents was greater than her love for me. In her self-denying way, she willingly accepted her disappointment, sacrificing her love rather than bring sorrow to others. Her self-effacement and unselfishness only made me feel all the more my loss, but I felt that the breach between us was widening in spite of all my efforts.

It was a stunning blow and I went to my hut with my head in a whirl and my heart throbbing. Despair took possession of me, I sank into my great chair with a feeling that all was lost to me. Dully I sat through the hours of daylight without a thought of my surroundings, my brain refusing to do its duty. As night came on, filling the hut with its shadows, I arose from my chair as a machine, moving around unconscious of my actions. The darkness that surrounded me set me to the task of lighting the candles and starting fire upon my hearthstones.

I wandered to the door opening it wide. Off across the harbor I saw the dancing lights of the ship, then I closed it to shut the hateful things from my sight. Within my own cabin the candles and the fire were in full flame, but the gloom smothered these in its intensity. Within my feverish brain came the one thought of England, then I remembered that I must be packing my chests to make a voyage to that distant country. The whole thing seemed vague and unreal. To this thought I responded by listlessly pushing my chest of wearing apparel into the middle of the clay floor. There I sat down upon it with my head between my hands endeavoring to gather my wits together. Time was nought to me. When the light of the fire began to slacken and the shadows to creep closer and closer to me, I arose mechanically and threw on wood that I might not wholly be engulfed in the blackness.

Returning to my chest, there came again a sense that I must begin packing. Acting upon it, I threw back the lid bringing into view my great scarlet coat. I picked the brave piece up, looked at it dully and threw it on the bed. Dragging my chest closer to the fire, the light shone full upon my gay cloak, my walking rapier in its black case and bright basket hilt, and all the other things that I used to revel in, but now I saw no favor in them. Piece by piece I plucked my cavalier's clothes from their resting-place and piled them in a heap upon my bed; but the flash of my jeweled hatband, burnished buttons and the dashing colors of my apparel, did not awake pleasant thoughts of my coming life in the halls of England. I turned my back upon all of them and drew my chair close to the fire, with a hope that I could encourage it to kindle me afresh with its friendliness.

But my old companion of many a winter's evening, this night was only a blur of light without hope, without a soul spark. Remembering my beautiful dream of Lora in Beaumont Hall, I struggled once more to raise its embattled towers in the embers of this fire but my charm utterly failed me. Then I tried Lady Arabella's shoe rose to see if it would loosen my fancies of my old life, but the bauble was as a glowworm in its effects.

Wandering around my hut I came upon a great gash in a log which I had made with my broad sword, when I was pursuing the gray squirrel to its death. I rubbed my fingers back and forth across the splinters. The thought of how I fought for her life against the chill of the great snow gave me a moment's comfort, then a pall fell upon me, again sending me back disconsolate to my chair. There I sat with my hands thrust deep into the pockets of my coat, my chin resting upon my breast, looking into the embers of the fire, forsaken and alone. Exhausted and depressed by my great disappointment, my head fell upon my breast, my eyes grew heavy and kind nature drew me on into a deep sleep; and so within the arms of my great chair, I spent the last night ashore before the sailing of the ship.

On the coming of the morning of my last day before the sailing, I awoke with a start to find my chair damp from the night air and the coals of the fire whiten ash. Between the logs of the hut, where the clay had fallen out, the sun came in slanting rays, showing the outside world was flooded with sunlight. I made haste to throw open the door to cast out the gloom that held within my habitation as well as in me. While the first went quickly before the cheery sun, mine still clung to me with drooping spirits.

As I stood on my log door-step blinking in the sunlight, I could see the ship with sails half unfurled, as if it was making haste to begin its flight. At its peak floated a long pennant whipping in the wind. There was a blur of red at the top of the mizzenmast, which caught my eye, and for a moment I had forgotten what it was, then I recognized the Union Jack with its crosses of St. George and St. Andrew showing dimly in the distance. Looking past the ship I saw the sweep of the ocean, and felt the dread creep over me of how on the morrow, from the far-away horizon I would look back with heavy heart upon this land where my Lora dwelt. England just then with all its castles and noble ways had no charm for me, and I was half persuaded to abandon them and stay; but I shook my head as this thought pressed harder upon me, knowing full well it was not in my nature to become one of these people.

As I stood debating these things, Captain Standish hailed me from his dooryard with, "Well, Beaumont, on the morrow you will be upon the sea, and a happy man you will be to get back to England."

"Standish, I am leaving with a warm respect for the place and your people."

With this he came to my cabin door where we chatted for a time over the past and attempted to forecast the future of the struggling colony. Though the captain was hopeful, I felt that the odds were too many to be overcome and I was confident that the colony would sooner or later return to England, with only a handful left of its original number, as Sir Walter Raleigh's settlers did from their first attempt to fix themselves in Southern Virginia. I had expected to have an interview with Standish later in the day but now that he was

at hand, I decided to make an end of all matters of my going there and then.

The day before I had Captain Jones set ashore my year's supply which I had aboard the ship, determining to purchase from the seamen other provisions for my return voyage. There were several half casks of oatmeal, a hogshead of flour, casks of butter, and boxes of cheese, besides my dry meats; all of which I decided to give to the colonists, their supply already falling low. Some of the colonists had a mind that I was arranging to stay with them, but I determined to set them aright, for I now took the captain down to the storehouse and showed him my stock saying, "Captain, these supplies I leave under one condition which must be known only to you. My charge is, that if you should come to starvation, that you will not let Lora die of hunger."

"Beaumont," he replied with a knowing look, "why leave such a burden to me, why not stay yourself to fulfill it?"

I shook my head, replying, "Impossible, Captain, impossible."

"As you feel, Beaumont; for our lot is destined to be a hard one."

I turned on him quickly enough with, "I have no fears of labor or danger and you know I would not shirk exposures; but my life would be an unhappy one with these people, that is the reason for my going."

"As you will, Beaumont; I will fulfill your commission as best I can."

"So that Lora, nor no one else will know it."

"Never from my lips." With this I gripped his hand in true exchange of comradeship, such as men only give when their hearts are back of it.

To the captain I now gave two kegs of powder and several hundred weight of sheet lead for bullets; the extra broad sword I had brought from Plymouth, I wished he would likewise take as a remembrance from me. He accepted my keepsake graciously, and we went together while he drove a second peg in the wall of his hut to hold my blade. Then he showed me his sword which was a steel worthy of him. Near the hilt were several strange characters which he said were of the language of the Arabs, I could well believe this, the markings being of such fantastic design. Then he told me that the sword belonged to a Spanish officer who fell at the storming of the great dyke, Land-Scheiding, during the siege of Leyden. No doubt, the sword had been taken by the Spaniard's ancestors from the Moors when those pagans overran Spain. The captain, bending the blade almost double, said he fancied it was made several hundred years before, the Mohammed people having a way of handing down their arms from father to son as sacred things. Standish wiped his sword off with a woollen cloth, pointing with pride that he had kept the blade free from rust during the damp and severe winter.

In the corner of my hut was a case of raisins, citron, and dried plums, which had been discovered among my supplies on the ship the day before. As I looked upon these sweets, I fancied that Lora would be pleased with these suckets and dainties. Then I begged the captain to do this one further mission for me on the morrow, when I was far out of sight of land. While we were in the hut I heard heavy footsteps upon the path and soon the doorway was filled with the forms of seamen. One touched his greasy hat, saying, "Captain Jones sent us for your chest, sir."

My pile of bravery was still lying on the bed where I had thrown it the night before, while the half empty chest stood with lid thrown back. Hastily gathering my possessions together, I threw them in the chest without more thought than of soon being through my task. As I came across my courtly shoes with their diamond roses, I stopped long enough to pluck the jewels from their fastenings, deciding that these precious baubles were to go to Lora. When all was in the chest, I bade the men fasten down the lid. The seamen shouldering my chests, walked out of the hut with all of my possessions, except my armor, my sword and gun; these I preferred to take to the common-house, and there place them in the hands of Mate Clark for their safe carriage to the ship.

Now that I was moved and the last act performed, shutting off my prospects of staying, I walked about the hut with tender emotions. Though it was but a poor habitation with mean furnishings such as were to be found in a peasant's hut on the Beaumont estates, still it was the scene of simple pleasures and kindly deeds. As I looked upon its poverty I understood that my pleasure grew not from wealth, nor what it could do or bring here, but from simple acts which kindle into flame the real spirit that smouldered within me. How strong these memories were I did not know until I was left alone within its barren but friendly walls. I am frank to say that Beaumont Hall had no such ties for me, as did these rough barked pine logs with their yellow clay chinkings.

I went forth from my lowly hut to the neighboring woods to get a farewell taste of the wilderness. There I found the breath of spring touching faintly the forest

flowers calling them from beneath their blankets of dull besotted leaves. In memory of Lora, I plucked a cluster of the mayflowers, binding the green leaves in with the pink and white beauties. Then I brought forth my diamond shoe roses placing them in the midst of the flowers, making a brilliant and costly bouquet. Though the stones sparkled and sent forth many colors, they did not rival the mayflowers in my affections. I would have Lora linked with this flower and my keepsake, and so I planned to go at once and give them to her.

As the time approached to bid her farewell, a calmness came over me which I felt was my resignation to the inevitable. She was lost to me and I to her. The dullness of the night before seemed to be hovering over me, but I resolutely put it aside, determined that her last recollection of me should not be marred by my disappointment.

As I went by the spring, I tarried there a moment, drinking from its waters, hoping against hope that the maiden would come and we could say our farewell beneath her friendly willows. As she did not come, I climbed the bank, knocking gently at the Brewster door. Lora answered with an "Enter," in which I detected a grave note; but the sound of her voice was pleasant to me now in whatever tones she spoke. Within the hut I found the father, mother, and the maiden in deep conference. Both the elder and his wife received me silently, but from the maiden there came a smile, which cheered me. This look I took for one of encouragement, and in a moment I was all ablaze with love.

She never seemed more comely than she did now in her simple costume of gray and white. All my despair and disappointments and even my good resolutions were

swept away in the flood-tide of love, that came swelling up within me. If I could have but drawn my sword and fought for her, I would have done so gladly. But she was not to be purchased by bloodshed, but through the consent of the two quiet and grave persons, who now confronted me.

Whatever the results, I rushed on heedlessly to make a last appeal for the maiden, for I felt now as if my life's happiness, as well as the maiden's, was at stake. Without faltering I turned from her bewitching face to meet the elder's.

He was without hatred and I hoped his prejudice against me was overcome, as I made haste to say, "Elder Brewster, I had made up my mind firmly to depart from you without saying more on the subject of my love for Lora. Even as I stood just now at your door, my resolutions were that I should but say a last farewell, and then go aboard the ship never to return to the clearing; but when I entered and read a message of love in Lora's eyes and smile, all my thoughts and resolutions have been swept away, and once more I want to plead our cause."

The father interrupted me saying, "Nay, nay, do not say our cause, but say your cause; since Lora has signified her willingness to stay with us." Turning to the maiden with fatherly affection in his voice, he finished his sentence with, "Have you not, Lora?"

I looked at her pleadingly; for a moment she seemed bewildered, then she said with downcast eyes, "I have, Father."

"Yes, she has," I cried, "but though she stays, her heart will ever be with me. Do but look at her now, if you would know the truth. To-morrow, she will droop

like a flower, then you will know where her love truly lies, when it is too late."

For a time I thought my pleading would win my way, but I saw the face of the father set like steel when he said, "Master Beaumont, even though she has fixed her affection on you, I know full well where her happiness lies. I consider that it is better that Lora sorrows for a time bitterly, than to sacrifice her whole life, needlessly."

Now I essayed to stop his torrent of words that were sweeping me to defeat, but he would not cease, saying as he went on, "It has fallen to my lot to go to London and there dwell in the inner circles of good Queen Elizabeth's court, so that I know the nobleman at his best and worst. I have full knowledge of what he thinks of the common people and his action towards them. I know whereof I speak, when I say, that it is better for Lora to stay on this side of the ocean in sorrow, than to go with you to your people."

"You do not understand—" I tried to go on.

But he would not let me, exclaiming, "Master Beaumont, I do understand more than you and better than it is possible for Lora to do. As I have said, have I not spent years in London as assistant to Secretary of State Davidson? Do I not know fully what reception awaits Lora from your noble family in England, coming as your wife? Nay, nay, though it breaks her heart, it will be a kindness for me to keep her even against her will."

At no time did the elder raise his voice, speaking slowly and deliberately. The mother was in tears, holding the maiden's hand as if she feared that she would slip away from her. Lora was pale but calm. I looked at her for strength, but she was as a pillar of wood. Be-

neath my doublet I felt my sprig of mayflowers and took courage from it, determined to face my fortune with all the courage I could summon.

"Elder Brewster," I said, "you have misconceived me and my family. Even though you should have read their characters aright, can not I take Lora to another part of England, were they to be uncivil to her, and would not I crush the throat of anyone who would speak unkindly to her? My love for Lora comes not from a silly emotion, nor does hers for me, but it is fixed within our lives; it is a part of our past, our present, and our future. Her happiness is my happiness, what befalls her, that is my lot as well. My affection will be everlasting."

Without waiting for me to finish, the elder spoke hotly, "Would you abandon your people? Would you forego returning to England? Would you cast your lot with us in this clearing? Would you join our church? Would you become one and inseparable with us?"

I stood looking him in the eye, never moving a muscle until he came to, "Would you join our church?" Then I shook my head, for I could not truthfully say I would become one with the colonists in their faith, and government.

The elder was all calmness again as he said, "I thought as much. Since you will not abandon your people, then Lora shall not abandon hers."

The maiden was watching my face closely as her father went through the various questions, and I thought even pleading with me to accept all of them. I think she saw prospects of the fulfillment of our love, when I stood silent and consenting to most of them. When I finally shook my head, she gave a little gasp, wench-

ing me with its anguish; but not a word or a sigh more came from her.

After this I saw plainly that my going on would but cause her pain, since the father would not give her up; nor could I bear to see her stand there, pale and tearless with her sorrow gnawing at her very heart, without a sigh or emotion. The mother and father were facing me, while Lora was but a half pace from them looking at me—a picture of calmness, yet of despair.

Sorrowfully I crossed the room, taking the maiden's hand, I bent over and kissed it; then leading her gently, I placed her hand within her father's, giving my heart with hers back to his keeping, thus consummating my sacrifice.

Once out of the cabin I was sorry that I had given way to my feelings, though I would never have forgiven myself had I not made every effort to win the maiden. Now I knew that all efforts were futile, my fate was sealed, and I would sail back to England alone with a picture in my mind and a gnawing in my heart, which I felt could not be comforted. My armor and sword and gun I now carried down to the common-house, where I found Captain Jones and Mate Clark, still being besieged with messages and requests to be borne back to London and Leyden.

Big John Billington, espying me, came my way hurriedly, exclaiming in a loud voice, "Master Beaumont, so you sail for England on the morrow? You look sad, when you should be glad."

"Would you go in my stead, John?" I asked.

"Gladly, since I do not fancy being driven to and from the fields by taskmasters."

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"'Twill do you good, John; for I fancy you have already done more hard work since you have lodged upon these shores, than you ever did before in all your life."

"But, Master Beaumont, I did not come to work. I fancy the hunting of deer, and other wild animals."

As I did not care to continue the conversation, I asked, "What mission would you have me perform for you, John?"

He gave me a sly look as he said, "Master Beaumont, take a big mug of ale the first hour ashore in England, and call it John Billington's quaff."

"Is that all?"

"Nay, take a second one, and call it the same name, that will be all you can carry with safety."

With this I handed over my panoply of war to Mate Clark, asking him to see that they were carried to the roundhouse on board the ship. Turning from the seamen, I happened to espy Master Bradford sitting in the dooryard of his hut and fashioned my steps towards him to say my farewell. He was still feeble, his long sickness leaving him thin and haggard. Though I had never relished his presence, still I had to respect his resolute spirit and devotion to the cause of the colonists and took this opportunity of telling him so.

As I hurried to leave him, he stopped me by saying, "Master Beaumont, you should know that you carry the best wishes of the colonists back with you to England."

I replied as I halted, "Thank you, Master Bradford. It pleases me to know that I am leaving without your ill will."

"That you have not, since you have borne privations with us bravely, sacrificing your own comforts for ours

many times." I thanked him again and went off feeling that perhaps I had done him an injustice in thinking of him as I had.

Though I had decided to go aboard the vessel at once, I did not have the heart to cut this last tie, moving restlessly from place to place in the clearing. Looking in the door of the common-house I saw a council was being held by the governor, Standish, the elder, and Masters Winslow and Allerton, relative to the terms of a new charter for their present abode. Since the charter the colonists now held was one from the Virginia Company of London, and they had fallen ashore on the land of the Virginia Company of Plymouth, which held that part of Virginia above the Hudson River, it was necessary that a charter be sent at once confirming their powers of government within their present settlement. The forms and terms of this application were being carefully considered by the head men, so that I knew that I could not see Standish for some time.

Turning from the door of the common-house, I once more wandered up the familiar path towards my thatched roof hut. I could see that the door of the Brewster house was open, and strained my eyes to see if I could catch a glimpse of the maiden's white neck cloth in the dark interior, but I was doomed to disappointment. Happening to glance towards the captain's hut, I saw her coming from it. Involuntarily I quickened my steps, for the sight of her brought me cheer.

Her strength of will made our meeting easy. She even smiled as I said, "Lora, the captain is in the common-house."

"I was not seeking the captain solely. I had a gift for you and not knowing that I would see you again, I took

it to the captain's hut, that he might make delivery in your hands."

"A gift for me?" I asked curiously.

"It will make you merry, no doubt, at its simplicity; but I have just carried the woolen mitts that I knit while I was sick to the captain's house, and you will find them there."

Lora's reference to her gift aroused me to the fact that I was carrying hers in the cluster of mayflowers, in the pocket of my greatcoat. These being crushed and faded, the thought came to me of our going into the forests together to seek a fresh handful of flowers in their wild haunts, so I suggested, "Lora, I have a gift, but a part of it is still growing in the hills beyond the brook. Will you go with me to seek it?"

I had hardly ceased speaking, when her lips began to quiver, and I saw that she was trembling from emotion, so I made haste to assure her that I had no intention of renewing my affection.

She calmed herself as I said, "Lora, this is our last afternoon together. I promise you that not a word will escape me that will add to your burden, nor will I reopen that cause which I consider is lost. I have brought you so much sorrow and pain, let me make our last hours together ones of pleasant memories."

She listened to me and as I made known my purpose, there came back into her face the old look of confidence and affection as she replied, "Master Beaumont, come with me, while I make ready."

The mother met us at the door with a look of surprise as much as to say, "I thought you were gone." In a few words Lora explained that we were going to the forests for mayflowers. The matron was not willing at first, but

with the assurance of the maiden that we would be back ere sundown, she consented.

Now that we were on joy bent, we must go down by the willows and drink from the cool clear spring waters. Already it was curbed with round stones confining the little stream to a fixed course, instead of its former free roving down to where it met the brook's tide. So the wildness of nature's fountain had passed under the yoke of civilization. Crossing the brook on the foot log was, of course, of such perilous nature, that I must hold the maiden's hand tightly all the way, and then take both firmly, to aid her to the ground on the other side.

Coming upon the deer path, we followed it along the brookside, until we were out of sight and hearing of the great clearing. I let Lora have the beaten path, while I walked alongside of her on the uneven ground so that I could see her face. As we went along, bunches of may-flowers persistently flouted their heads at us bidding us pick them, but they were such brazen pieces, we refused to see them, passing them by unnoticed.

We were in a reckless mood of joy. Both of us forgot the future and for the moment lived in the love of each other. The deer trail led us deeper in the forests along the brook into the shadows of the low hills, where they drew closer and closer together, forcing the waters to flow between them with much murmuring and brawling. Though the shades of darkness and damp odors filled the hollow in midsummer, now it was aglow with golden light filtering down through the green tipped oaks and willows. The carpet of green grass was only a faint tinge, giving promise of June softness. This day we thought the hills were rugged and the little valleys winsome in their golden colors.

From the dark pool with its black waters, we came to open shallows where the grass grew thick and close and the sun shone unhindered upon the brook. There were no dark nor mouldy places here, but under the flood of light, the sands shone silvery upon the shoals as the limpid waters hurried over them. Beyond the shoals was a marsh, where the branches of the barberry bushes were woven as closely as the wicker works on the shores of Holland.

As we were picking our way across this marshy place, I caught the "honk, honk," of a wild goose, arising from the pool just over the hill that confronted us. I held up my hand, warning the maiden to follow me silently. We stole stealthily along the rough ground, bending low and stopping often like children in high glee. I led her around the marsh with many a "Hush, hush;" lest she make a false step or crash a dead twig beneath her feet.

I could see the color was aglow in her cheek and the mirth in her dancing eyes, as I turned back to caution her from time to time. "Slowly, slowly," I whispered over my shoulder, as we came to the base of the hill on the other side of the marsh, beyond which, I fancied, the goose was sailing in the brook. Crawling up to the top of this low hill, I looked out upon the still waters where floated a white goose with its mate. Bending low the maiden came towards me, so that she too could see the graceful fowls pushing their way proudly through the water.

We stood for a moment watching this peaceful scene, when I was startled by the maiden rising and shouting, "Shoo! Shoo! Shoo!" There was a mighty beating of wings and splashing, as both fowls lifted themselves

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from the water and were soon flying with the swiftness of the winds.

With her face flushed with excitement she said bitterly to me, "These wild creatures have no right to be calm and peaceful, while the rest of us are at war within ourselves."

Lora's fierce indignation soon passed and once more she was herself. She seemed embarrassed by the outbreak and looked at me as much as to say, "Forgive me," but never saying the words. But her note of fierceness was one of real life and truly met with my admiration, for it showed the spirit of the maiden was part human and not all divine.

As the dry land forced back the wet, we came to where the brook took form between the hills, flowing with a clear flood beneath the overhanging hazel bushes, which grew so thick we could not see through them. Following along we came to a break in the wall of brush, through this opening I saw the Governor's Rock, which took its name from the governor standing on it, on his first expedition to Billington's Sea. Gladly I took her hand and led her down the bank out onto the rock, which had its footing in the earth, and its brow washed by the ceaseless current of the running brook. Together we stood on its edge, where we could see up and down the stream.

From the Governor's Rock we came quickly to Billington's Sea. Here, there were no fringes of barberry and hazels with circles of reeds beyond, but the waters of the lake lapped the roots of the trees, that grew thickly upon its edge. The pines and larches stood straight and proper with their green heads towering above their more lowly neighbors. Here and there were the gray

trunks of beeches, the whitened birch, and the rough barked oaks, giving tone to the forest colors. For thousands of years these trees and their ancestors had stood over this woodland lake, untouched by the hand of man. In the midst of the blue waters was an island with its trees showing clear and bright in the sunshine. We could see the decayed walls of the savages' huts among these trees, quickening our imaginations, as well as heightening the scene, by their picturesque effects.

As the sun filled the forests with its light sending its shafts of changing rays across the peaceful waters, we were filled with the majesty of the scene, standing in silence in its presence. Unconsciously we moved closer and closer together, until I looked down into her beaming face, all aglow with the reflected beauty of the lake. Under the spell, I said softly, "Such peace."

"'Tis heavenly," came from between her lips, so calmly, I knew that the gentleness of the landscape had stolen into her aching heart, as it had in mine.

An ancient cedar with gnarled and twisted branches grew on the bank just above us. As I looked up into the sky, I caught its flat green foliage, and instantly wondered, what changes this veteran had seen come over this lake, within the period of its centuries. For such trees I knew lived hundreds of years before they tottered and fell of old age to the earth. No doubt, the cedar had heard strange tongues, shouts of combat, the glee of returned victors from battle and, no doubt, many puffs of tobacco smoke had curled upwards between its branches from the throats of savage peacemakers; and out of the depths of the wilderness, forest lovers came beneath the spread of this old cedar, telling of their affection in strange and uncouth language.

But I was sure, that through all the ages, this gnarled and knotted tree had never witnessed the fair form and graceful figure of such a maiden reflected in the blue waters of the lake, as was Lora this day. She wore sombre colors, without adornment save for a gray scarf which was wound about her waist, falling with loosened ends at one side; but her modesty and kindness marked her in better character than her quiet costume.

From the water's edge we mounted the bank and stood beneath the cedar, which no doubt is still standing or one of its progeny. The sun was touching the top of a withered pine on the little island. Pointing to it, I said, "Lora, when you would think of me when I am gone, steal away to this cedar and watch the sun as it comes to the top of yon withered pine. By the clock I would say it was five. At this hour each day I will turn my face towards the west, sending you a message through the sun. Then I shall fancy you beneath this ancient cedar receiving my words of comfort and love. Likewise, I shall expect you to look across these waters and return me cheer and hope."

While I was speaking, Lora stood gazing at the top of the tree with serious mien. Looking up into my face with her eyes suffused with tears, she answered, "Master Beaumont, the sun that shines upon our lowly hut in the clearing is the same sun that shines upon Beaumont Hall. If you but look at it any hour of the day, you will read a message from me."

I could see she was growing in serious mood, which I vowed I would not let temper our last hours together. Taking her hand, I led her down to the deer path, winding its way back through the maze of hazel bushes to where the brook flowed from the lake, all the while

watching for mayflowers. As we approached the Governor's Rock, I saw to the left of the path the pink and white petals showing above the brown leaves. These I plucked and more, until I had a handful. As we stood for the last time upon the ancient rock, I stole my diamonds from my pocket, dropping them in the center of the clustering mayflowers. I bade her bury her face amidst the soft petals, and drink in their fragrance, and so remember my keepsake with the first mayflowers. Then she held the two shoe roses over her head, and shook them until they were brilliant in the sunlight.

Having pleased her fancy with the handling of the baubles, she would return them to me saying, "Master Beaumont, I thank thee; but they will be of little use in the forests."

"Nay, Lora; I would not have you consider their worldly value, but I would have you keep them as a remembrance of Francis Beaumont."

Then she took the mayflowers with the diamonds sparkling amidst the cluster, and kissed them over and over again, bidding me to do likewise. With our affection still fresh upon the flowers, she placed them beneath her neckcloth. As I beheld her pink and white cheeks I thought she too was a mayflower, destined to bloom unknown in the deserts of America.

Standing on the Governor's Rock, we saw the sun sinking lower and lower in the west. The golden sand in the bottom of the brook, began to grow dull in the evening shades. Out of the murmuring waters there came the notes of the departing day, which a bird overhead would make a requiem in its song. Now that our hours had become minutes, we drew closer to each other, as if we would stay our separation. But the big red

sun was journeying on its relentless way, unheeding the two longing hearts that wished it would move more slowly.

Lower and lower the sun swung, until it was a red disk hanging above the western horizon. Then the tree-tops began to show in the edge of its crimson ring. Even as we looked, they thrust themselves deeper and deeper, until they reached full across the red plain. Through the branches of the pines, the flowing sun flooded the valley and the hills, with its light. Up the reaches of the brook there stole gray shadows, and from the waters, arose cooling evening vapors. Now the hill-tops alone were bathed in full day color, and as we looked these, too, faded away, leaving the evening soft and gray. The gentleness of the creeping twilight touched us upon the Governor's Rock. Taking my hand in hers, Lora looked up at me. Then with all the intenseness of her affection, she placed both of her hands upon my cheeks, drawing my face towards hers, and saying, as she kissed me, "Francis, I love you."

I was overcome, but before I could seize her in my arms, she had fled from me to the shore.

My opportunity having passed, we were compelled to turn our steps again towards the clearing. The night shades already changed the gray shadows of the flowing brook to darker hues, as we lost sight of the rock. Within the forests all was silence, broken now and then by a falling twig or a moving bough. There were no songs of birds to greet us as we followed along the deer path all too fast. The dark pools were dismal black from which the mists were rising. Shadows of the forests no longer fell athwart each other with a medley of subdued shades but were all of one woful color.

I felt that the ending of the day was but a counterpart of our lives. As our minutes together were now numbered, we walked along in silence with the pall of our separation bearing heavily upon us. Though I endeavored to bravely lift the spell with a pleasantry, it had a hollow sound of mockery, so that I could not go on with it. We both knew and felt, that the ending of our lives together was near at hand and we could not throw it off, even if we would.

Hand in hand we walked down the path through the forest trees with the knowledge of an everlasting parting in our hearts. In the presence of the eternal, things of this life fade into small matters. Neither of us were thinking of the sailing of the ship, the want of food, the rigors of daily toil, or the demands of the body, but of the days when our hearts would cry out hopelessly for each other across the ocean that separated us. At such times words are useless things for they are of human origin, it is only the silent messages of the soul, that measure up to our needs, when the everlasting is pressing hard upon us.

As we came to the brookside near the clearing, I could distinguish the form of the mother standing near the hut looking anxiously towards the woods. I lifted the maiden to the log and again held her hand as we crossed the water. Lightly she leaped to the ground. Now the time of our parting was full upon us, within the shadows of the willows we stood in silence. Though we would have lingered to have eased the pang, the night fall was setting fast, so that we dare not tarry.

I can not tell the anguish in my Lora's voice, as she turned her pale face up to mine and said, "Francis, you will always love me?"

"Always, Sweetheart," I answered. Then she kissed me again and fled through the night, sobbing piteously.

It was only after she had departed, that I realized she had gone from me forever. Then I reeled against the trunk of her faithful willow. I heard the murmur of the water as it flowed from the spring, and the wind swaying the branches of the tree, then I found myself saying over and over again, "She's gone. Lora's gone."

The Sailing of the Mayflower

The door of the Standish hut was open as I approached, a lamp sending a narrow shaft of light out into the darkness. I found the captain and his men at supper, making the most of dried meat and cheese. Looking at me, he exclaimed, "Beaumont, what ails you?"

Shaking my head I seated myself in his armchair. Then he insisted on my supping, but all desire for food had left me. I could see him looking my way from time to time, no doubt wondering if I would be able to go aboard the ship. But I soon gained control of myself, asking him for the mitts, that Lora had left for me. Though they were of small value, to me they were more precious than the diamonds, which I had given her.

Knowing that Mate Clark was waiting at the landing rock, I made haste to take my farewell; but Standish would not hear of it, saying he would go down to the boat with me.

My last walk down the path was filled with sadness. Coming opposite the Brewster hut I saw figures within and I longed to go to the maiden, but I dare not trust myself to another meeting. We found Master Winslow alone in his hut, still touched by the sorrow of the loss of his young wife. Friendly we were together, and I made him welcome to Beaumont Hall, whene'er he should find his way back to England.

Governor Carver was lingering in the common-house,

having signed and delivered the last word to London and Leyden. Arising from his chair of state, he grasped my hand warmly. All during my stay I had desired to put certain questions to him with reference to this everyman's government, which the colonists had established. Now that I was about to leave, I made bold to ask them.

While the governor was holding my hand, I said, "Governor Carver, what think you; will your people always agree among themselves as to what laws are good or bad for them?"

"Surely not," he replied promptly, "but they can agree upon certain men who will."

"But, Governor Carver, you do not fancy that John Billington could have much of an idea, what concerns his welfare?"

The governor gave a little smile answering, "He does when we tell him what is best for him."

"So you feel that you can rule without a king?"

"Nay, nay, Master Beaumont; we are all good and loyal subjects of King James and the English common law; but we know best what meets our requirements here in this new country. Our present form of government comes not from a lack of honor for the old or a desire to practice novelties, but as you know full well, grew out of a condition of lawlessness in which we found ourselves, when first landing."

This I knew, but I could not conceive even then of the commonality being able to rule without a monarch over them, so fixed were the traditions and customs of royalty in my mind. So I stopped endeavoring to solve this problem, and offering my hand to the gray haired governor, bade him farewell.

He held me for a moment to say, "Master Beaumont, I trust you will carry good word about us back to England."

"Governor Carver, I shall never speak ill of you or of the colonists. Though we do not think alike, I know you to be an honest and a just people."

Then I went forth from the common-house, bearing a vivid impression of the tall figure, the earnest face with its crown of silvered hair, the play of his eyes as he spoke with me of this new form, the gentleness of manner, and the wholesomeness of character of this first governor of the colonists.

Mate Clark was waiting for me and by the aid of his lantern Standish and I walked side by side. We followed the path until the rock showed forth out of the edge of the water, alongside of which the long boat and its crew awaited our coming. Mate Clark swung his light over the side to give me clear vision for stepping aboard. Turning to Standish, I embraced him upon the shore of this new country as warmly as I did my friend, the Earl of Devonshire, at our parting upon the quay at Plymouth.

My heart went out to his chivalrous spirit, as he said, I thought, with some tenderness in his voice, "Farewell, Beaumont."

"Farewell, Standish," I replied, stepping into the boat.

The sailors pushed off with a will. Looking over my shoulder I saw the dim form of my friend Standish alone upon the rock and with a silent wave of my hand, he vanished into the darkness.

As I climbed the ship's ladder to the deck, I found Captain Jones impatiently awaiting my arrival. I did

not stop long with him for fear that he might drop a coarse remark about my friends ashore. The vessel had been towed from its winter quarters behind the beach into the deep water at its point and was lying with its prow towards the open sea. Though the distance was much greater than before, I could still see the flickering lights in the huts. Turning from them with a heavy heart, I made my way into the dimly lighted roundhouse.

Once more I sauntered in my familiar quarters in the little alcove. It seemed like meeting an old friend as I slipped into the arms of my chair and took up my watch of the distant lights, that came and went within the great clearing. For a time I endeavored to select the light that came from the lamp of Lora's own filling, but my heavy brain could not fix upon it. Somewhere off in the darkness that hung over the huts I knew was the maiden, I hoped with a lighter heart than mine. Why dwell upon this sleepless night, the restless hours, my heavy heart and crushed hopes? Within the little alcove I sat in silence, until one by one the lights in the huts went out, and I was alone.

The somber shades held full sway. Over the great clearing the night clouds hung lowering. Across the harbor came gusts of wind with lingering tastes of winter. The rising vapors of the earth too were laden with dampness, cold and penetrating. Out of the forests came the wail of the pines as the winds played through their branches.

This nightly stillness was suddenly broken by the creaking of a door, as a tall figure stepped out of a hut

in the great clearing. Carefully picking his way down the path he came to the landing rock where he stood, silently peering through the darkness. The chill of death was upon him as he thought of how other colonists had stood upon the shores of this unknown continent and had hopefully watched other ships sail away, and how these same people had disappeared, leaving neither sign nor vestige of their fate. A few short hours and their ship, too, would sail out to sea. What of the future, nay; what of the morrow? Despair, labor, hope in turn filled his soul with turmoil.

While the burden of gloom was bearing heavily upon this lone colonist, a faint tremor of light broke through the darkness in the east, the first advances of the coming day. With upturned face and outstretched hands, he unburdened the anguish of his soul. Truly, a heroic figure was this lone watcher on the beach in the darkness of the night and in the presence of the endless wilderness.

Upon the path shortly sounded footsteps and another phantom figure came to keep company with the first. As the two talked and pointed across the harbor, other colonists issued from their thatched huts, standing in silence upon the wet beach. Even as they came the dawn colors flashed across the sky, outlining the tall spars and the black hull of the ship dimly in the mists of the morning.

As the light grew stronger, Governor Carver came with measured step from out the clearing with his good wife leaning heavily on his arm. Soon Elder Brewster, his wife, and the maiden joined the group of silent people. The color had gone from her cheeks, her eyes

were swollen from many tears. There was inexpressible sadness in her face, as she stood looking across the harbor.

One by one the colonists came, until every hut was empty, and the people with fearful hearts stood and waited for the parting signals. Even the children were silent as they looked at the fluttering streamers flying from the topmast, knowing full well the dangers of their coming isolation.

Master Edward Winslow was standing close by the landing rock with eyes cast down. Less than a fortnight before he had laid away his wife Elizabeth, a sprightly matron of twenty-three. The memory of her, no doubt, came to him like flood-tide, sweeping him back to the few months before when she was by his side on this same ship.

While the sorrow of Winslow was keen, the really pathetic figures were little John Crackston and Joseph Rogers, lads of thirteen. The plague had stricken their fathers and mothers leaving them alone. The manly little Joseph, forgetting his own grief, was consoling his comrade as best he could.

The sailing seemed to drive the children of sorrow into each other's embrace, for close by were Mary Chilton and Elizabeth Tilley holding each other's hands in girlish simplicity. They too were alone, their parents lying in the Little-field-that-overlooked-the-sea. Lacking the strength of the orphan lads, they gave way to their grief, weeping bitterly.

A fair faced girl was consoling a child of five, who had gone from one colonist to another, pointing to the distant ship, saying in his childish voice, "Mother, Mother." But she had gone beyond the realm of his

baby voice. The lisping appeal caused Priscilla Mullins to pick up the waif and, cuddling him close to her heart, weep over him. She had followed into the valley of the shadow of death, her father, mother, brother, and family servant—surely she was a child of grief and sorrow. But between kisses and tears she sought to comfort the little foundling, who patted her cheek cooing, “Mother, Mother.”

In the presence of these people of sorrow walked John Billington with his entire family, untouched with grief and without a care. Strange as it may seem, the worthy families were stricken down, while this one, which could have gone without being missed, went through the plague of misery and sickness without a loss. The youngest boy was throwing stones, whilst the other amused himself by running back and forth with the waves. Big John was grave enough, but it was because he was not aboard the ship with his face set towards an English inn.

As the sun came up red out of the ocean, it shone fully upon the colonists grouped around the landing rock. The gray haired governor was the central figure, with his black cloak thrown about his shoulders. Beside him was his faithful wife, her kindly face furrowed by the tragedies of the winter, her gray hair changed to white, giving a touch of dignity and peace to her motherly countenance. Grouped around these two stately figures were stern faced men, kindly faced men, some who prayed and fought, some who prayed and thought only; there were men of learning, men of ignorance, men of great hopes, men without ambition: but all were men of one faith and one God. Whatever sternness was in their character they concealed beneath acts of

kindness, as they now looked upon the matrons and maids, encouraging them by their strength and affection.

All the while they were listening intently for the signal of the ship's cannon and the call of the boatswain's whistle to hoist anchor. As the sailing time approached, the colonists crowded closer together. For now they knew full well that their place of refuge was slipping from them.

Alone now they were to stand in the presence of sickness and death, for within the past month thirteen of their companions had died, and none knew how soon he would be called to follow. Alone they were to grapple with starvation, for lean days were already hard upon them; alone to overcome the forests, which stretched across the distant mountains in one vast wilderness; alone with the dread of the savage still upon them, since they knew their friendly Massassoit was surrounded by implacable enemies, threatening to drive him and them into the sea; alone with their ranks decimated, their strength sapped, their members weak and feeble: but their courage was unfaltering and their trust in the eternal God unshaken. In this hour they turned their faces upward, then seaward at the tall masted ship, determined to meet their fate bravely, be what it may.

Even as the little group was looking, there came a puff of smoke from the side of the ship. The roar from the sea had hardly ceased, when there came the report of the cannon from the platform in the clearing. The Union Jack on the ship was run up and down three times, while the shrill notes of the boatswain's whistle

came feebly ashore; then the sails fluttered down, filling the masts with their whiteness.

As the ship eased off before the wind, the colonists sank reverently to their knees. With outstretched hands the elder prayed for the God of Heaven to waft the departing ship safely across the sea, the guidance of the men upon it to a sure harbor, and asking that the colonists be not forgotten in the wilderness.

The elder's prayer was interrupted by a groan of anguish. The cry of despair came from the depths of a woman's heart; but she was courageous and quickly suppressed her emotions. Gentle pale faces, thin lips half open in distress, frightened, beseeching eyes—who can describe the anguish of these women as they knelt upon the sands? The weather beaten faces of the men, too, told their human story. Accustomed to suppress all emotions for once they were betrayed into showing their feelings. The severe lines in their faces merged into kindness. Sternly stoic, stolid, indifferent to hardships, courageous in dangers, for the moment their fears were in the ascendancy and they knelt in doubt and apprehension.

Slowly the people around the rock arose from their devotions to see the ship's prow stealing along the shore of Clark's Island. One of the women taking her white neck cloth waved a farewell. In answer from the side of the ship fluttered bits of white.

Lora had withdrawn from the group and was standing alone, looking, looking intently at the vanishing of her hopes, as the ship was being wafted out to sea. Her mother, putting her arms about the maiden's waist, kissed her tenderly.

Swiftly the ship approached the point behind which it would pass from view. One by one, the colonists moved backward away from the water's edge. The vessel beginning to round the point, the white sand crept higher and higher, until only the bulwarks showed above the land. All the while the colonists slowly retreated up the bank, taking a step, stopping, looking longingly, until the outside beach hid the ship from their view.

With measured tread and steadfast mien, the colonists reached the top of the bank above the beach. At this point they tarried, until the vessel again began to hide itself behind the shrubbery of the outer beach. Then again they resumed their backward march. So step by step, the people retreated up the path, all the while watching intently the white winged ship in its flight.

While all eyes were strained looking at the tall masts and the full white sails, there came the boom of the farewell cannon. From the platform Captain Standish sent back the last report of good will. So ended the cannon's farewells. But the people were not content, until they stood on the topmost point of the mount that overlooked the clearing, thence in solemn silence watched the white sails grow smaller and smaller in the wilderness of waters.

All the while the colonists were retreating up the path, the maiden and her mother followed them closely. There was no longer the hope of youth in her face nor its buoyancy in her step, for her heart was not in the clearing but on the ship. Coming opposite the door of their hut, both father and mother endeavored to persuade her to go no further, but she refused to be willed by them, and went on towards the mount that she might

get one final mite of consolation in a last glimpse. Once the highest point was gained, she was compelled to stop and end her hopes there.

The colonists on the mount were barely able to distinguish the hull from the dark green sea against which the sails were mere blurs of white. There was only one thought in the minds of the watchers—their last link was breaking. So they gazed on intently, until their eyes grew weary with their watching. Then came the time when they hesitated, which was the white of the sails, and which the crests of the sea. Their hearts sank within them, but the glint of the distant ship gave them hope. It was only for a moment; then the white canvas was blended with the white of the breaking crests. Their hearts grew cold. The last link was broken: the ship had disappeared in the sea. For a moment they stood with bowed heads and silent prayers; then one by one the colonists went to their huts, leaving the maiden alone with her mother.

She stood on the topmost point of the mount looking toward the rising sun that lightened the rolling waters, until the sadness of her heart blighted her memory and touched her eyes, so that the far-away haze seemed as a shroud. She grew weary looking, but lingered on with the despair of a lost love. Finally the mother stole away, leaving her alone.

You ask how I am able to give all these details. I will tell you. As I paced the ship's deck the night before, restless and feverish, my affections came flooding over me, sweeping away all that England and even the ivyclad walls of Beaumont Hall held dear to me. So before dawn I prevailed on Mate Clark to set me

ashore, where I betook myself to a neighboring clump of brush, whence I had full view of the shore and clearing—likewise of the maiden.

So my love for Lora broke my English ties and traditions, and caused me to cast my lot with her people, but never to become one of them.

The ship had long since disappeared, still Lora stood gazing out over the waste of waters. The silent figure in gray and white was heroic in her sacrifice. As she stood with clasped hands and pale face looking longingly even pleadingly, I came from my hiding and stole quietly toward her. I was within reaching distance when she heard my footsteps. Turning quickly she saw me, then her eyes opened wide, and with the cry, "Oh, Francis!" she fell white and limp within my arms.

The first Planting

Laying the maiden down gently upon the ground, I made a cushion of my doublet for her head. Like a drooping flower she seemed with its beauty still lingering. I was in great perplexity whether to alarm the people or abide with her until she came back to me. Kneeling upon the ground, I made a fan of my hat, sending the cooling air across her brow.

Then I began chafing her hands and temples, until I saw the glow of red chase the white from her cheeks, and her lips grow in color under returning consciousness. Opening her eyes, she gazed into my face with a vacant stare, then closed them again as one who was dreaming. My heart fell as I conceived that the shock of my sudden appearance had unbalanced her mind, and I held her tenderly looking down into her face.

Clasping her to me I said gently, "Lora, I have returned to you. It is I, Francis Beaumont in the flesh."

There was no response except the twitching and quivering of her closed eyelids as if she would open them but could not. My agitation grew intense as I exclaimed, "Lora, Lora, would you not know me? Would you not know me, Francis Beaumont? I did not go with the ship! Lora! Lora! speak to me, speak to me."

As she heard my voice, there came a gentle smile and then she opened her eyes full wide. For a moment I was in suspense. Raising her head, she touched my

cheek gently saying, "Surely, you are Francis Beaumont. I am not dreaming."

"None other, Lora," I replied, lifting her in my arms.

She lay quietly with her eyes looking into mine with all the affection of her maidenly heart. These were blissful moments, too quickly passed, for as she grew stronger, she bade me rest her against a log.

Half sitting, half reclining, she rubbed her hand across her eyes as if she would brush something from them saying, "I can not believe my eyes. Though I see you, still my mind would have you on the vessel off there at sea." Then she faltered, "I do not understand, I do not understand."

Before I could reply, the thought that I had abandoned England and my associates for her came into the maiden's mind, sitting upright and looking at me she said, "Surely, you have not given up your family and friends in England for me?"

Stooping over her, I kissed her saying, "Sweetheart, it is but a trifle; if I but gain your love."

Then she plucked me by the sleeve drawing my face near hers and whispered, "My love and my life are in your keeping." Then of a sudden as if she was in doubt she again exclaimed, "I do not understand, I do not understand."

Fearful that she was going from me again, I clasped her hand, saying, "Lora, I came from the ship during the night and have been near you all the morning and will stay with you always." She pressed my hand giving silent answer to my plea.

For a time, the maiden sat with closed eyes as if to gather her wandering thoughts. I staid patiently by her never saying a word more, for I would not hurry

her faster than her strength would carry the burden of her doubt.

Shortly coming to herself, she said in apology, "You must forgive me. I was a silly thing to be so weak, but you came to me as one who was lost. If you had come from your grave, you could not have startled me more. Then, perhaps, the anguish of the morning made me weak, for my heart was breaking."

"Nay, do not say so, Lora, for I feel that I might have saved your suffering, had I come forth from my hiding. Had I been sure of my reception, I should have come to you sooner. Having undergone so much, I did not wish to spoil all by coming forth too soon."

Then she looked up at me and said sweetly, "But you would have deprived me of this awakening." She would not have me say that I did wrong in not coming sooner, and spoke so graciously of my devotion, that I felt I had given up but little.

Gradually the things of life came to her through the happiness of my return, for struggling to her feet, she said dolefully, "What of father? What of mother?"

I quieted her by answering, "We will bide our time with them, Lora. Having severed my old ties, my lot is cast with you, and not with them."

"Truly you have sacrificed much, too much, I am fearful, for one so unworthy." I would not have her cast such aspersions upon herself, and maintained my point that she was above all things.

While we were standing there holding each other's hands, who should come over the brow of the hill but Captain Standish. As soon as he saw us, he stopped short and stood as one struck dumb. Coming forward,

he exclaimed, as he held out his hand, "Beaumont, come you from the clouds?"

"Nay, from the ship, Standish," I replied with a smile.

"Whence, and how came you here?"

Then I must tell him of my coming across the harbor in the night, of my keeping to my covert during the morning until the ship was beyond recall. All the while Lora stood blushing, for in her maidenly heart, she felt that the captain knew full well for whom I returned.

Having heard me through, he said, "Beaumont, you will be made welcome, since we need men to fight, as well as to work."

Returning his friendly pressure of the hand, I said, "Standish, I can do either and will abide by the colonists' wishes and your commands."

His face brightened with a kindly smile, replying proudly, "An Englishman, every inch of you."

"Lora," he continued, "I am sure, will welcome you as freely as the rest of us."

True to her courageous heart, the maiden never faltered as she made answer, "Captain Standish, Master Beaumont is worthy to stand with the best in New England, as well as in Old England."

There was a twinkle in his eye as he replied, "Lora, I fancy you are prejudiced as to Beaumont's good qualities."

Though he was not speaking to me, I made answer for the maiden by taking up her hand, kissing it, and holding it tightly. At first, she made an effort to withdraw her hand, seeing that I held fast, she looked into

my face lovingly, then came close to me, ready to face the world if needs be at my side.

The captain turned to go, but I asked him to stay wishing to confer with him, as to what manner was best for me to make known my presence to the other colonists. This was such an important matter that we three sought a resting-place whilst we consulted together.

The captain and I agreed that it was best for Lora to go alone whilst he and I would follow later on. So with her face aglow, with a light heart and quick step she went down the hill, looking back from time to time, making sure that I was not vanishing in a column of vapor but was holding fast to the flesh instead.

Having agreed between ourselves as to my plans, the captain and I started towards the common-house. There were sly looks given me by the women and children from the dooryards as we passed. Lora was in her sweet lavender bed, making believe that the herbs needed her attention. I was, of course, seen long before we reached the common-house, where the men were congregated still dwelling over the excitement of the morning. My presence caused great surprise.

Making my way directly to the governor, I offered him my hand, saying, "Governor Carver, I have cast my lot with yours, either to work in the fields or forests at your command."

Though somewhat taken back, he made answer promptly, "Master Beaumont, as I conceive our people, we make no difference as to who shall be freemen in this colony, so long as a man indicates his intention of living a fair life."

To which statement, I responded, "You know full

well, Governor Carver, what kind of man I have been with you."

"Master Beaumont, so far as it concerns me, you are now a freeman of this colony." Saying which, he looked around to see if his subjects were in accord. All I could discern was their troubled faces and astonishment as they looked upon me rather kindly.

Master Isaac Allerton, coming forward from the crowd, shook me by the hand saying in his big voice, "We welcome you, Master Beaumont, as one of us."

I saw Elder Brewster among the men as I came up. Now that I had been made a freeman, I wondered how he would receive me. Happening to glance around, I saw him going rapidly towards his hut. This rather disconcerted me, but the others greeted me so warmly I had no fears.

My place having been fixed among the colonists, I at once entered into my labors by seeking my chests, carrying one side while the captain held the other. Together we came to the door of my lowly hut, giving it a push with my foot, I entered glad to be once more within the shelter of the rough logs. John Billington and Edward Dotey brought up my other chest, setting it down heavily upon the clay floor.

Big John could not contain himself longer and broke forth with, "Master Beaumont, why did you not send for me, that I might go to England in your stead?"

"Why, John?"

"This is a sorry place for a freeman to tarry. There is little food, with prospects of much less and no beer at all. To think that you could go to London and didn't, Master Beaumont, makes me think you a queer

man." With this he left the hut, still puzzling his dull head at my choosing the clearing as against England.

Burly John was not the only one who was puzzled by my action, for I now became a great mystery to all except Standish, who knew full well what kept me to these shores.

Before noon, I met the elder face to face at the spring. He made no effort to shun me and as I offered him my hand, grasped it quite willingly. I said as we shook hands, "Elder Brewster, I hope you will no longer look upon me as an enemy."

"Master Beaumont," he replied, "I have no feeling toward you in person."

"Then shall we be friends?"

He did not answer me at once but stood looking across the brook as if he were thinking deeply, then quietly said, "Master Beaumont, it is quite clear to me that it is your love for Lora, and not your love for us, that has kept you from England."

"That is true," I replied firmly.

Then he went on, "I suspected it as soon as I saw you, and I want you to know, that I still feel it is my duty to keep you from Lora. I would not forbid you the house but for the present, I can not make you welcome."

Ere I could make reply, we were warned of the presence of a third person by heavy footsteps coming down the path and the bulky form of John Billington came into view, bearing a bucket in each hand. As this intruder came to us, he said, "Elder, what think you, Master Beaumont sees in this country, to keep him from England?"

"Ask him, John, since he is here himself to answer," gravely replied the elder.

"I have already, but he says he loves the forests with the wild animals that inhabit them. Poor fun he would have with them, I am thinking. I once dwelt in such hopes before I left London, but now I work early and late, with never a shot at even a hare or fowl."

Not caring to be examined at length by John, I went off up the bank with a heavy heart. Though Standish came and sat with me, I did not relish his company, as my brain was racked with thoughts of how to overcome the elder's opposition. My one great consolation was Lora, for I felt she would abide by me now though all the world was against it.

In the evening I stood upon my log door-step looking out over the clearing, with a different feeling than the night before from the deck of the vessel. Out of the forests there came the long wail of the wolves. With this wild note ringing in my ears, I turned to my rugs to make ready for the next day's labor.

"Rat-ta-ta-tap," rolled the getting-up drum at the common-house, long before sunup the next morning. This was the beginning of my first day's toil, so I sprang out of bed nimbly and hastened to dress again in my rough clothes. I had just washed down the last crumbs of my breakfast of oatmeal gruel, dried meat and hard biscuits, when the drum sounded again, calling the colonists to their hoes, hooks, and axes. With the other men and grown lads, I hurried down the path that I might not be called slothful. I was sent on my way cheerily for as I went by Lora's hut, she was up and abroad, sending me a morning's greeting with the wave of her hand. I sent a salute back to her, which she answered several times telling with whom her heart dwelt this April day.

Coming to the house where the tools were kept, I bade Master Allerton, the storekeeper, to give me what he thought that I could make the best use of. He handed me a fork for gathering the small brush in heaps to burn, which the others dug up with hoe and mattock. I turned back my fork conceiving that I could work at heavy toil as well as others.

The diligent colonists were armed with tools quickly and stood around waiting for the slower ones to come from their huts. These sauntered down the path, no doubt glad to postpone beginning their labors even a few minutes. Though this was a community where all were to share alike, some worked willingly and others were slackers as the men were constituted. The gray haired governor was all impatience over this slowness, shouting a warning to the loiterers, ordering them to hasten their steps.

When the morning prayer had been said, the drummer set his sticks flying and with this martial music in our ears, we mounted our tools to our shoulders like soldiers, following the governor across the path into a plain, where the growth of the three years' underbrush was the thickest. The governor was master of labor. The ax men he set to chopping the saplings, the mattock men to digging up the spring growths, while the hoe men attacked the small shrubbery trash.

It was a warm day and my shirt was soon wet with perspiration. The captain, who was a hoe man and was better seasoned to labor, wanted to exchange his lighter tool with me, but I would not listen to it. I had expected myself to be completely worn with fatigue by my unusual exertions, but the song that was in me was

one of joy that I was ashore and not lying in idleness on the vessel, somewhere out on the great ocean.

So the hours hurried by with me following closely on the footsteps of the sturdiest workers. When the sun was in mid-heaven and our day's work half done, there came the relishing sound of the drum announcing that it was time to rest and eat. There was no such order in the going as in the coming, for a man's empty stomach calls loudly and brooks no formalities in its filling. Some of the men had the knack of watching the sun as well as their work, so they were well on their way to their tables before the drum ceased beating. I happened to be on the other side of the field, and had a scrub oak brush half out when the call came. With half dozen more strokes, I pulled the stubborn roots from the ground and went contented to my hut.

Called from my noon repast by the drum beat, I went forth to the field with no thoughts of my drudgery. The same men who tarried in the morning came slowly to their work in the afternoon, seemingly willing for others to toil for them. During the afternoon, the sun was industrious; but for the breeze from the sea to cheer us, our tasks would have been uncomfortably warm. When the night drum beat its toll, I fell in line with Master Edward Winslow, marching with the others to the storehouse where we deposited our tools. There were only about fifteen men and lads that were fit for work, so that Master Allerton soon had the axes, hoes, and mattocks stored away.

I went up the path with the sweetness of the new-turned earth in my nostrils and the sense of a day's work well done. My disappointment was keen, as I did not see Lora as I passed her hut, but this was all

forgotten when I came to my own and found a cluster of mayflowers lying on the door-step. My heart leaped within me, as I picked up the flowers, and pressed them to my face. Again I said a blessing for the maiden, and again was I glad, that I was laboring within the great clearing, instead of being on my way to England.

I stood on my door-step before retiring and looked across the harbor where the ship had lain at anchor so many months, feeling glad that it was gone. There was no regret in my heart as I turned to my own fire-side, with a sense of keen pleasure I had never known before.

As night came on I fancied I saw a slender figure in the door of the Brewster hut, standing within its shadow. This fancy turned into reality when I saw Lora come out into the yard, looking my way. This I took as a signal for me to seize my bucket, and though it was nearly full, I emptied the water on the ground, and started down the path to the spring. As I came to the brow of the hill leading down to the brook, the maiden saw me and with a cheery voice called, "Good even." This, of course, compelled me to stop, advancing a few steps, while she came the rest of the way.

I said to her, "Lora, the mayflowers cheered me greatly and I should have come to thank you, but your father bade me, I should not be welcome."

"Not welcome! Father still holds you unfriendly?" she asked in great surprise.

"Yes," I replied. "He can not forget my ancestors, though he finds no fault in me, he still holds me aloof."

Coming closer and laying her hand on my arm, she said gently, "You must leave this to me. Father surely does not understand."

Halting for a minute, she continued, "I saw you going forth to the fields this morning as a common laborer, and hung my head feeling unworthy of your bringing yourself to this drudgery for me. I slipped to the door from time to time during the day and saw you at your task, and felt proud of you. I feel that my sacrifices are few and simple compared with yours." Then she gave me her hand saying, "Father does not understand all this, but we must make him do so before long."

Then I gave her dainty hand a little squeeze saying, "Lora, so long as you understand, I am content to wait." Though our meeting was but for a moment, it was a happy ending of the day and with the voice of the maiden still in my ears, I went back to my hut, forgetting its lowliness in her love.

As I came up to my door, I saw Captain Standish nourishing his lilac bush with a bucket of water which he had brought from the brook, giving ample proof of his devotion to Mistress Rose. He hailed me and we sat on his log step until the stars came twinkling into the sky, talking of our past lives in England and Holland and our future prospects in this new country.

A few days' labor found our little plain cleared of the growth of rubbish ready for the Indian maize seeding. This was brought forth and made ready for the planting. The savage Squanto, who was ever forward with information on all subjects concerning the growth of things in this country, informed the governor that the ground in the clearing was poor and would not produce corn, unless three alewives, or oldwives as some people call this herring, were thrown in the hole with the seed. We had cleared about one and twenty acres

for the corn-field, so that for a time the men were disheartened at the size of their task of catching so many fish.

From the field, I went to the brook up which the oldwives were running in great numbers from the sea. As I looked down into the water boiling with the darting fish, I thought our troubles were of our own making, for all that was necessary to catch a bucket full, was to stand in the brook with a hand net and dip it once down firmly among them. Standing in the water up to my knees, with a strong net I dipped the oldwives into the shore, as fast as the girls and boys could pack them in strong Dutch baskets, woven from willow withes. The ablest of the men carried the fish up to the fields, where they were dropped in the corn holes by the feebler ones.

The oak leaves were now the size of a mouse's ear, which was the proper time according to Squanto, who was living with us, to plant corn. There was much to do and so few to do it, those of us who could labor strove in the field from early till late.

Some were inclined to complain of this excessive toil, but the governor quieted them by saying, "If you would eat, you must plant. Unless the harvest is ample to sustain us, we shall all starve ere another winter." This put an end to the outward opposition, but there was still some discontent.

Lora had turned gardener as well as myself. The warm April days encouraged her to bring forth the yellow and red sticks of corn which I had given her at Cape Cod. Coming to the spring one evening, I saw her in the garden plot with the stain of the earth upon her hands. I could not bear to see her at such lowly tasks, so made haste to go to her relief.

When I bade her give me her hoe, she blushed freely saying, "But, Francis, you asked me many times to plant your corn with my own hands, urging me not to forget that you gave it me."

"True, Lora," I replied, "but that was when I thought I would be in England. Now that I am here, it is not meet that you should so bemean yourself."

Taking her hoe, I dug the holes for the corn. Desiring to have it grow to good size and quality, I scooped up fish to plant with the seed. When I threw the wriggling oldwives into the rows, she would know what I was going to do. Picking up the hoe without making answer, I essayed to cover the fish with the earth.

She gave a little scream, then ran along the row and one by one, rescued the fish, saying as she threw them into the brook, "Would you murder the little things?"

She followed after me as I drew the soft earth over the seed and I went on with my labor with gladness. Of course, I stopped many times ere the last grain had disappeared to exchange confidences with her and now and then lean on my hoe just to admire her.

When I had finished my planting and was resting with both hands on the handle of the hoe and my chin upon my hands, while the maiden stood pushing about the soft earth lightly with her shoe, she asked, "Francis, dear, have you ever wished you were back on the ship sailing to London Town?"

"Lora, what makes you ask such a question?"

"Well, you work in the fields in the hot sun as a laborer, then at night you go wearily to your log house to partake of coarse food, and—"

"To be thankful that I am ever near you, Lora." I made answer before she could finish her sentence.

"Though I am glad," she replied, "and I sing all hours of the day in my love, still I am ever mindful of your sacrifice, of your giving up England with its titles, its ease and pleasure, and all the honors you might have won in the courts of the king. When I remember all these things and see you bemeaning yourself constantly, I feel humble in your presence."

"Lora, the only honors that I aspire to attain are in your keeping. Every day of toil brings me closer to you. My labors are a pleasure so long as I find favor in your eyes. The ship has no charm for me so long as you stay on land, and England would be poor indeed without you."

Then she stepped forward and placing her hands on mine said, "Francis, dear, you are worthy of a queen."

As she fled from me, I called, "I have won one."

At the top of the bank, she stopped and waved her hand at me; I waved in return and went on covering up the corn.

The first Democratic Court

The twenty acres of maize were now all but planted. I had surrendered my place in the brook, to take up the more arduous labor of carrying the baskets of fish to the fields. The gray haired governor persisted in doing this heavy work in spite of the protests of his friends, who were doubtful of his strength. As the sun arose one morning, it grew relentless in its heat, causing me to make many trips to the spring to quench my thirst and refresh my body under the shade of the willows. I found the governor seated beneath the tree near the spring on one of my journeys, and made liberty to say, that the sun was too hot for one of his age to be working in the fields.

He heard me through, then rising said, "Master Beaumont, you forget I am the leader and my duty bids me to be the foremost in all things."

"True, Governor, but you must let the younger men do the heaviest tasks, saving your strength for other days."

But he would not hear of saving himself, though I could see that he was not equal to the labor in the intense heat. We went back together to where the children were filling our wicker baskets with the fish, there I made another effort to have the governor desist; but he would not hear me, bidding me impatiently to aid him in lifting the loaded basket to his shoulder.

As he staggered up the bank, one of the men asked,

"What ails the governor?" I shook my head and swinging my own basket on my shoulder, went my way to the field. There I called the captain aside and asked him to warn the governor against heavy tasks.

But the captain only replied, "Beaumont, it is of no use, he will bide no man's will but his own."

Having done all I could to caution the governor, I worked on until roll of the drum at noonday called us from work. Glad enough was I to make my escape from the beating sun and the hot fields, which were like a furnace. The governor went his way wearily, and I hoped for his own sake he would not come back in the afternoon, or else change to lighter work. The shades of my hut were welcome for the first time, and I sat down glad of its protection. I thought that the colonists who were for going to Guiana, now had a taste of heat that would satisfy them.

When the drum beat us back to the field, I was ready, though I can truthfully say I should like to have taken my thatched roof with me. The laggards were many, requiring a second beating of the drum to bring them from their huts. Much to my surprise, the governor was one of the missing men, likewise Master Allerton. It seemed to me that the men were dropping out fast. But there was no time for lagging with all the corn hills to be filled with fish, so taking my basket with the hot vapors rising from the dry earth, I went down to the brook for an extra burden.

When I was returning with the basket set between my shoulders, my breath coming fast, I met Master Allerton hurrying into the field. As he overtook me, he said, "Master Beaumont, I am fearful for the governor."

"What say you?" I exclaimed, setting my basket to the ground.

"The governor is grievously ill," he replied with agitation.

"What ails him, Master Allerton?"

"Doctor Fuller says that it is his labor in the hot sun, for when he came from work, he would not eat. Complaining of his head, he lay down on his pallet, since when he can not be aroused."

He went his way to tell the elder and Standish, while I picked up my basket and followed after. There was great agitation among the workers when it became known that the governor had given out under the sun. Once or twice during the afternoon, the elder stole from his labors to the bedside of his friend. Each time he came back with such sadness that it was not necessary to ask what message he bore. Though the breeze freshened from the sea making our toils bearable, the men no longer had heart for work. In the evening we marched from the fields to the storehouse without the music of the drum, so fearful were we of disturbing the governor's rest. I stopped with the other anxious colonists at the door of his hut, and heard that he was past knowing anyone.

Lora was waiting for me on the path in front of her house as I came from work, and was full of this new disaster which was about to befall the colonists. She was all tenderness in her sympathy and advised with me whether she should send some of my delicacies to tempt the governor's appetite.

For two days we worked and hoped for the governor. The colonists grew grave and anxious as the time went by as he showed no indication of coming back to con-

sciousness. There was no longer the sound of the drum beat in the early morning or late at night, words were spoken softly and the heavy tread upon the beaten path was muffled by the soft grass, as the men turned upon it, while passing the governor's hut.

The men who found fault with Master Carver's rule, now had only gentle words for him and wished that he might recover. From every hut came the women with simples to join with the doctor in an effort to administer to the aged leader. Morning, noon, and night, there was but one thought and one hope, that stirred the breasts of the colonists: and that was that their governor might be spared.

At noon the third day as we were coming from the field hot and tired, the word came that Governor Carver was no more. The message was greeted in silence. Somehow I felt the loss of the kindly governor as if he were bound to me by blood ties. Though the toll of death had been heavy causing men's hearts to be dulled by the departure of so many of their own, the governor seemed to belong to all and the sorrow for him was universal.

Though the colonists' grief was sore, they were driven by necessity to strive in the fields all the afternoon. But the grave faces and solemn words showed that their hearts were deeply touched. In the cool of the evening, we went by the hut where the governor lay, a silent people in the presence of their dead.

Shortly I went down to the governor's hut to see what I could do. Lora and her mother were there when I arrived, giving what solace they could to Mistress Carver. There was the lack of mourning that I was accustomed to. Instead of having the hut in dark-

ness, the candles and lamps were lighted as usual, and the interior was much the same as when its master sat in his own big chair in the chimney-corner.

Waiting until Lora came from the hut, I walked home with her, thence down to the spring under the willows. The maiden was not in her joyous mood, but clung to me as if fearing a mishap would befall me. She made me promise that I would not carry too heavy loads, would not work in the sun unnecessarily, and such a lot of other things, that in the end I kissed her and made her forget her fearsome mind.

There was no dread now of the savages knowing of the dead, so they made ready to lay the governor away in daylight. By the rising of the next day's sun there was the tread of marching feet upon the path leading to the governor's hut. Every man, woman, and child who was able to be abroad, was at the cabin as we came marching with our guns, to act as escort. There was not a word spoken, not even a prayer said, as four men picked up the rugs in which the governor lay and bore him out in the dooryard, where we were waiting with arms reversed, as a guard would at the funeral of a king.

When all was ready, the captain gave the order of "forward" in a low voice; and with muffled drum, we marched to the Little-field-that-overlooked-the-sea. As the people crowded around and the sun was coming up out of the eastern waters, the governor was lowered in his rugs, silently and reverently. Then we fired a salute across the unfilled grave, being the only demonstration made in his memory.

While the smoke was curling from the end of my musket, I saw Lora come forth from the crowd. I

wondered what she was going to do and watched her closely. As she came to the head of the grave, she dropped a spray of mayflowers down onto the rugs, paying the last tender tribute to Governor Carver. Though it was a small thing in itself, it moved me greatly, showing the fullness of her maidenly sympathy.

In silence we stood, until the time for our last farewell salute, this being given, we led the people quietly and solemnly back to the clearing.

There was no time for grief and within an hour all were busy in the fields, not unmindful of the dead, but hard driven by the necessity of the living. On this very day, we finished the planting of the maize in the great clearing of one and twenty acres. Then began the preparation of six acres more for wheat, rye, barley, and peas.

With horses and plows the planting would have been done quickly and with ease, but relying on our hands it was a slow and irksome task, completed by patient labor. However, there was no alternative for we all knew that unless we plied ourselves diligently and had full granaries to carry us through the lean months of winter, we would starve.

All the day of the burial of the governor, the minds of the commoners were disturbed over who should succeed Master Carver. I could have told them Master William Bradford, had I wished to repeat the conversation which I had had with Captain Standish on his doorstep the evening before. The elder, Masters Winslow, Allerton, Hopkins, and the captain were busy while at labor, leading the commonality their way so that by evening, I was told with great secrecy by one of the men, that Master William Bradford was to mount

the governor's chair, while Master Allerton was to be his assistant.

So it proved to be. On the morrow instead of going from the storeroom to the field, the colonists moved to the common-house for a conference to supply a ruler. There was no contention or spirit shown in the matter, for with one accord Master Bradford was named, though he was then lying in the shadow of death. That there be no other period when they might be without a governor, Master Allerton was made assistant with powers to take on the immediate administration of the colonists' affairs.

I sat in amazement watching the shifting of kingship from one to another, until the rule was lodged in Master Allerton, the London tailor. Though I still had my doubts of this popular form of government, I maintained my silence since it seemed to be working smoothly enough. Master Allerton ordered the drum to be beaten again and without loss of time led his hosts to their work, seemingly finding much satisfaction with himself in his new position.

This was early in the month of May, but before the month came to an end, Master Bradford was well mended in health. When he fully recovered, there came a new order of affairs, quite different from the mild leadership of Governor Carver; for the new governor proved to be a masterful man, full of cleverness and vigor, brooking no interference with his kingly power. As soon as he was able, he organized all the men and boys into military divisions, making Standish commander-in-chief, while I was made one of his assistants. Master Bradford was never in full accord with the mildness of Governor Carver nor did he have

the same confidence in the honesty of the savages, feeling that our best protection was in keeping our guns clean and armor burnished. Following out this plan, all those who were able to fight were separated into bands.

Among the men of my band was John Billington, who was a stalwart soldier, when he chose to be. Though we were in perfect harmony with our savage neighbors, it was decided to set a constant watch around the clearing. This doing duty without cause of alarm was aggravating to some of the men, who did not hesitate to express aloud their opinion. One rainy night, John Billington failing to appear for guard duty, a man was sent to his cabin. John was in a surly mood and drove the man from his hut with threats and curses. It so happened that Captain Standish was passing the Billington house and, overhearing the high words, entered the hut to remonstrate.

I heard John shouting at the top of his voice, "I've been ordered and commanded about ever since I joined the colony, first it is one person and then another. I march to work and march from work like a galley-slave, and now you want me to walk all night in the rain. There is no danger, and I won't go for you, Captain Standish, or any other man."

The captain having the mutineer in hand, I held back from entering. Then I heard the captain quickly say, "John Billington, others are doing all that you are and more. You are only asked to do your duty."

To this he surlily answered, "I did not come to this country to work but to hunt."

"Nay, John, you mistook your purpose, since you must do as the rest of us."

At this Billington grew furious, threatening to mishandle the captain if he did not leave his hut at once. This only made the captain sit down in the nearest chair, saying, "John, if you had asked me to go without threatening, I should have departed; but now it pleases me to stay just to see you lay the weight of your big hand upon me."

With a roar, Billington ordered the captain to go. Thinking that I might be needed, I opened the door, stepped in and said, "Captain, need you assistance?"

"Nay, not with John Billington," he replied in his masterful way, causing John to calm down from his frantic tirade.

Then the captain turned to the revolter, saying, "John Billington, I will give you one more chance to go to your duty."

Defiantly he stood his ground, exclaiming, "Never, Never!"

It was Standish's way not to command twice and without another word, he left the hut. Once out in the open I said, "Billington will not go free."

"Not so, Beaumont, for he shall face all the people for this failure of his duties." We both went back to the platform and set our watch, Billington keeping to his word that he would not stand guard.

During the night as I wandered around the clearing, I wondered what turn affairs would take the next day, when the men who were in sympathy with the mutineer were called upon to condemn him.

There was no loss of time, however, in bringing Billington before the bar of justice, for when the men were given their work tools, they were asked to go to the common-house, Governor Bradford bidding them enter

the log council-chamber for a conference. I saw John Billington hesitate as he came to the door, then with a sneer step inside. The men seated with their axes and hoes resting at their sides, made an ideal picture of rustics playing at ruling themselves. I thought if King James of England or any of his councillors could have stepped into this log hut, they would have surely set these homely men about their business, not fancying their presumption in ruling themselves.

Once silence was obtained, the governor called Captain Standish, then he asked John Billington to come and stand at his other side. The accused man sat still, making no motion to conform with the governor's request. There was a scraping of axes and hoe handles on the rough forms as the colonists turned to look at him. The governor, who was not the least agitated, spoke a second time. Then with his head thrown back, Billington stamped down the aisle and in an insolent manner took his place, the first prisoner at the bar of justice. When all was in silence, Captain Standish made his accusation, telling in detail what had occurred the night before.

The governor, hearing the matter through, turned to the prisoner saying, "John Billington, you have heard your accuser. What say you in answer to this charge of mutiny?"

"I say that I have done all the military duty that I am going to do," he shouted impudently.

"Is that your reply to the charge?" calmly asked the governor.

With a sneer, Billington replied, "There are others here who are tired of standing guard too, had they the courage to speak."

Again the governor asked, "Have you aught to say?"

By this time Billington's anger began to cool as he saw he was fast being brought to a place where he could not escape, furthermore, that Governor Bradford was of a more determined mind than was Governor Carver.

Seeing his plight, he rudely answered, "I am not a free man here, I am a slave."

Governor Bradford did not deign to reply but addressing the people, asked, "Find you John Billington guilty of sedition or not?"

"Guilty!" came from the throats of every man.

I stood in amazement at this quick justice that was being administered to the culprit. There was no hesitancy of the colonists to grasp the point of wrong-doing nor did they follow the tortuous windings of English courts in finding the verdict. At the word "guilty," I saw Billington wince as if his courage were oozing from him, but this court of stern faced men was relentless.

There was an awkward silence after the verdict of the people had been given during which John stood looking for mercy in the faces of the men about him. Governor Bradford broke this silence by saying, "Shall John Billington have his hands and feet bound together and let lie for an hour in front of this house?"

"Aye, Aye," came from all sides.

Big John grew red in the face and then pale as he heard the penalty and the determination to execute the punishment without delay.

The governor gave him no opportunity to escape or even argue, but forthwith called for a hempen rope to bind his feet. The braggadocio air had gone from Billington, instead he began to plead piteously. But the governor would not be moved from his purpose, taking

the rope and with his own hands drew it taut about the prisoner's legs. I was sorry for Billington; but Governor Bradford was of another mind, pulling and hauling at the rope until he had the prisoner's feet so that he could not move them. He was then made to sit down on the clay floor and bend forward his body until his head was over his knees, while his friends looked on in silence, feeling sorry for him, but not daring to speak one word in his behalf.

The loose end of the rope that bound the culprit's legs was thrown around his neck and was in readiness to be pulled taut, thus forcing the prisoner's head down to his knees, when there came a halt in the proceedings. Billington renewed his pleadings promising to do military duty in the future were he but released.

The governor, his assistant, and the captain then held a conference. By this time, John Billington was thoroughly tamed, pleading for his release even tearfully, while the colonists sat in silence. The governor came from the conference with his associates saying, "John Billington, will you promise to stand your guard and fulfill all duties in the future, if you are let off?"

"Yes," moaned John.

"Will you promise to work faithfully in the fields?"

"Yes," came the answer in meekness.

"Then you are released."

While the governor untied the prisoner's feet, the colonists picked up their axes and hoes and went forth from passing their first judgment.

While upon the subject of trials and meting out justice, I shall narrate here an incident which took place some time after this Billington affair which forever put an end to dueling in this New England country. Ed-

ward Dotey and Edward Leister, both belonging to Master Stephen Hopkins's household, became enraged at each other over some trifle and concluded to fight a duel, which was in keeping with my own ideas in settling such differences. The two men stole away in the woods without seconds or witnesses. There with sword and dagger they proceeded to hack away at each other fiercely. Dotey came from the fray with a wounded hand and Leicester was stuck in the thigh. Conducting their affair in a rude manner without a surgeon they came back to the clearing, weak from loss of blood and calling loudly for Doctor Fuller.

Before sundown the two duelists were standing by the governor's side, facing all the men who had come from the fields to again sit as a court of justice. Governor Bradford had his own mind on the subjects of duels, which he proceeded to express to the satisfaction of every one present except myself and the prisoners. There was no time lost on formalities or proceedings. Though dueling was contrary to the written laws of England, it was in such common practice that little attention was given the laws. It was plainly evident that English practice would not hold here as the governor and his people lost no time in going straight to the point. The wounded hand of Dotey and the limp of Leister was all the evidence that was submitted.

The governor was ill minded over the affair and spoke abruptly to Dotey, the elder of the two, saying, "Edward Dotey, fought you a duel with Edward Leister?"

The youthful Dotey looked towards Master Stephen Hopkins for encouragement but found so little favor in that quarter, he stood in silence until the governor spoke

again. Upon the second appeal, Dotey acknowledged his part in the fight.

Turning to Leister, the governor gravely asked the same question. The prisoner seemed disconcerted by the unexpected turmoil over the affair, but finally mustered up voice to admit his participation in the encounter.

Instantly the governor turned from the two men to the court of colonists, saying to them, "Guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty," was the sentence that came back from all the people except myself. I was silent for I could not condemn this reasonable practice.

But there was no further consideration of the penalty, for the governor was as a hunter on the track of his game as he said, "What say you to binding their heads and heels together and so lie without food or water for twenty-four hours?"

"Ay, Ay," came the response.

Again I stood aghast at such quick trials, sparing evidence, and severe penalties, seeming like Turkish practice more than that meted out to Englishmen. The two men did not quail, however, standing in stolid indifference.

Governor Bradford called for a rope and with a sailor's knot, he bound the legs of the men together, then with a turn around their necks brought their heads between their knees. When this task was done, the living bundles were carried forth and laid upon the path in front of the common-house.

The two men lay in a heap upon the hard path, while the other colonists gathered around them. There were no scurrilous jokes or gibes hurled at the prisoners, as

was the custom of the people in England to chasten culprits bound in stocks. An unthinking urchin taunted Dotey but he had a clap on the side of his head and was sent off in a hurry. One by one the men left without so much as speaking a word to the prisoners, until only the captain, Master Hopkins and myself were left.

The strained position beginning to tell on Leister and Dotey, they begged of us to ease the ropes. My inclination was to grant this relief. I think Master Stephen felt for his own two men, but we were confronted by this new form of government which had us all under its control, causing us to hold back. Both men complaining of their wounds, besought us so piteously to relieve them that the captain went off to the governor's house to ask for mercy. Governor Bradford came quickly and, feeling that the men had been punished sufficiently as an example, unloosed the neck ropes and as they lay helpless on the ground warned them against dueling. Both foreswore such encounters in the future, then they were released and Master Stephen took them off to his hut.

This put an end to the use of the sword as a means of settling differences in this plantation, the colonists conceiving that a court of justice was ample to settle matters of honor as well as of property. The shifting of dueling from one country to another was thus early nipped in the bud and so far as I know, this was the first and last duel fought in the colony.

There was no question now as to the sterling metal of Governor Bradford, and that a new form of government was to be looked for under him, as compared with the mild and paternal administration of the aged and kindly Governor Carver.

The Abenging of Hobomok

This was an enticing country now that the forests had taken on their leaves and the hills were covered with a matting of grass, thickly sprinkled with the colors of blossoming flowers. The sun, filtering down through the air, filled it with a softness, making me deeply grateful that I was alive. The scars of winter were covered, so that the whole landscape took on a cast of mildness, weaning me away from my ancient conceit of the greatness of England's countryside over this.

Lora and I watched the coming of the summer days with great interest and pleasure. Her row of corn under the nursing sun had brought forth two tiny green leaves bending gracefully towards the ground. I had abandoned my mattock for a hoe, which was a new tool in my hands and one which I set about in earnest to learn; and for several days I had been hard at work with my hoe, endeavoring to smooth the ground around the corn, with the same nicety as Governor Bradford, who was a skilled farmer. He had a gentle yet fine stroke with his blade, setting the earth smooth and soft around the tender plants. Both the captain and I were awkward with the hoe, our corn standing in the midst of lumps and clods, until we were both ashamed of it. Though I went back and endeavored to dress the earth down, my tool still refused to do its work neatly. Then I set about industriously to overcome my difficulty, with one eye on the governor and the other on my work. I

soon saw that there was a certain trick in the handling of the implement. Through several days I strove diligently with my hoe. With what skill I could command, I dragged the loose earth forward letting it play from the blade, until it nursed the corn as nicely as the governor's. As I gave the last stroke finishing my work, I stood at the head of the row comparing my corn with his. There were no lumps in my hills, ample earth drawn evenly, until the green stalks stood in their beds straight and comfortable. With pride I turned away from my day's task, content now that I had mastered the blade of the hoe as completely as I had the blade of the sword.

As the season progressed, the great clearing also changed. Instead of the three years' brush growing irregularly, there was the field of corn and other grain showing on the hillside. The undergrowth on both sides of the path had been cleared, giving some form to the broad way between the houses. The huts also were being improved by the cutting of windows in the sides in which were set frames of oiled linen, thereby lighting the dark interiors. There was also much pride shown in the dooryards, where the tall spires of the hollyhock were already half-way to the thatched roofs with unfolding buds. The roses too had set forth their green tendrils and were creeping along the pine logs, hiding the clay daubing with their glossy leaves. Altogether it was fast becoming a pleasant countryside through the great labor of all the people.

When the planting and the hoeing were completed, there was little rest at hand for the colonists, for the governor was a thrifty man and now that he was ruler of a large family, he conceived it was his duty to keep

all at labor. On rainy days when we could not delve in the soil, he would order Master Allerton to give out axes, wedges, and two-handed rip-saws. With these the whole colony would trudge to the forests to strive and to saw clapboards and wainscoting for the merchants in England.

In the midst of these labors, Governor Bradford did not lose sight of the outside interests of the colonists, for early in June he sent Master Edward Winslow on a visit to the court of Massassoit. Before their going, happening into the storehouse, I saw Master Allerton drag forth from a box a horseman's red cotton coat with gold fringe around the bottom, which was to be one of the presents to his savage majesty. With a few more trinkets and some sweets and suckets in a bundle, the two ambassadors started off through the forests with Squanto leading the way. I thought it a risky piece of business to send two men fifty miles into the wilderness, even though Squanto was to guide them across the maze of narrow paths, which cut through the forest in every direction.

A sorry time the two diplomats had. They thought they were going to a land of plenty, instead of which they found a land of want. Though they found the king at home, he was poorly provided with food, being compelled to go abroad and shoot fish himself with bow and arrow, that his visitors might not starve. They were gone three days, two of which they were without food except what they could find themselves. They were so weak from want of food, that they sent Squanto back for a supply. Saturday evening the two men returned, wet through by a rain which had fallen without ceasing for four and twenty hours. At first I regretted

that I did not go with them, but when I saw their sad plight, I was thankful enough that I had tarried in my log hut, where there was at least ample salt meat and plenty of fish.

This visit of the two diplomats almost caused a tragedy for one of the underlings of King Massassoit, named Corbitant, held a generous hatred towards the colonists and from the first was in favor of attacking them. Shortly after this visit, he began his conniving, finally inducing the Narragansets to seize and carry off King Massassoit. Our friendly savages, Squanto and Hobomok, hearing of the deed, at once went forth to find the whereabouts of their king whom they really loved. Corbitant, hearing of the presence of the two savages in his village, and knowing their mission, suddenly appeared in the hut in which they were stopping with knife in hand swearing vengeance against them for being friends of the colonists, saying that the white men were weak and dared not interfere with him, even though he killed them both. These and other disdainful remarks against the colonists he continued, all the while threatening Squanto and Hobomok. At length Hobomok fled from the hut and ran all the way to the clearing telling Governor Bradford that Squanto had been killed.

This was about sundown on a Monday in August. Governor Bradford lost no time in calling the men together at the common-house, considering it a serious matter that a savage be killed for being friendly to the colonists. Once the men were assembled, the governor told of the action of the savage Corbitant ending his address by saying, "Now, men, what shall be done?"

I must confess I thought that we were in a perilous

position, furthermore there was little to be done but wait for the outbreak of the savages. But Captain Standish and the governor had different ideas.

After all had spoken, the governor, who had been listening intently, arose saying, "The time has come for action. Our savage foes have driven away King Massasoit and killed Squanto for their friendliness to us. We must not abandon the king nor must we neglect to avenge Squanto. Our future, yea, our lives depend upon our keeping the savages in fear of us. Now that our power has been challenged, we must fight, if needs be to death. What say you, Captain Standish?"

"Governor Bradford," answered Standish, "I am prepared to lead any force you give me into the Narraganset country."

"Not so far, captain," said the governor, "since it is only the head of this Corbitant we wish, and he is near by."

While the candles were burning low in their sockets, the colonists planned to go boldly into the enemies' country. It was furthermore planned that if Corbitant had really killed Squanto, he was to be executed in the presence of his people, his head to be cut off, bringing it back to the plantation, thus giving notice of the lot that would befall their enemies.

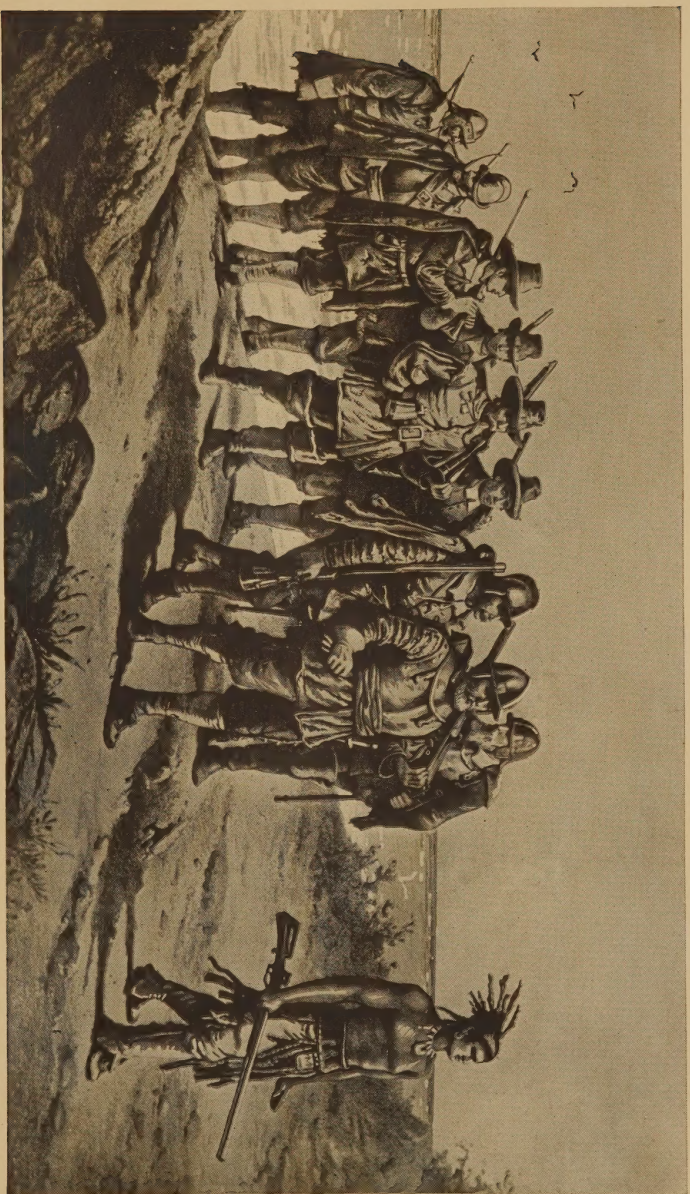
With this arrangement, the men went to their huts to await the call of the drum Tuesday afternoon when the expedition was to start. I had made my plans to go, Captain Standish being only too willing to have me in the party.

Tuesday afternoon we started for the savage village. Lora was in tears, when I left, fearful of a mishap, but I assured her there was no danger and that we would be

back safely by noon the following day. Her voice of caution was still ringing in my ears, when I mounted the log and crossed the brook in full armor, with loaded gun across my shoulder. Every man, woman, and child was at the brookside, and with doleful faces saw us take up our march, single file along the deer path. Ere we were out of sight, the captain halted us and we gave three loud cheers as we swung our caps above our heads, that those whom we left behind might know of our courage.

When the night was full black, Hobomok essayed to lead us to the village, but the darkness so confused him we were plunged into strange places. Then the captain halted us. It was so dark, we could see neither face nor figure of anyone about us, though we could distinguish the presence of each other by the glowing sparks of the match-locks. When all was in confusion with the prospect of failure, one of the men volunteered, if he could locate a certain brook, he could lead the way to the village of Corbitant. So we stumbled over fallen logs and scrambled through the briars and brush, until we were heartily sorry we had trusted ourselves to Hobomok.

Finally coming to the brook, our man found his landmark, leading us across the country whither we knew not, but we walked on in faith. What possessed the captain to do it, I do not know; but before we came to the village, he ordered us to open our bundles and eat. It was a solemn meal. I am free to confess that I was not in a cheerful mood myself as I sat on the ground fumbling through my sack for a bit of stale meat and bread. While I was brooding over our position, an owl hooted sending us to our feet, so nervous were we



EXPEDITION SENT OUT TO AVENGE HOROMOK

at our prospect. Having eaten, we piled our bundles in a heap so that we would not be burdened with unnecessary baggage. Tightening my belt, I pulled my dagger half way out of the case to make sure it was ready.

In light array we moved stealthily through the forests toward the village. As we entered the clearing, the thought of Lora came to me causing me to lag back for an instant, but the little figure in front of me pushed on so that I had no time for other thoughts. We moved stealthily through the darkness until we could make out the rude huts, which seemed like huge hayricks in the gloom.

Quietly we tiptoed until our savage Hobomok pointed out the house where Corbitant dwelt. Without a sound, the men scattered and spread themselves around it. The captain and I stopped at the front, holding fast until we saw the sparks of the guns here and there, indicating the whereabouts of the guards. When the last little glow had completed the circle, Standish, stooping, pulled aside the wicker mat that closed the entrance, disappearing through the opening. As he entered, his sword knocked loudly on the ground; instantly there was a rumble of savage voices.

I made no effort to conceal my presence, but rushed in boldly striking my head in the middle of a man's back. "Slowly, Beaumont, slowly," came the voice of the captain out of the darkness.

"Is Corbitant here? We seek Corbitant," now shouted the captain in a loud voice.

The voices ceased and complete silence reigned in the hut. Whether fear or treachery had bereft the savages of speech we did not know. The captain seeing that English was unknown, shouted to Hobomok to tell the

people not to move; that we were after Corbitant for the killing of our friend, Squanto, and that the women and children would not be disturbed.

While our savage was howling this message in his horrible language, I was at the captain's side. As we stood anxiously awaiting a reply, we heard the rustling of the mats near us, followed by the shouting of the guards, mingled with sundry sword thrusts and cuts.

The captain shouted, "Need thee aid?"

One of our men outside answered, "Some of the people are escaping. Our swords are to stay them."

He answered back, "Fire two muskets."

The roar filled the savages with such fear that there was no further effort to slip away. Again and again the captain made our savage repeat in his tongue, that Corbitant alone was to suffer for the death of Squanto, before one of the scared savages would answer. Then a trembling voice said, that Squanto was alive and unharmed, and that Corbitant and his followers had left the village.

The captain would not believe this, but made Hobomok mount to the roof of the hut and shout the name of Squanto. Squanto answered the call and came running to where we were. He said that though Corbitant threatened to kill him if he did not forswear his relations with the colonists, he finally left him unharmed, and went off with his family to the south.

Standish bade Squanto to come into the hut and stir up the fire that was smouldering in the center of the floor. Crawling through the darkness, Squanto found and threw on the fire a few pieces of wood filling the place with light, showing a motley crowd of men, women, and children, standing together at the opposite

end of the cabin. Seeing the safety that was assured these, I was greatly amused to see a lusty young fellow attempt to crawl in among them calling, "Me woman, me woman."

Both Squanto and Hobomok suddenly became great men, as the Indian women hung about them, calling them "towams," that is friend. In this hurly-burly, the search went on until all the men had been examined and it was surely found that Corbitant had fled. The bows and arrows were taken away, and the savages were made to sit around the fire until morning.

With the coming of the day, the whole force went forth among the huts where Squanto lived, showing our friendliness for him by eating all he had for breakfast. While we dined, the savages who were friendly gathered about us, while those who sympathized with Corbitant, made haste to get away. Captain Standish made a speech to the natives. He said that Massassoit was the colonists' friend and Corbitant was an enemy; furthermore that unless Corbitant stopped stirring up strife, he would return and seize him, even though he fled to the forests.

Then Standish selected a lusty savage and looking at him squarely said, "You go tell Corbitant that unless King Massassoit, our friend, returns in safety from the Narragansets, that we will take revenge on him and his friends."

Turning to Squanto he said further, "Tell this man what I have said, and send him off at once."

Squanto had no sooner gotten the words out of his mouth, than the savage leaped to his feet, fleeing through the brush like a deer, glad enough to make his escape.

Having given this evidence of the steadfastness of our friendship and hatred of our enemies, Captain Standish showed his humanity by having a man and a woman, who were wounded by the guards when fleeing from the hut the night before, brought to him. The poor wretches were trembling with fright. But he soon quieted their fears and made Squanto explain that if they would go back to the great clearing with him, Doctor Fuller would heal their wounds. With a farewell warning to our enemies and a hand-shake for our friends, we departed from the village amid the shouts of the savages and a salute from a couple of guns, so that we left them in kindly humor.

Coming in sight of the great clearing, the captain fired his snap chance announcing our return. We could see the men coming from the field, while the women hurried from the huts. I could see the maiden at the top of the bank, with one hand shading her eyes, looking across the brook. As we followed along the deer path, she came down the hill, mingling with the others who were shouting us a welcome.

There was much calling across the brook as we crowded at the other end of the log, taking our turn of crossing, wanting to know if all was well. One blood-thirsty lad shouted, "Where's Corbitant's head?"

The maiden stood with the rest of the people, but I caught her eye and smiled at her. One by one we crossed the stream and leaped down among the happy colonists, who now wanted to know all about our journey. But the captain was a stickler for discipline and would not let us disperse in such an irregular manner, marching us down to the common-house from whence we started.

The first Harvest Thanksgiving

From two green leaves in early spring, Lora's corn plants took on proper size as the summer went by. As it passed through its various stages of development, she was delighted by its surprises, for its manner of growing was new, being the first we had ever seen. When the green blades were up to her waist, she wondered if it would reach her shoulder. As the sun raised it higher and higher, until the leaves towered above her head, she went amongst the growing grain in astonishment. One evening when the plants were almost full grown, Lora waited for me at the spring. Without permitting me to stop for a drink, she led me into her garden and with pride showed me a soft tassel like silk, that was unfolding itself from the topmost point of a stalk of corn.

"See," she said, "our corn is taking on decorations."

Reaching out to bend its head toward me to see this new novelty, she stayed my hand for fear my roughness might do it injury, "What think you?" she asked expectantly.

I shook my head responding, "I do not know whether the maize hangs down from the tassels like plums or whence it comes. We must wait and see."

This satisfied her, until in the fullness of time green tufts came from the sides of the stalks. This was another period of astonishment and again I was compelled to visit the garden to see the new wonder. By

this time the tassels were standing straight and stiff, so that we knew that the sticks of corn did not grow as pendants from the topmost spikes. While Lora pointed out the new development in the life of the plant, I examined it closely, but I was compelled to admit that I was an ignorant fellow on matters concerning yeomanry. For several days she watched the tufts grow into form without so much as fingering it, then testing its character between her fingers and thumb, and finding a certain hardness, she would have me examine it again.

When I declared, "It is coming on quite well, thank you," she asked, "What is coming?"

"The sticks of corn."

Then she took the soft bunch of husks and squeezed it tenderly as she said, "Truly, Francis, you are right. This is our corn."

Then during September while the corn was green, its tassels crowning its head, the soft husks gave way to great round sticks, thickly studded with grain; and she declared it was beautiful beyond expectation. When October touched its tasseled crown, changing it into a yellow with white pendants swinging in the wind and the tender green blades became bleached and seered; the maiden grew sorrowful at the change, wishing it might be tall and straight and green always.

So we went through the whole lifetime of the corn plant, watching and wondering, until one October day she came to me smiling with both hands behind her back, saying as she approached, "Now, Master Francis, which hand would you choose?"

"Yours, Lora, forever," I replied.

"Nay, not that kind of a hand, but a guessing one," she made answer, blushing deeply.

"Well, Mistress Lora, if I can not get what I wish, I suppose I must be content with what you choose to give me."

Very proudly she brought forth two sticks of corn, saying as she gave them to me, "In the springtime you gave me a stick of corn, I am now repaying you a hundredfold."

Before I could reply, she said, "Come and see our harvest."

Then she led me down to where a little pile of yellow, red, and white sticks lay upon the ground freed of their husks. Proudly she stood in the presence of her harvest, as if it were of precious value. Having surveyed this increase of the land, I noticed a dozen or more beautiful sticks lying to one side as if designed for a special purpose. Pointing to them, I asked, "Lora, is this seed for our own garden, or for the next planting time?"

With a merry twinkle in her eyes, she answered, "What a wise man you are to guess so well. 'Tis true, it is seed corn."

"For our own planting," I insisted; then in the next breath, "Your father has given his consent?"

Her gayety changed to graveness as she replied, "No, he does not consent; but if he should, we can start life together with our own seed corn."

"Lora, if it were not for creating a scandal, I would hug you for your steadfastness."

In perfect astonishment she said as she looked at me, "After your devotion, could you think me so weak as not to be constant to you?"

"Then, Lora, let me speak to your father again, mayhap he will give his consent."

To this, she shook her head, answering in a tone of voice, the meaning of which I did not quite grasp, "Master Allerton comes every evening now to see father, and you know, he thinks well of Master Allerton."

"Perhaps Master Isaac thinks well of you, also."

With a flash of fire in her eye, she turned upon me saying, "If he were a thousand Master Allertons, he could not gain a look from me, let alone a smile. Nay, not for the world would I countenance him, when I have you."

I had no desire to cast suspicion on her love nor could I conceive her otherwise than constant to her heart's desire, which I flattered myself was in my keeping. This she knew full well, so that she soon was smiling at me. Though I persisted in my desire to speak to her father, she would not permit me to do so now. From the garden where lay her harvest, we climbed the bank together coming to the door of her hut, where I bade her farewell for the moment, carrying my two sticks of corn off to my own hut, to be stored away in the chest among my fineries.

As Lora's corn progressed to the time of harvest, so did the one and twenty acres planted by the colonists. From the very first, the fields were watched with anxiety and interest, for upon its progress depended their lives. As Squanto said, the fish thrown in with the seed nourished the plants to strength and sturdiness.

Some of the lads grew a taste for the tender grain when it was soft and creamy. As a matter of fact, Squanto taught the youngsters a trick which got them

into trouble. This was the covering the green and juicy grain with a coating of clay, then throwing it into a bed of hot embers, where it would steam in its juice and come to a sweetness which proved to be a tempting delicacy. It soon came to be source of wonderment to the colonists, how daily the lads carried live coals to the forests and built fires. This mystery was solved by the discovery of missing corn from its stalks. Then the fires were investigated and the sticks of corn lying around stripped of its grain, showed full well who were the depredators of the field. This taste of green corn ended in the severe punishment of several lads, but one of them assured me, it was well worth it.

When the harvest time approached and the size of the reaping was evident, it became necessary to build a granary to hold the increase. It was surprising now with what ease the trees were cut, the logs hauled, and put in place. As I saw the thatching spread quickly over the rafters of the new house, I could not help but think of the terrible struggle of the colonists in the cold and wet of the first house building, and felt thankful, that I was not called upon to endure such labor and hardships.

When the granary was under roof and the corn was ripe, we went among the stalks plucking from them their burden of grain. This we threw in willow baskets of good Dutch making, carrying them full to overflowing down to the new grain house. With what pride I threw down my first basket of corn in one corner of the log house, no one could imagine, unless he had seen the corn tumbling forth, spreading itself upon the straw covered floor. Then when the pile grew higher and higher until it reached the thatching, we

felt as though the wealth of Spain was at our feet. Through these harvest days we toiled with light hearts and contented minds, each one glad to do his part, so that it seemed as if Utopia was here with us in New England, and our house of grain was a temple of gold.

This spirit of peace and contentment prompted Governor Bradford to declare that it was meet that a season of thanksgiving should be enjoyed by those who labored, and that praise be given to Him who had watched over them, bringing plenty to their doors. So on the next Sabbath Day, Elder Brewster solemnly proclaimed that beginning with the following Tuesday, there would be several days of grace and feasting in accordance with the old English custom of harvest festivals, such as they were accustomed to in the North Country, from whence most of them came. I could see the faces of the men lighten, while the women and children smiled openly at the prospects of the gala days.

In the afternoon of this same golden Sabbath Day early in November, I wandered alone to the top of the mount looking over the great clearing and its humble log cottages. There were now eleven thatch-roofed houses, with piles of fire-wood reaching almost to the eaves, giving ample promise that there would be no suffering from the cold of winter. Where formerly the sides of the huts showed straight pine logs, square yellow windows of linen were set in, letting the sunlight within the gloomy rooms. New additions too had been built, converting the one narrow room into two of goodly size, where the women could have some privacy, and the whole household could be comfortable. Even the chimneys were covered with a new coating of clay showing forth in their yellow attire. Then down at the

common-house ready for shipping back to England, were great piles of wainscoting and clapboards, all sawn by hand and borne from the forests on the backs of the men.

There was not one sick or feeble colonist, but every one was restored in health, with his heart beating loud in praise of the wholesomeness of the air, that brought him back to full vigor. This was a different scene now on which I was looking, from that which greeted my eyes less than a year ago, when I stood upon this same spot overlooking the great clearing, then filled with growing rubbish, bleak and deserted. Then we were but a handful of men in full armor, looking for somewhere to rest, and a landing-place for the sick and lonely colonists, who lay in the ship at Cape Cod. Across this clearing we moved fearful of the forests, fearful of the savages, fearful of the frosts. Sick at heart and in body, we sailed out through the narrow gate of the harbor back to the ship at Cape Cod, and brought it hither through gales, and the chill of the winter, with its burden of distressed and feeble people.

The memory of those days sunk into my very flesh, making me shiver with their horrors. It hardly seemed possible, that order and plenty could come out of such misery in such a short time. As I saw the smoke rising from every chimney, the great clearing bathed in the golden light of the setting sun, and caught a glimpse of the yellow corn in the storehouse, I felt my blood stir within me, as I thought, that I had done my part in bringing forth this season of plenty.

While I was dreaming and looking, I saw a figure in gray and white in the dooryard of the Brewsters. Then my heart grew thankful for the maiden that she was no

longer in the throes of sickness, that the dread of the savages no longer hung over her head, that she would not want for food when the snow came again, and, that, with patience, I would in time have her as queen of my own hut.

Even as I looked, the last rays of the setting sun gilded the thatched roofs of the huts with its shining light. The woodland haze of autumn hung low with purple tints around the clearing, on the hilltops the oaks were turning brown, while the maples flung aloft their radiant hues of red and yellow in great profusion. Again my heart turned warm and thankful, that I could see the beauties of this woodland scene, furthermore, that I had tasted of the toil of this land and had not gone back to England to lose myself in indolence and pleasure.

As I held communion with myself, I felt a pang of sorrow for my gallant friend, the Earl of Devonshire, to think that he never knew such pleasures as I was now enjoying; and I vowed that I would not exchange my lot for his with his ideas of life, were a castle in every shire of England to be added to his estates.

There was great excitement on Monday morning as the colonists arose to make ready for the harvest festival and season of thanksgiving, which the elder had proclaimed from the pulpit the previous day. It was allotted to the captain and me with two others to secure the game and fowl, so that we were abroad before the sun in search of deer, turkeys, pigeons, and partridges. By noon we had made such carnage, we were compelled to send for help to bring in the store of game. In the afternoon we went deeper into the forests killing two bucks, fat and in good condition; one we strung up, the other we brought in with us. I must say that for once

I had my fill of shooting, for the four of us killed sufficient to last fifty Englishmen for three days of wasteful eating.

While the men were searching the forests and the sea, the women folks were busy in the huts over their bake pans and ash ovens, and wrought many delicacies out of wheat and rye flour and the golden corn in the granary. Such pleasant odors had never blessed the air of this clearing, as came forth from every hut, as the women vied with each other in their chimney-corners.

As I came home from hunting this Monday evening, worn and tired, I was surprised to see the light leaking through the cracks of my door. Throwing it open with haste, there on my hearthstones was a fire bidding me a warm welcome. Advancing to the center of the hut, I found on my table a great round cake with here and there a raisin and a piece of citron showing from its well-browned sides. Tired as I was, I drew up my chair and with my head on my two hands and my elbows on the table, I sat and looked at my good fortune. Shortly I awoke to the fact, that there was a slip of paper on the table along side of the dainty, and in Lora's hand was written, "Francis Beaumont, his harvest cake."

It seemed that while I was out in the woods, Lora had persuaded Priscilla Mullins into going with her to the hut, cleaning it and setting a fire going. The cake I knew full well was from Lora alone, and I suspected, that she was the chief conspirator in perpetrating this scene of order.

Weary as I was, I had Standish come and view my hut under a woman's touch and see the cake as it stood

with glowing enticement in the center of the table under the firelight. After he had stood on the hearthstones with his back to the fire, looking around the well-cleaned room the while, I made bold to say, "What think you of Lora?"

With sadness in his voice, he answered, "She had but one equal, and she is no more."

So we stood together before the blazing fire and blessed the works of one woman and the name of another, until our weariness overcoming us, we were finally driven to our sleeping-rugs.

The haze of a November morning set a softness upon the hills and mellowed the bright colors of the falling leaves, as it called every man, woman, and child out into their dooryards with the joy of living high within them. Governor Bradford, being a yeoman, had no such high notions of dress as did Governor Carver; and was content upon this gala day with a black cloak thrown over a doublet of brown, primly buttoned to his chin with new trousers and stockings of the same coloring. But not since King Massassoit came to the clearing, however, had the people taken on such colors in their dress as they did this morning, so that the goodness that was within them broke forth not only in song, but in raiment as well.

Since others were bedecking themselves in bright colors, I betook myself to a few of my quieter ones, which were still stored away in my chests. My selection of doublet, cloak, trousers, and stockings were orderly enough, however, not to offend those who did not have them in such goodly quality. Besides I was to join in the festivities of the day as a freeman of the

colony, so that I did not wish to flout myself in their faces in an unseemly manner.

With the sound of the rolling drum, I hurriedly threw on my cloak and hastened to the door. The captain had preceded me and was well on his way to the common-house. I was in no great hurry, hanging back so that I might, if possible, go with the maiden down to the meeting-house. This pleasure I missed, for as I was walking along the path leisurely, I saw her come forth from a hut with Priscilla Mullins, with whom she was still chatting when I came up to them.

She was wearing this day a new French hood, showing her brown hair upon her forehead. There was a bit of lace about the edge of her white neckcloth, both ends of which were tucked in the folds of her new lavender colored dress, so that she was white and lavender this morning, instead of gray and white which she had worn constantly since the landing. She had grown tall and graceful, and the flush of her cheek told of the health that the soft air had brought her. With her head thrown back and face lighted with the spirit of this new country, I thought Lora more beautiful than ever. She gave me a cheery "Good morrow" which I returned gladly. Then in a gracious manner she made a place by her side, where I tarried until the festivities began.

Most of the colonists having been farmers in the north of England, now betook themselves to the custom of that section of the country in celebrating the bringing in of the last harvest sheaf. First a wicker basket was carried into the common-house, from my own chest I brought many colored ribbons which I now handed

to Lora and Priscilla. Quite fantastically they festooned the basket until it was as gay as the people in its attire. Whilst we stood around and made suggestions, the maidens finished their tasks with more than one youth looking with envious eyes upon them. Our two savages, Squanto and Hobomok, were no longer half savage and half English in their dress, but were clad from head to foot with woven stuff to match the best of us.

When the basket was in readiness the two maidens lifted it from the ground, holding it between them while the colonists fell in two by two behind them. For a moment we stood in silence, then there arose in full song that stirring processional, "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof, the world and they that dwell therein."

As we marched, we sang, filling the clearing with music. From the path, the procession turned into the corn-field. Coming to where the corn was on the stalk, the two maidens stopped, setting the basket upon the ground. Again there was silence and all stood still until the thankfulness of the people broke forth in singing.

As the notes of the psalm began, Lora and Priscilla each plucked a stick dropping it in the basket, then stood aside so that those who followed might pluck and deposit their corn. So we sang while each one, including Squanto and Hobomok, harvested his corn, dropping it in the wicker basket, until the last ear had been gathered. The burden of the full basket being past the strength of the maidens, Master Allerton and John Alden came forth and gravely raised the basket between them. With quickened step, we marched

back through the field and down the path to the granary singing a song of thankfulness.

Having finished the marching psalm, the governor bade all kneel in a half circle around the front of the granary. The elder sent up a petition of thanksgiving for the riches of the earth, forest, and sea which had been so bountifully poured on the people. While the elder prayed some of the men looked at the corn showing clean and yellow between the logs; the lads eyed the maidens, while others looked away into the forests; but most of them held their eyes devoutly to the earth, each one bearing a thankful heart for what he was then beholding.

When the elder ceased, Lora approached the granary, unfastening and throwing open its door. Governor Bradford promptly came forward and plucking a stick from the basket, threw it into the grain-house. So one by one we who had gathered the corn took up a stick and threw it into the granary until only two sticks were left. Priscilla, blushing sweetly, gently dropped one of these in the storehouse.

Lora now stood forth holding the last stick of corn, ere she did her part. With her head thrown back and singing the words of praise, she dropped the last sheaf of harvest into the granary, closed the door, locked it and carried the key to the governor.

When this simple ceremony had been completed, all stood with bowed heads as again they sang, "The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in, from this time forth and even forever more." So was garnered the first harvest from the field of the great clearing, and safely housed, amidst the songs of praise of the people.

While the women hurried back to their chimney-corners where the ash pans, baking pans and spits were bearing burdens of cakes and fowls, the men and boys made haste to carry the tables to the common-house where we were all to feast together. It was the rule of harvest festivals that every one was upon equal footing, so that the quality, commonality, and servants were all alike this day in scurrying around to get the tables and pewter platters together. Two tables were erected across the common-house, showing white with cloths in preparation for the coming feast, while from every hut came steaming dishes, hot with the juice of fowl and venison.

Standing in front of the common-house, I saw Lora coming down the path with a great burden of good things so I made haste to go to her relief. She was out of breath when I reached her, saying, "Lora, that is a heavy load of goodies."

"You should see what there is to come," she answered.

She would have gone back for more but I wanted to walk with her, so I persuaded her to go to the common-house with me, where we came amidst the confusion of the arrival of other dainties from other huts at the same time. On our way back we met her father burdened with a roast turkey. Coming to her door, I hesitated to enter. Lora noticed my hesitancy, coming quickly to me, she pleaded, "Please, come in."

I could not withstand her voice. As the door was open, I entered to be confronted by her mother. The matron was gracious enough, but I thought not over-encouraging.

Receiving my burden, I came forth with a cake of

corn on one arm and a wheat cake on the other, followed by Lora and her mother carrying platters of carrots, turnips, and green vegetables of their own raising. We arrived at the common-house in the midst of a babble of tongues. The two tables were filled with pewter and wooden platters, on which were ducks, turkeys, venison, and fish of several varieties. Such profusion of meats I had never seen except at great feasts in English halls. Squanto and Hobomok stood against the walls with their hands behind their backs, no doubt to keep from snatching a morsel from a platter, wondering how long they would be confronted by such temptations before falling.

Such hungriness this new or the old country rarely saw, as that which possessed the men and boys, as they stood around the entrance to the common-house, mocked by the heavily laden tables within. Governor Bradford was the master of ceremonies, going in and out much to the envy of some, who announced loudly, were they once within, they would never be routed out. In due time the last platter arrived and word was given by the governor to enter. There was some disorder as the hungry men and young lads endeavored to gain a seat near their favorite dishes. Following the tide of this onward current of hungriness, I came in last and was compelled to sit at the end of a table and see Master Allerton occupy a favored place next to Lora. I confess that I was greatly disappointed, since I had hopes of somehow gaining her side. She was seated between her father and Master Allerton and I thought looked uncomfortable.

As the plates of the men were filled, there fell a lull over the feasting crowd. Each one being busy with

satisfying his own particular appetite, I could not help but notice Squanto and Hobomok who lay to the right and left, sparing neither fowl nor venison, until they had a wholesome platter in front of them ready for devouring.

Lora scanned the faces along the table; discovering me at the foot and seeing my glum face, she smiled. I mustered up sufficient spirit to return her greeting. Shortly she grew restless. Then I saw her arise as if she would serve the men nearest her. Extending her field of service from one to another, she finally came to me and asked, "Master Beaumont, what would you have?"

"Mistress Lora, turkey would please me."

She brought me the breast of a fowl at the same time gave me a gentle pressure of her hand. Then she went from one man to another, every one accepted something from her, feeling complimented by it. Once her father called her, but she made excuse that she must see the men all cared for, refusing to be seated again.

There was no staying of men's hands this day until their stomachs called quits, even our two savages showing signs of defeat, though they looked at the food that had been left longingly. Though the tables were filled with wrecks of fowls and roasts, when the last man arose (which was Squanto), there was left ample to feed them all again. One by one, the men made their escape. Once out in the open I saw the oldest Billington lad enticing Squanto behind the storehouse. I was a little curious as to what mischief was abroad, so shortly happening around that way, I found the lad with the savage's pipe between his lips drinking tobacco.

The lad did not see me at first, drawing in the smoke

and blowing it from his mouth quite deftly. He jumped as I said, "Ho! Ho! my lad, trying savage tricks?"

Quite impudently he replied, "Well, I saw Father drinking tobacco only yesterday," and went on blowing smoke from him.

Now that we were like stuffed partridges, some one suggested stool ball. This brought forth stools from every hut, until we had at least a dozen in a circle on the smoothest part of the path with a man on each one and a chieftain in the center. As the chieftain tossed the ball towards a stool, it was the duty of its occupant to prevent it from striking his chair, at the same time sending it as far as he could with the palm of his hand. While the chieftain chased the ball, the men exchanged stools. If the chieftain struck a man with the ball or even crossed his path, the party so struck, resigned his stool taking his place in the center of the ring. While some played stool ball, others pitched the bar or tried their hands at quoits, so that the path was a scene of great activity.

When the women and maidens had cleared the banquet and were ready to play the part of spectators, Captain Standish had the drummer beat "to arms." There was a hustling in the huts for guns, swords, and the other paraphernalia, likewise some handsome running with them to the house. There we were mustered in an orderly manner much to the delight of the younger colonists. My military training in Holland gave me the position of a lieutenant in the company.

When the captain placed himself at the head of his command and the drum was beating furiously, I drew my sword with a flourish and took my place as well.

First we marched in columns with the men wandering awkwardly all over the path. When we essayed to march "company front," the yeomen soldiers could not keep step, the line becoming so twisted that the captain had to halt them to unfold the tangle. Though we were unable to march straight or together, still the women folks looked with admiring eyes upon us.

The festivities of the day were carried into the night under the light of candles and betty lamps. As the captain and I went down to the elder's, we heard the people singing merrily in the hut. The Brewster house was well filled when we arrived, but Lora was looking for us and found us comfortable seats in the chimney-corner.

I wanted to stop in the shadows in the back of the room, but she would not have it, insisting that I come forth to the chosen corner. The father received me with some favor, though it was evident that he was not ready to take me into his fold. Governor Bradford and Master Edward Winslow coming shortly, I gave up my seat and went forth into the open air. Much to my surprise, Lora followed me.

Then I said, "Lora, you will be missed from your friends."

She replied, "I would rather be with you than in the house."

So we wandered down to the landing rock on the beach looking across the moonlit harbor. Lora was in a happy mood and I was equally thankful. Now that we had corn and good prospects of ample food, I wished to press our affairs to an early conclusion. As we were standing listening to the waters lapping with low sounds upon the beach, I said, "Lora, how long,

fancy you, must I wait to gain your father's consent?"

"Francis, dear," she answered, "know you how long Jacob toiled for his love?"

"Nay, Lora, I vow I am not learned in that matter."

"Fourteen years," she replied.

"Fourteen years!" I exclaimed. "Lora, you would not punish me like that."

"Nay, Francis, I would have Father mend his feelings towards you, if he would."

"If he does not?"

She replied, "Then I shall have done my duty in waiting a reasonable time. After that I shall come to you. But, Francis, you must be patient, for it will break father's heart for me to go against his will."

"Lora, I will be patient enough; but you must hasten the time."

When we walked back to her hut, the people were still singing their song of thanksgiving. Coming opposite the Billington house, I saw a faint glow in the dooryard which came and went in a puzzling manner; then the thought came to me, that Father John was stealing a drink at the tobacco plant through Squanto's pipe.

Early the next morning, King Massassoit and ninety of his people came stalking down the path through the great clearing on their way to the common-house. The governor would not keep all the good things for the colonists, but generously offered to divide with his poorer neighbors. Accordingly a messenger had been dispatched the day before to the camp of the king, who was not far away, inviting him and his people to be guests at the harvest festival. They lost no time, but came quickly, lest the provisions were all eaten.

The colonists having become undeceived by the fiction of royalty which they bestowed upon Massassoit at the first meeting with him, now knew that he was a poor savage with uncertain power even over his own people. So there was no show of greeting him as he led his people down to the common-house. The savages being without provisions, the remains of our first feast were set before them. They made haste to juggle with the meat, until only the bones were left, whetting their teeth upon them ere they left off.

Governor Bradford ordered a midday feast for the savages, which the women began to prepare while the men continued their sports and pastimes. All morning long we played at stool ball, the Indians standing around unmoved by such foolings. Then we tested them at the game, but they liked the stools so well they refused to move from them, sitting like statues when the ball was struck out of the circle. Then we drilled for the savages, showing the marches and the counter marches of the soldiers of Europe, which they watched with interest. But when we came charging and yelling down hill, firing a volley from our guns; they scattered in every direction; some taking refuge behind the huts, while others ran across the clearing, darting into the woods as though we were in hot pursuit. The fleeing savages cut such ridiculous figures, some of our men were wont to laugh, but it was too serious a matter for light treatment on our part. It required all the persuasive power of the captain to get King Massassoit from behind Winslow's hut, where he had fled for safety. When he understood through Squanto, that we were but making a spectacle in his honor; he came into the path quickly, calling his followers back with him.



THE FIRST THANKSGIVING

At noontime we came from the plays to the common-house where the tables were filled with a double burden of meats and breads. Our own larder was now so well filled that this assortment was no strain upon it; indeed we were glad to have some one's aid in consuming what we had gathered since there was not a market for the surplus. After the scare in the morning, we had trouble in getting the savages to follow us, so fearful were they of treachery. But the king and a few of his underlings came with us to the tables, taking their places in an orderly manner. Massassoit, arrayed in his horseman's red cotton coat, sat next to Governor Bradford.

Being curious to see the savage ruler at his meals, I watched him closely. As a matter of fact, he was bewildered by the use of platters and knives, looking upon both as novelties, which to his mind were unnecessary tools in the work of eating. At first he simply looked at them, then endeavored to follow the governor, grasping his knife to strip the meat from the breast bone of a turkey. He made a cut or two quite decently, so that I had hopes that all was well with His Majesty; but the results evidently were not satisfying to his kingship. Looking around and seeing the colonists were wielding their knives, he made another try with his own. Failing again his savage appetite arose above his manners; dropping the knife he seized the bone with both hands. Though he was soon shining with grease from ear to ear, he had a smile of contentment, which told of his satisfaction with his own way of eating, likewise, of English cooking.

While his majesty dined at the table, his subjects ate sitting cross legged on the ground or upon the logs. Knives they refused, while the platters they considered

of little value; plucking the meat and bread from them, then casting them aside. There was such ravishing of the provisions by the savage friends, the governor made a sign for his subjects to withhold themselves for fear of the supply running out. There was a scowl on the faces of some, who feign would stop their attack; but the governor quieted them by saying that those who would be denied to-day would be filled to-morrow.

With this offer of an extra feast, the colonists quit the table to make way for the savage guests; who, having finished their first helping, now stood around for more. Seeing that their king was satisfied with his safety after much coaxing the whole party crowded around the tables. There was one swoop by the savage horde and only the boards were left. The lusty ones, taking whole turkeys and by dint of much twisting and breaking across their knees, performed the dissection of the fowls in a neat and urgent manner.

The women who stopped to serve the savages stood in amazement at this sudden clearing of the tables. There was a broad smile on Lora's face, for she saw the humor of the scene, and could not conceal her mirth. As there was nothing left for the women to do, they quietly slipped away leaving the savages, who were too deeply engaged to notice their departure.

Governor Bradford would not trust our savage friends with the brandy, as he was well aware of their taste for it. To gratify this whim somewhat, he ordered the Winslow silver pitcher filled with half water and half spirits. King Massassoit was granted the first mug, then each of his subjects followed, until the whole ninety were filled with food and strong waters. Having given of our sports and hospitality, the savages were

moved to return the compliment by dancing, as they did the Sabbath day in April, when first they came into the clearing.

As they sat in a circle giving forth their cries and shouts, whilst the dancers grimaced and stamped the ground, I thought they had not improved in their gracefulness or harmony, since the last time I saw and heard them. As the strong waters began to work, the music grew into a fierce chant, and the dance into a tumult. Governor Bradford could no longer keep his face straight, while the less discreet colonists broke out in laughter.

While Lora was watching this scene of savagery, I made my way to her saying, "Lora, what think you of this dancing?"

She replied, "I do not fancy their dancing-master, do you?" We stood and watched their wild gesticulations and leapings until we tired of the noise, then I went with her to the common-house to aid in gathering together the family pewter.

Our harvest festival lasted all the rest of the week. The savages scattered through the woods, hunting with such diligence as to bring in five fat deer. Standish was now a big man in their eyes. I was in his house one morning, when a lusty savage with a deer on his shoulder stepped inside and threw the buck on the floor. Without waiting for as much as a "thank you," he turned and left us. I laughed and said, "Standish, they are propitiating the war god."

He good naturedly replied, "These savages think I eat deer as well as gunpowder."

When Saturday morning broke clear and cool, every one was glad that the last day of feasting was to be a

bright one. We were at stool ball, quoits, and other games all the morning, while the women labored over the farewell feast. When the noon approached, there was the same hungry crowd of white men and savages looking in the door of the common-house at the goodies on the table. Our savage guests by this time had no fear, these days of entertainment having won their confidence completely. When the crowd of Englishmen and savages pushed its way into the common-house, there was barely room to stand. But we were in a gay mood and helped ourselves bountifully.

When the feast was finished and the last bone had been picked, the governor took Massasoit by the hand bidding him, "Adieu." Very sorrowfully His Majesty and his subjects left the great clearing, for they had never had such eating and drinking in all their lives. For a time open rebellion was threatened in the ranks of the king, some of the savages wishing to linger, making faces about the command to depart, but the king after much talk gathered all his ninety subjects about him. We escorted them down to the brookside. As they crossed the log bridge and fell into straggling procession along the deer path we gave a mighty shout followed by a volley of our guns. Through the rising smoke, we could see them hurrying along and we stopped long enough to see the last of the dusky forms disappear among the trees.

As the sun drew near the treetops on the western hills, we put away the stools and balls. The common-house which had been the scene of such activities was closed and deserted. There was still a joke and a jest on the lips of a few of the sturdiest, but most of the people were satiated and were glad to seek the seclu-

sion of their huts. The gravity of the leaders was once more upon them, and they were no longer in humor to speak lightly. Twilight was descending upon the great clearing. When the shadows of the night shut in the forests, the captain stopped in to give me my colored ribbons which had festooned the harvest basket. I threw them carelessly upon my sleeping-rugs.

Walking to my door, I looked down the path and could see the smoke curling up gracefully from the chimneys. Peace and plenty were in every abode; the Spirit of the Universe now stole into the heart of the great clearing, wrapping it in its folds of contentment and the creeping silence of the night. So ended the first harvest festival.

The Coming of the Ship Fortune

In the midst of the festivities of the previous week, I had been thrown in contact with the elder many times, and he seeming kindly disposed, I determined to speak to him about Lora. My opportunity came sooner than I had expected, for, as I was at the spring early Monday morning after the festival, I met him face to face. He seemed unusually cordial.

At all events I was firm in my convictions that I had proven my worthiness of Lora's love, so that I had no hesitancy in saying, "Elder Brewster, I have no desire to be disagreeable to you, but I love Lora as you know full well, and I wish to make her my wife."

"Master Beaumont," he replied, "you have truly denied yourself all things, and I know better than Lora or anyone else in the colony what your sacrifices have been. I am not unkindly to you but only fair to my daughter, when I say, I can not give her to you willingly."

"But I have given up all for Lora, I have abandoned my friends, my opportunities of advancement, even my family. Could a man do more?"

"True, Master Beaumont, you have done all these for the present; but once you and Lora are one, perhaps then you will tire of this country and its lowliness, and will once more return to England and its pleasures. I have seen the shallowness of English life, and I say to you, that I would rather see Lora in her grave than

send her back to such an ungodly life through tenderness of heart on my part."

Somehow I felt the father was in the right and I knew full well that if I had such a prize in my household, I would keep it as long as I could. But I could not abandon my hope of conquest of him so easily, so I opened my attack at another point by saying, "Lora's love is in my keeping and she will never, never place it in another's."

The elder did not answer me at once, but sat looking up into the willows, as if he were hesitating about delivering his mind. Having settled this point, he turned to me saying, "Master Beaumont, I wish to be frank with you. As you know, you are not my choice of a husband for Lora. I would choose some one of our own church and faith—some one of our own people."

Then of a sudden it came to me that Master Isaac Allerton was his choice and, like a schoolboy, I said, "Some one like Master Allerton?"

"Master Allerton, if Lora would choose him, would meet my consent."

"If she did not?" I asked.

"Then she would always find a place at home."

I could see that he was determined against me, so I said, "Elder Brewster, what would you have me do to gain your goodwill?"

Then he spoke to me gently but firmly, "Master Beaumont, the ancient traditions of your family are still strong within you. For the moment you have suppressed and restrained them, but like a tide they will rise sooner or later and make you sorry that you had ever taken a lowly maiden as a wife. It is to protect you from such a time, and protect Lora from such a

sorrow, that I am not content that you should take her. You have shown yourself a man, and it gives me pleasure to know that you see such charms in a daughter of mine. You ask me aught that you can do to gain my consent, I must say to you that it is not in your power to wipe out the past, for it is in your blood, and larger than your life."

"But, Elder Brewster, look at me," I was in earnest, bringing my clinched fist against my breast that he might see my own personality.

Without an unkind note in his voice, he said, "You are a man, better than your ancestors but still a part of them."

Though the bitterness of defeat surged up within me, and I was moved to turn from him, my love for Lora prompted me to offer him my hand. He took it in the spirit that I offered it. I was tempted greatly to press my suit, but I held my tongue. The elder went his way, while I sat down on the curbing of the spring to think over my prospects. Lora, who had seen us talking, came for water as quickly as she dared without attracting attention.

In an instant she saw that I was under restraint with her. As she looked up into my face, I could not steel myself against her if I would, so I said, "Lora, I have seen your father."

"Oh, Francis, why did you? Why did you?" at the same time grasping my arm as if in great excitement.

"Lora, I thought perhaps his heart was softened towards me, so that he would listen to me."

"It is, Francis, but he has fancies of my loving some of our people. When once he finds I will not give you up, perhaps he will give his consent."

"But, Lora, I am not willing to be played with for all time. He has just told me if you would not have one of your people, you could stay at home. Lora! Sweetheart! It is unfair."

"Listen, Francis dear, I would go to the ends of the earth for you, with or without the consent of Father. Please do not drive me to it. Abide with me awhile, until some goodly time arises." She was pleading so earnestly, I could not help but swallow my bitterness.

"Lora, dear, I do not want to take you from this new country. I am content with you here."

"Francis, even though I would marry you, whom would we get to perform the ceremony in this clearing without Father's consent?"

This had not occurred to me. Though the marriage services were performed by magistrates and not ministers, still Governor Bradford was the only magistrate. He would never go contrary to the wishes of his friend, the elder; and it was weeks of sailing across the ocean to England to the next nearest magistrate. She saw my play of thought and again pleaded with me to be patient, assuring me when the time came, she would act with me quickly. The bitterness melted away under her smiles and I went back to my hut ready to love and wait for her, as patiently as I could.

Coming in from the forests at noonday on the Wednesday following the harvest festival, I was surprised to see a crowd in front of the common-house. Hailing the captain, he told me there was a French ship at anchorage at Cape Cod. A friendly savage, who had seen the vessel, had run all the way to tell of its arrival. The colonists not expecting assistance from England after the quarrel with Master Weston at Southampton,

Governor Bradford was fearful that it was a French expedition from Canada, to dispute their entrance into this northern country.

The captain bade me get my snap chance and bullets in order, likewise to have an ear for signals in case I should be away from the clearing. I was very much disturbed and waited around most of the afternoon. I had urged Lora that if we were attacked, she was to retreat up the deer path to the Governor's Rock near Billington's Sea. To this she would not consent, but said that her duty was in the clearing where she could see what was happening, and, if needs be, render aid.

On the morrow, I laid my gun, bandolier, sword, and dagger on the bed in the hut and went off in the forests. I was hardly in the harness, when I was startled by the sound of the signal cannon. Coming up to my hut, I flung my powder and bullet belt across my shoulder and buckled on my sword as I went on my way. I could see the white sails of the Frenchman off in the distance, as it made its way towards the harbor.

Lora was waiting for me and with pale face said, she would be near me in case of danger. Though I would have her away, she would not go back to her hut but followed me bareheaded down to the common-house. There I found every man and boy who could carry a gun or sword. Though there was some confusion and nervousness, it soon gave way to a spirit of confidence. After a conference with the governor, Captain Standish decided to move us into the Little-field-that-overlooked-the-sea where we had a free outlook. With the drum beating its martial music, the little company took up its march. The captain drew up his soldiers in line and bade them load their guns and keep their matches burn-

ing brightly. Back of us were the frightened women. Though they could not fight, they were too brave to stay in their huts in safety.

There was no difficulty in seeing the ship, as it came straight on with well filled sails. Having seen service, the captain asked me to go down to the beach with him to select the first stand to dispute the enemy's landing. Shouldering my snap chance, I walked with him along the shore. From time to time, we stopped and looked at the ship endeavoring to tell by its gear whether it was English or French; but neither of us were of the sea, so we found little information in our looking. As there was not a tree or stump along the shore back of which our men could lie, we decided to stop where we were.

Having planned our campaign, we went back to where our thin and ragged line of soldiers stood. The women with blanched faces were mingling with them. Then the captain and I did a heartless thing, for we sent the women from the men, for who can run the perils of warfare with wife and sweetheart in his mind.

Lora, deeming danger near, cast aside all effort of concealing her affection for me, clung to my arm, and begged me to be careful. Tenderly I pushed her aside and went back to my duty. By this time the vessel had come so close to the land that we could see the topmost spars above the tops of the trees on the outer beach. There was a speck of a flag flying, and we longed that we might tell whether it was the cross of England, or the lilies of France.

As the vessel emerged from behind the long beach and came into the clear water within the harbor, our men took up their guns and made ready for the en-

counter. Our suspense would soon be over for the sails fluttered down from their fastenings, leaving the mast tall and bare, as the anchors plunged into the sea. Again and again we endeavored to pick out the color of the flag, but the distance was too great. As the tide was in, the strangers lost no time in getting a boat into the sea, this movement causing the men again to blow their matches.

The women refused to stay behind the men, but moved off to the left, and stood on the bank looking with anxious eyes at the ship's boat, which was now well across the harbor. The captain gave his last instructions. As the boat drew nearer and nearer, our soldiers became weary and nervous, shifting their guns from side to side and blowing hurriedly at their matches. The captain spoke to them in his commanding way. We could see the sailors in the boat but failed to distinguish their arms. I called the attention of Captain Standish to this, but he said they could easily hide their guns in the bottom of the boat.

Standish full of uncertainty, left the command with me, while he and the governor made their way down to the rock. All the time, the boat came on boldly. As it approached dangerously near for an enemy, I heard the captain hail, "What ship is that?"

"The Fortune of London," was the answer.

Instantly my command became unmanageable and went hurrying down the bank wild with joy. The women rushed forward waving shawls and kerchiefs, while the men shouted themselves hoarse. Being deserted by my soldiers, I hastened to the beach.

As the boat came up to the rock, I heard Lora exclaim, "Jonathan, Jonathan."

Clasping my arm, she exclaimed excitedly, "See, there is my brother Jonathan."

The charges, pounded down the muzzle of the guns for an enemy, were now let loose. Through the cloud of smoke, the boat dashed up to the rock, its occupants scrambling over the side into the arms of their friends. Such a welcome, no long lost relatives ever received, as was showered upon the new arrivals. Lora was tearful in her joy, while Edward Winslow greeted his brother John with deep affection. Governor Bradford welcomed a grave dignified man with such fervor, I asked one of the men who it was.

He replied, "Master Robert Cushman, who quit us at Plymouth and went back to London in the smaller vessel."

With their hearts filled with joy, the old colonists escorted their friends up the pathway carrying their chests between them. Lora soon espied me and made haste to bring her brother Jonathan to greet me. I could see that he had his suspicions of our relations, so that he was even forward with his notice of me. Like a maiden from school, she showed him the thatched roofs of the huts.

I could see the brother's face fall, as he said, "You live in such mean huts!"

"Truly, and with joy in our living," was her reply.

Falling behind, I heard others of the newcomers find fault with the houses, until I became indignant. There was no thought of work in the minds of the colonists, the rest of the day being given over to the gossip of the new and old country.

I took my gun and strolled off through the woods. As I came across the clearing at dusk, I saw the lights

of the vessel off in the distance, and thought that once more I was in touch with England. The candles and betty lamps were lighted and the mirth of the harvest festival was once more abroad in the great clearing. When I pulled my sleeping-rugs up close to my chin, my last recollections were the songs of welcome to the newcomers.

These songs were soon changed to graver notes when the colonists heard that the thirty-five colonists of the "Fortune," not only did not have supplies to carry them through the winter, but did not have so much as a frying pan. Most of them were young lads who sold their extra clothes at Plymouth, that they might enjoy its pleasures. They were a poor lot without clothing or food. But this did not dampen the ardor of the colonists, who took them into their homes and hearts, dividing their corn and comforts with them.

The newcomers fell foul of Governor Bradford early in their career, for on the morrow when the old colonists went off early to their labors, some of them essayed to go along and sit in idleness. The governor soon put an end to the dreamers, causing tools to be given them so that they could join in the labor.

The captain of the Fortune had no mind of stopping with us during the winter. As soon as the chests of the passengers were ashore, he made haste to put on board the planks, wainscoting, and other woods that had been prepared. Though the timber cargo was large, the stock of furs was small, consisting of only several hog-heads.

I went aboard once while the ship lay in the harbor just to see what it looked like in the roundhouse. Instantly it was bruited about that "Master Beaumont was

for England." Though I went to my labors as usual, I could see that the colonists expected me to lose my interest in the clearing and sail away.

On the eve of December twenty-third, I looked across the harbor at the distant ship's lights. On the morrow it was to take its flight for England. Though I could have gone and been welcome on board, I had no idea in that direction. My sacrifices and toils made me see life through different eyes, than the ones which saw such pleasures in the dissipations and life in England. Then my love for Lora brought me a gladness, which I knew awaited me, nowhere else in this world except in her presence. I was glad to see the lights; I was glad to know that we were not forgotten; but I turned away from the ship and looked into my blazing fire with a pleasure that bound me to it in its simple lowliness.

On the morrow I went with the people to the beach and saw the ship go forth from the harbor on its way to my old home. Some of the people looked at me seriously, as if they were surprised at my presence. Lora made bold to come and stand as near to me as she could. She was in good spirits and had the laughing humor in her eyes.

There was no following of this vessel with tearful eyes and sad hearts as at the first sailing. Though the cannons exchanged salutes and the people waved a distant farewell, it was a pastime compared with the tragedy of the first departure. From the beach the people turned to a full storehouse and houses made comfortable by a year's labor and toil.

I walked with Lora up the path. So long as other people were around, she was quiet and demure. When we had fallen back and were the last of the procession,

she seized my arm and affectionately said, "Francis, dear, I am glad that you did not go."

"Go? Where?"

"Back to England."

"Back to England?" I repeated stopping suddenly and facing her.

"Forgive me, Francis, for speaking of it, for I never thought it for a moment, I knew that you would not leave me here alone."

"What ails you, Lora? What makes you speak so?"

Then she faltered, saying, "Father thought and, I suspect, hoped, that you would not tarry longer. Though he did not speak to me, I saw him eyeing you curiously after you returned from the ship. He fancied, so did others, that your heart was set on England; but I knew, Francis dear, that your heart was strong and full of courage. If you should have come to me, though it would have broken my heart, I could not have bid you tarry longer."

Then coming closer and looking up into my face, she said, "Your love for me is past my understanding, but it is of unsurpassing sweetness."

If you could have seen her at that moment, you would have agreed with me that no sacrifices were too great to enjoy the privilege of living in her presence. As we came to her house, I was not content to let her go from me, so together we went down to the spring and there stood among the willows.

Christmas season was now upon me, for the colonists did not permit its merriments to burden them. I fancied that the elder was right when he said the ancient manners were in my blood and would assert themselves. For as I sat at my fireside on Christmas eve, for the first

time in many months, did I give myself up to dreaming of home and friends. All day long I had been peevish and restless. Once alone I built a fire, and sat down in my armchair. There was little solace in its blaze. Crossing the floor, I opened the door hoping a view of the clearing and the forests would cool my brain. This failing me, I went back to the fire, rife with discontent.

As I sat poking into the embers, the thought came to me that it was Christmas Eve, then my mind gave way to the scenes of that season. I could see the Lord of Misrule surrounded by his merry court take possession of Beaumont Hall. Now the laughter and shouts of this crew of pleasure seekers filled the feasting chamber. Then the faces of many damsels came out of the past, some of whom I had long since forgotten; but I saw them now in long array, as we swung down the ball-room floor, all young and handsome. Once more, I was in my velvets—the gayest beau of them all. I could hear the sweet strains of the music as we danced away the night.

Then on the morrow, when the Christmas feast was upon the boards, and the lords and ladies were happy in their cheer, I could see the boar's head steaming within its crown of holly and the flavor of many scented dishes filling the room with pleasing odors and ourselves with contentment; then after hours of eating and drinking, the great plum pudding would be brought in running thick with sweetness. There was gayety in my life and heart and I saw the world in blithesome colors, for Christmas cheer was abroad gilding all things with its touch.

Listlessly I sat now in my lowly hut with the fire burning dimly on my hearthstones. My heart was

heavy, and England was far away. Again I crossed the room and went out into the night with my head in a whirl. There was no purpose in my mind as I strode down the path towards the foot log across the brook. I merely wanted to walk and walk in the night air.

Through the stillness of the forests, I hastened along the deer path. Following it under the towering pine trees, along the running waters, and across the yellow marshes, I came to Governor's Rock. There standing in the loneliness of the night hour, I saw the stars in the heavens, I heard the winds playing through the branches of the trees and felt the peacefulness of the wilderness. Then I had a vision of Lora, standing on this same rock in the golden hours of that April day, when she kissed me.

This simple picture of the Pilgrim maiden colored my mind and sent peacefulness to my soul that made me say aloud, "Lora, I wish you a merry Christmas."

With this song in my heart, I went back down the path, once more contented. The fight of the ancient traditions was over in me, and I felt from that moment, that England would never draw me back to its court and halls. The fullness of life, I now knew, was within this new country and its simple ways.

As I came up to my hut, I saw something white upon the log step. Taking it up, I hastened to the fire with it. From the folds of a sheet of paper, there came forth a sampler with these words worked in red woolen yarn, "Francis, Merry Christmas, Lora; 1621."

I bowed my head with remorse and hugged this bit of thing to my heart, as though it were a crown of jewels. After all I thought, Lora has some of the ancient traditions in her blood and I went again to sit in

my chair and dream when we could sit together at our own fireside and wish each other a "Merry Christmas."

On this Christmas morning the drum beat was earlier than usual, the governor evidently fearing some of the people might forget themselves and make merry. I had a ball of ribbon in my pocket for Lora. My choice of gifts was a diamond buckle which I had among the ribbons, but this I knew she could not use, while the ribbons were of useful value.

As I went down the path with the frost tingling my fingers, I saw Lora coming to meet me. I whispered "Merry Christmas," to her which brought back, "A merry Christmas, Francis," in a subdued voice.

"Lora," I said, "this is the happiest Christmas of my life."

"And you going to toil all day?"

"Yes, and I am going to toil through the day. Can you guess what gives me such pleasure?"

Blushing, she replied, "I hope I have added to it."

"You, and your sampler."

Then the drum beat again and giving her my roll of ribbon, I went on. Arriving at the common-house, I learned that some of the men had been detailed to hunt deer. The captain, knowing my proclivities and no doubt feeling that I would be more content in the woods than at labor, had selected me as his companion.

There was no great rush of the new comers to secure their tools. I saw them hanging back and talking among themselves as if planning mutiny.

Governor Bradford noticed the delay of the men and in his blunt way cried to them, "Hasten, men, to your tools."

One of the leaders, advancing said, "Governor Brad-

ford, it is against our consciences to work on Christmas Day."

It was a neat speech since the governor came all the way from Holland for a matter of conscience. Master Bradford knit his brow as if in anger, then came into good humor as he replied, "Since it is a matter of conscience, we shall not ask you to go contrary to it now, but trust you will soon see things differently."

Then turning to his old colonists, he bade them to follow him to the woods, leaving the conscience men standing in the path.

At noonday when the governor and the men came from their labors, the new arrivals were playing at stool ball, pitching the bar, and other sports. Then the governor strode up and taking their ball and bar away from them said, "Since it is against your conscience to work, it is likewise against my conscience to have you play." With this speech, he sent them to their huts where they stayed in anger, all the rest of Christmas Day.

The captain and I had our Christmas feast on a fallen log in the midst of a pine forest with two fat deer lying at our feet. Instead of steaming boar's head, we had half frozen fowl, for plum pudding, we had corn bread, and a drink of cool spring water for spiced wines.

As we finished our meal, the captain said, "Beaumont, that was a goodly repast."

I responded, "Fit for a king."

Want, Famine, and Despair

The ship *Fortune* had hardly passed into the deep sea, before we were thrust into trouble with distant savage neighbors. This dread was not of Massassoit but of the Narragansets whose abode was in the wilderness to the south of us. Word had come from time to time that the Narragansets were our sworn enemies, as we stood between them and the lands of Massassoit which they fancied. Unbeknownst to Governor Carver, he had seriously taken on the protection of Massassoit and his people in his smoke signed treaty with that king, so that the Narragansets considered not only driving our savage allies away but the colonists as well.

Though vague rumors had come, as I have said before, of the activities of these enemies, the first announcement came in an unexpected manner. Master Edward Winslow and I were in the forest after red deer, when we met two savages bearing a bundle wrapped in birch bark. We hailed the savage we knew, who came directly to us, bringing the other man with him. The stranger endeavored to give his bundle to Winslow but he refused to accept it, telling him that he must deliver his gift to the governor in the clearing. I suggested that it might be wise for us to look at the contents, which we did, finding a bundle of arrows trussed together with a skin of some sort. Winslow asked the significance of this strange gift but both savages shook their heads as if ignorant of its meaning.

This so disturbed us we decided to escort the two men to the common-house.

Coming into the clearing, we found the governor shriving clapboards. As soon as he saw the two savages under guard, he surmised something was wrong and came hurriedly to us. When we related our story to him, he sent word for the captain to come to his house at once, while he led the way thence.

There the strange savage asked for Squanto and being told that he was absent seemed pleased. Suddenly thrusting the bundle into the governor's hands, he made haste for the door. Ere he could reach it, the governor blocked the way. This caused the savage to recoil with terror showing upon his face. While we were standing looking at the stranger, the captain came in. In a word the governor explained to him what had happened, forcing the savage back to his chair.

By the time we were seated, the savage was in a tremble for he knew full well the character of his gift, and wished to be well rid of the clearing before it was known to us. Our friendly savage was in no good humor either, looking as if he would like to flee the hut as well.

The governor turned upon him saying, "What means this gift, and from whence does it come?"

Our interpreter said that the bundle came from Canonicus, a sachem of the Narragansets. Then he hesitated and refused to go on until the governor impatiently repeated, "What means it?"

In great confusion, the friendly savage said he did not know exactly but he thought it might be a sign of war. We all felt that he knew that it had a hostile meaning but he was afraid to say so. Though we plied

both of the savages with searching questions, we could make no more of them. As Squanto would not be back until the next day, it was decided to keep both of the savages under guard until his return.

My hut being at hand, the two prisoners were moved to it where Winslow and I were to watch over them during the night. As the day went out, there came up a storm of sleet and cold so that we hesitated to even go out for wood to replenish our fire.

The two savages sat in front of the chimney in stolid indifference. Winslow who was a kindly spoken man began in his easy manner to gain their confidence. Sitting and watching the flames, he would speak to one and then the other, until they fell under his diplomacy.

It was after the middle of the night that he began to win his way. Then the friendly savage had quite a talk with the Narraganset messenger, resulting in his giving up his entire story, which was to the effect that a sachem from the Narragansets, sent to the colonists during the past summer, had betrayed them; for instead of delivering the presents sent by Governor Bradford to Canonicus, this treacherous underling kept the best, giving the meanest to his chieftain, at the same time advising him to open war upon the colony. Ever since then preparations had been going on and the bundle of arrows was now the declaration of war.

Winslow was all impatience to tell this story to the governor and could hardly wait until he came, which he did about daylight; Winslow then told him of the coming battle with the Narragansetts and the meaning of the bundle of arrows. Shortly Master Allerton and the captain came in and sat with grave faces, while listening to the defiance of the savages.

At a consultation over which Standish presided, it was decided that according to the code of war of Europe, the savage was merely a messenger so that violent hands could not be laid upon him. The two savages sat through this conference anxiously watching the faces of the colonists though they could not understand, they know full well that their fate was at issue. When it was over, the governor instructed the friendly savage to say to his companion that no harm would be done him, furthermore, that he was to carry word back to Canonicus a message of peace; which, if that king did not accept, we would take up arms and never lay them down until the Narragansets, themselves, were driven out of the country.

I thought these strong words for people in our feeble condition, but Governor Bradford never minced matters, always going firmly to the point. The messenger did not understand all this talk, looking as if a sentence of death had been passed on him. Then the governor ordered meat to be set before the savage to show his kindly disposition, but the man was too badly frightened to partake of it. Seeing he would not eat, and not desiring to send the half naked savage off in the cold, the governor told him that he was at liberty to go or stay.

While the friendly savage interpreted, the Narraganset man sat as stiff as a statue, but when the truth finally came to him, he sprang from his bench and ran out into the ice and cold without stopping to see if his companion were following. Once at large, he tarried long enough to call to the friendly savage asking him to go back with him; but his companion was too warmly

housed, replying that he would abide with us until the extremity of weather had passed, advising him to do likewise. Thinking that I might win the man back to the hut, I went to the door but as soon as the messenger saw me, he made off in haste dodging through the ice covered trees on his way back to his people.

Squanto came in this same day and, after looking at the bundle of arrows bound by the skin of a rattlesnake, said at once that Canonicus had challenged the colonists to battle.

Though we lacked defenses of all kinds, barring the platform on which were mounted the cannon, Governor Bradford was of the opinion that this challenge should not go unnoticed. There was no waiting to call the people together, but with kingly power, the governor called in several of the head men. They sat in judgment as to what was to be done in the matter most of the day. First the governor was for a pacific message, then again a warlike one. The captain and the others had several minds as to what was best to be done.

It was Standish who finally decided the matter, for as the day was closing and some one was playing around the candles preparing to light them, the captain said, "We must send these savages a defiant answer to their challenge. Let us fill the snakeskin with powder and shot, and winding it around the arrows will indicate that it is our coil made fast upon them."

Winslow was for caution, but the governor was for Standish's treatment of the case and so it was willed. On the morrow, the captain and I went down to the governor's house for the snakeskin. I held it while he poured the loose black grains of gunpowder in, now and

then putting in a bullet. When we had bound the arrows with this challenge, it was given to the friendly savage.

The governor was not satisfied to let him go without a word to Canonicus, so as he gave the snakeskin to him, he said, "Tell Canonicus, that if he means war; he will not have to come to us, that we will go to him. Had we but shipping, we would not wait, but would go at once. Say further, that we have no fear of him nor what he can do. Though he were twice as strong as he is, and we again as weak as we are, still we would beat him, and send him to die in the wilderness."

Though the governor was brave in his talk, we were trembling in our weakness. For on all sides were the forests offering protection to the creeping savages. There was no rest or sleep after sending this challenge, the captain at once calling on every man who could bear arms. Though the weather was stinging cold and the ice coated the ground, we were daily slipped through our drills. Then the company was divided into four guards, one of which I had command.

A consultation was also held at which it was decided that palisades be built around all the huts including the mount—the captain and I going over the frozen ground, marking the line of the barricade and fixing on the flankers and the bastions, in which were to be placed the gates. Though the new arrivals felt the cold, they worked cheerfully having nightly visions of dancing savages around the burning huts.

My principal fear was for Lora. Though she was under her father's roof, still I think she felt that I was guarding over her by night as well as by day. I enjoined her from going to the spring except in the day-

time and then not to tarry by the willows. She too was mindful of my comfort and knit me gloves to replace those she had given to me in the spring, which I had given to one of the single men.

There was no rest even in the snow. Every day found me in the woods with ax in hand, or else hitched to a sled, dragging beams and timbers across the clearing for the palisades. Though the work was heavy and I went wearily to my hut at night, still I was striving for Lora's safety. There was no thought of the labor being menial or unworthy, for my love built a bridge over all shallow places. While some of the men tarried by their firesides for many reasons, sick and otherwise, it was my privilege to be out in the frost and cold, never missing a day during the great striving to put the huts within a stout barricade of logs.

By the end of February, we had planted a row of stout pine timbers about eight feet high, running from the shore of the sea to the high mount, which we proposed to include in our works to prevent the savages from taking possession of it, from whence they could shoot down on the huts. The granary which at the harvest festival seemed to be stored with ample grain, began to show signs of giving out, owing to the extra mouths to be fed that came in the Fortune. The old stock was ever mindful of the supplies, but the newcomers who absolutely brought nothing with them to live on, proved wasteful and improvident. But Governor Bradford knew well what lean days meant, so that he established short allowances in order to make the grain last until harvest.

This reduction in food caused the work of the palisade to lag during the whole month of March, but be-

fore planting time, the huts and gardens were all enclosed by a wall of logs, with three gates leading into the big field and the forests. When the last timber was in place, I made a complete inspection of the barricade and I must say, that I felt that we could hold the stronghold against many times our number.

Through the days of toil of fortifying the colony, I saw Lora constantly. There was no effort to conceal our affection for each other, nor could we have done so if we desired in such a small community. So we were boldly together whenever the opportunity presented itself, or we could devise reasons for doing so. During my night watches, I saw her many times under the cold sky and its myriads of twinkling stars. When I was not engaged, I would spend an evening at her father's fireside, swallowing my pride and reasoning myself into the belief that he found no fault in me, though he could not bring himself to the point of commending me. At such times, when I would arise to say "Good night," Lora would accompany me to the door, then slip out in her barehead just long enough to say a real, "Good night."

She watched the growth of the palisades during the frosts of January, February, into the more comfortable days of March, and when the last work was done in April, she was as greatly pleased as either Standish or myself.

During these months of construction, we kept a constant lookout, fearing an attack from the Narragansets; but we were never molested. Nor did we hear more of the snakeskin of powder and shot, further, than that King Canonicus was fearful of our device and would

not permit it to stop in his house, nay, not even in his village. The captain prided himself that his conceit of sulphur and lead had worked a charm on the Narragansets, keeping them away from us. Whether they came or not was of little consequence now that we were living within the fort, having ample water and some food to support us.

As a matter of fact the thirty-five men of the *Fortune* had so devastated the stock of grain that we began to feel seriously the pangs of want. Though the governor put us on short rations as far back as February, it became evident that even these scant provisions must be reduced still further. The short food began to tell upon the colonists, their faces becoming drawn and haggard. We were constantly grateful that only thirty-five men came on the *Fortune*, for if there had been more, the distress would have been greater even in the early days.

Having a mind for Lora, I sent her more than one hare that I had stolen away to shoot. I could see the color fading from her cheeks daily, that her eyes lacked life and her buoyant carriage was gone. This grieved me sorely. I was tempted to give her my seed corn, but I knew full well that unless we planted we could not harvest, and a slack harvest meant starvation.

During the months of April and May, the oldwives in the brook gave us a stock of fish for our tables as well as for the cornfield. This year we were bothered by the wolves coming down the path, setting terror in the hearts of the children and even of the grown folks. These animals overran our corn fields at night, digging up the fish which we had planted with so much labor

during the day. The wolves caused us so much trouble that we were compelled to guard the field in addition to our other labors.

While I was watching the corn one moonlight night, Lora crossed the path and came out through the gate of the barricade to where I was standing. In a merry sort of way I said, "Lora, what think you of our prospects of eating?"

"Well, Father says our family taxes him to keep food upon the table."

"Tell him for me, Lora; that I know who will take away one from it."

Then quite seriously she made answer, "Nay, Francis, you will have ample trouble to keep your strength ere the summer passes."

"What say you, Lora? Think you that I would not find food for you, if you were mine? If you but give me the chance, I would show you how well you would fare in Beaumont Hall."

My calling the hut "Beaumont Hall" made her laugh heartily, so I thought she was not weak as yet from the lack of food. She was quiet for a moment as if in thought, then asked me, "Francis, if the turkeys and other fowls are in such plenty, I do not see why we should starve." I did not care to increase her agitation by telling her that these all departed in June and did not come back until October, so I quieted her fears by telling her that even if the fowls should abandon us, we would still have the mullet, bass, and codfish that swam in profusion in the sea.

Still she was in doubt about the future and left me saying, "Watch well the corn, for if it fails we will surely perish."

All that night and many others we watched over the growing crops, until the wolves could no longer disturb them.

Besides I had my own little garden sending forth its shoots of green things, but best of all plants from the seed corn which Lora had given me. The pleasure of digging in and around my own growing seeds was a delight to me as well as to Lora who called me a farmer.

The winds from the sea were just as cooling as the year before and the stir of the forest leaves, no doubt, just as enchanting; but these charms were lost upon the colonists in the struggle for food. Though there was a note of despondency in the voices of a few, still the rest despaired not, laboring on, hoping that a vessel would arrive with provisions before ours were gone.

This hope seemed about to be realized in the latter part of May by the appearance of a shallop coming into the harbor from the sea. At the time we were all in the common-house greatly excited over the fate of our poor Squanto who had been condemned to die by his king, Massassoit, for a piece of deceit practiced upon him by our friend. Governor Bradford had been appealed to once before to give up Squanto, but refused to do so, knowing that he was to be killed in their barbarous fashion. A second embassy had arrived this morning bringing the knife of the king with which to cut off Squanto's head. Governor Bradford had twisted, squirmed, and connived in every imaginable way to find a loophole through which he could interfere with the execution of our ally. The sachems heard the Governor's plea for leniency with indifference, refusing to listen, however, to anything less than death sentence. All hope seemed to be gone and Squanto stood doomed

to the knife, when of a sudden a man shouted through the open door, "A ship! a ship!"

This gave the governor an excuse to dismiss the savages by saying, "We must see if the ship is French or English." This fortunate diversion saved the life of Squanto.

The sachems left the house in high dudgeon at thus leaving Squanto's head on his shoulders, while the rest of us ran down to the beach hoping that at last a ship was in the offing with provisions. From the landing rock we could see a shallop coming across the harbor, which we took to be the boat of a ship lying farther off shore. You can imagine what excitement there was as the boat came closer and closer to us. At first some of the colonists thought they recognized friends, but they were mistaken, for as the boat came up to the landing-place, they proved to be total strangers. They were made welcome just the same by three loud hurrahs, so pleased were the colonists to see anyone from home, be they strangers or friends.

The shallop brought seven men who had come across the ocean in a fishing-vessel, landing near the island of Monhegan, from whence they had sailed in four days. They were the forerunners of a colony soon to be sent out from England by Master Weston, the merchant who had so wantonly abandoned the Pilgrims at Southampton, when they refused to sign a contract of his own making. Master Weston having severed his connection with the London merchants, was now starting a colony on his own account. Though he was an enemy of the colonists, Governor Bradford and the rest of the people took the strangers into their huts, sharing their

corn with them, being compelled to go on shorter allowances than ever.

By the first week in June the corn was exhausted and famine stared us in the face. The thirty-five men of the Fortune and the seven in the shallop made forty-two more than we had expected to live off our harvest, when we gathered the corn the previous autumn. The ducks, turkeys, and all the fowls were gone, so that one could range the shore and forests without hearing a chatter.

Our position had now become so desperate that the governor decided to send Master Winslow along the coast to the fishing-vessels to the north and see what food he could barter from them. Though I could have gone on the voyage, I decided to stay back with Lora fearing she might need me. It was almost like the second sailing of the first ship, as the colonists stood on the sands watching and praying as the little shallop went out to sea, that it would be back quickly with relief.

It pained me greatly to see Lora growing thinner and weaker each day. Her cheeks were sunken and I could see the skin drawing tight and dry across her forehead. Though I had been fighting for her, even denying myself, it was evident that my efforts were in vain. One afternoon when I felt that something must be done, I took my musket and made a complete circuit of Billington's Sea, not seeing a living thing in all this distance. As I was coming home faint from the lack of food and disheartened by my failure, along the brook near the Governor's Rock, I was startled by the rustling of the bushes on the opposite bank. Silently stealing along the path, I saw a deer feeding near a tall rock standing like a pulpit near the water's edge. Knowing that I

was not strong enough to give it chase, and not daring to take chances on its getting away, I tremblingly raised my gun and fired.

Without waiting, I dashed into the brook sending the water from me in every direction. Through the flying water I saw the deer go limping up the bank, which gave me heart that I had given it a death wound. I took up the trail of the buck, feeling sure that my chase would be a short one. My weakness made me short of breath so that I must stop now and then to rest. Across the hills I followed the trail of blood, until I came upon my red deer at the edge of a brook, where it lay with its head in the water.

Exultingly I drew my prize ashore. It was a fat buck with spreading antlers, which I knew would bring great consolation to the starving colonists. My one thought now was to get it to Lora regardless of my condition. After resting, I tried to lift the deer but found my strength was not equal to it. Then I dressed it with my cutlass. This gave me some easement so that I started back with the whole deer upon my back.

For a time I made good headway then my breath came short and my legs began to tremble so that I was compelled to cast the deer from me. While I rested, I looked longingly at my burden; then again I took it up and struggled on over the rough ground, hoping I could get it as far as the brook before my strength failed; but I was not equal to the task.

Defeat was in my heart, when the thought came to me that if I could not take a whole deer, I would take a half of one; so quickly cutting it in twain, I hung one half in the fork of a tree while I trudged off with the other. I walked on through the brush until I found

that I was fatigued. Even this half deer was a relief when off my shoulder. As it lay on the ground, I knew that it was only a trifle to bear when in my strength; but I was far from being in it this day which I soon found to my sorrow, for as I was going down the bank of a sluice way, I stumbled and fell forward on my face. For a time I lay stunned. When I finally gained my feet and attempted to lift my burden of half deer, I found my tired arms were not equal to it.

There was naught for me to do but to lighten my load, so I again took out my knife cutting off a quarter. With the quarter of venison, I started off with the same ease as I had with the whole and afterwards the half of the buck.

Through exhaustion and the stun of my fall, I had become so confused by my wanderings, I soon found that I had lost my bearings completely. From the top of each declivity I hoped to see the familiar brook and the deer path beyond, but each time I was doomed to disappointment. At length even the quarter grew a heavy burden, compelling me to sit down and rest, to nourish my fast waning strength. Gaining my feet, I wandered on through the forests with the brush tearing my clothes and the briars bruising my flesh, until the labor of lifting my tired feet was almost beyond me. Still I struggled on. So far as I was concerned, I would have thrown this burden, which was crushing me like the weight of lead from my shoulders, and lain down upon the leaves for a sweet rest; but the maiden was uppermost in the turmoil of my mind and I staggered on with the roar of a thousand guns in my ears and my eyes blinded by myriads of flying specks, so that I only knew that I was breathing, that I was being

crushed, that I must keep moving. Of a sudden the brush grew thicker hindering my progress. I pushed it aside as long as I could, then I fell forward still clinging to the venison. My face struck water. For the moment I was blinded. Gaining my sight, I looked across the brook and saw the deer path leading down to the clearing.

Though I endeavored to rise, I found that it was too much for me. Dropping the venison on the brush, I pushed myself to my knees and with great effort finally to my feet.

As I feared, I found the quarter beyond my strength. Determined to get the venison across the brook, I plunged in drawing it after me and up the opposite bank. Then I fell, completely exhausted. Rolling over on the grass, I closed my eyes hoping to nurse back sufficient strength to reach my goal. The vapors of the evening arising from the cool water dampened my face. This encouraged me to make my way down and drink of the brook. With this mite of renewed strength, I stood over my burden, then with great effort I succeeded in getting it to my shoulder.

Now that I was on my way again, I took courage and went on hopefully. The deer path was familiar to me and I thought that I knew its many windings; but as I staggered on wearily, I found strange roots and stones rising at every turn to baffle me. Impervious to all worldly things, all I could think of was to go on and on, an interminable distance. My instincts led me down to the brookside opposite the clearing, likewise told me not to trust myself to the foot log, but wade through the stream. Covered with the blood of the deer and drip-

ping with water, I finally stood at the door of the Brewster home.

Knocking feebly, I heard Lora exclaim, "Welcome, enter."

Opening the door with one hand, my foot struck the door-step, and I fell forward on the floor. Lora seeing the blood upon my face thought I was injured. With a scream of anguish, she rushed to my rescue, crying, "Francis! Francis!"

But I would not lie on the floor like a beaten man, saying as I pushed myself to my knees, "Lora, I have brought you a quarter of deer."

She threw my precious quarter aside, exclaiming, "I care not about the deer. What of you?"

With a forced smile, I said in answer, "Why, I am quite myself, or will be, when I get my breath."

By this time the elder and the rest of the family had gathered about us, and between the elder and Lora, I was aided to a big chair. When I was comfortably seated, the elder exclaimed, "Master Beaumont, are you hurt? What ails you?"

Lora, who had been watching my face, saw the deep rings around my eyes and my trembling hands and knew better than the father what beset me. Swinging the crane over the blaze, she said, "Father, see you not that it is hunger that ails Master Beaumont?"

"A rest and a drink from the spring are my only needs, Lora," I replied, not wishing to admit my weakness.

She was a wise maiden and penetrated my mask of bravery, putting aside my answer with, "Master Beaumont, you will tarry with us, and partake of venison broth."

The elder could do no less than invite me to stay, which he did promptly and so kindly, I accepted the invitation, being too weak to go forth alone.

I watched Lora hurrying the fire with bellows and going from one thing to another in preparing for the feast, until I almost forgot my hunger. There was nothing that she was not doing for my comfort. First I must have a fresh drink of spring water, then she would have my chair moved to one side of the chimney; still thoughtful of me, she would know whether I fancied broth with much or little salt as seasoning.

When at length the savor of the broth stole forth in little puffs of steam giving me a taste of what was to come, Lora bade her brother put it from the crane to the hearthstones. With a great spoon, she lifted the steaming soup into the pewter bowl. The first she gave to me, though she saw the others looked longingly at it.

I pushed it from me saying, "Nay, Lora; give this to some one else."

"Master Beaumont, it is so hot that ere your dish cools, I will have served all, so that really no one will be favored over the other."

I made no further effort to adjust this preference of the maiden, but sat looking down into the steaming soup with a longing to devour it, even though it was as hot as molten lead. When Lora had served all, she stood back of me ready to wait upon my further wishes.

Seeing that she was denying herself, I turned around and asked, "Lora, what of your platter?"

"That awaits for me, after you have finished."

I knew she was in hunger and weak from starvation, but would now even deny herself. Laying my spoon

aside, I said emphatically, "Nay, not one drop will I eat, until you are beside me with your own plate."

Though she made many excuses, I would not listen to them and insisted that she join with the rest in rescuing her body from low nourishment. I was not content until she sat beside me.

Ere we had finished, Lora insisted that we take a portion of our feast to the captain, that he might not suffer longer now that we were in plenty. With a restored body and steady step, Lora and I went up the path to the Standish hut.

The captain was seated on his door-step with Governor Bradford. Lora was forward with the remark, "We have brought you a portion of Master Beaumont's deer, which he killed and brought to us. Since we had more than our present need, father sends this to you."

So in the soft moonlight of this summer's night the governor and the captain sat and ate of my deer and Lora's cooking, vowing that its sweetness had never been equalled. Before we left, I arranged to go with the captain the next morning to bring in my red deer.

During the spring planting, Lora had added a bed of radishes to her row of corn, so that she had two growing things to watch over. The corn was already up to her shoulders, the long leaves bending gracefully towards the ground, but no signs yet of the sticks. The radishes were partially grown and a fit morsel they would have been at any time, but now that we were famine stricken, they were precious indeed. Daily Lora met me at the spring with a few for my refreshment.

Though I persisted in her joining with me, she al-

ways put me aside with, "I do not care for them," or "There are plenty more," or some such saying. In the meantime my throat called for green things, so that I could not resist the longing and ate them tops and all ravenously.

This pleased Lora so much, she would say after my feast, "You shall have more on the morrow."

One day going into her garden, I noticed that her bed of radishes was well gone. As she was by my side, I asked, "Lora, you are eating all your growing things now. What will you do later? Do not give them all away."

"Never fear; I will receive my reward for the giving."

As I warned her, so there was an end to these growing things, likewise an end of my selfishness: for as I was hoeing in her corn one day, I was astonished to see only three radish plants standing straight and green in the bed. On this very day, Lora came to me with her daily offering bearing three radishes.

Looking at her pale face, I said, "Lora, from whence came these?"

"These are the last of your radishes," I went on as she did not answer me.

Still she made no reply, merely nodding her head.

"You offer the last ones to me."

"Surely, Francis, are you not worthy of them?"

"Not until you answer one question."

"What would you know of me?" she asked sweetly.

"Have you plucked your bed of radishes and fed them daily to me?"

Her face began to flush as she hesitated in her reply.

"Answer me, Lora; have I been nourished on these

green things, while you went hungry for them? Have I, Lora?" I was in earnest now and was for the first time harsh in my tones.

She looked around as if guilty of some crime, preparing to flee from me as she said, "But, Francis dear, you needed them and I did not."

"Do you mean to say, Lora, that I stood and ate these delicacies while you were starving for them? Oh, Lora! Lora! why did you make me such a monster? Such blindness! such selfishness! to think that I could not see that you were denying yourself everything, that I might have all. You sacrificed yourself for me, a man, who should have gone forth and fought for you, instead of taking the last morsel of food from your lips."

She would not let me say more, but stopped me saying, as she put her hand on my arm, "Francis dear, it is true that what little I had I gave to you, to you who had turned his back on his people and his country; for whom? for me. I wanted to show you that I too could be self-denying. I wanted to make some little sacrifice to repay you for your great unselfishness. It was only a little thing, daily; I wished it were bigger and grander, but it was all I could do, and I did it so gladly."

Then the tears dulled her eyes. That was the sign of surrender for me. As I folded her in my arms, she put her head on my shoulder and wept. Making her sit down on the curbing of the spring, I made a cup of birch bark from which we both drank. The three green plants were lying on the ground where she had dropped them. Handing them to her I bade her eat them. This she refused to do, until I joined with her. While we each ate one, the third was in dispute. I

would have her eat it and she considered it to be mine, in the end my desire prevailed.

While Lora's radish bed was being devastated, the summer days came on apace, growing hotter and hotter, until the flamelike heat overshadowed us with another calamity. The corn-field was a sandy dry soil, not of deep mould moist and rich like our Leistershire lowlands. It was also on a hillside where the sun reveled in its heat from early morning until its going down. For weeks the corn had not been nourished by rain and the middle of July saw it growing yellow and seared. The field had turned into a sand bank in its dryness, moving with crackling sound beneath our feet. The dampness from the fish in the hills held the roots of the growing corn for a time, but as the sun drank up the moisture from the ground, leaving it as a powder, we knew that our destiny was fast being shaped into hard ways.

When first the drouth began everyone hoped that it was but a passing thing; but when the second week went into the third, and the third into the fourth, and the sky took on a sullen hardness, even our Indian allies began to prophesy coming evils. But the governor and the people stood up bravely and went forth with what courage they could muster in their starved bodies to carry water from the brook. But their strength was too wasted to stand the strain. Besides the dry ground drank up the water so ravenously, that within a short time the moisture had disappeared, leaving the sand hot and dry as before, so that the corn seemed to suffer, rather than improve under this treatment.

One day Lora and I on our way to the forest to seek ground nuts and acorns happened to pass through the

field. The corn was above my waist, the hot sun had already driven it to tasseling and earing. Though this might have been endured, the worst of it was to see the plants shriveling before their time. Instead of the green and flowing leaves, they were yellow and hard as paper with the semblance of life fast being burned out of them. The beans, too, which were planted with the maize and had wound themselves around the stalks, were no longer fresh but hanging as dried strings. If the earth was dry and lifeless, the sky was even more forbidding. Looking up into its hollowness, there was not a fleck of a cloud to be seen, just blue space without feeling or sympathy.

Plucking a leaf of the corn Lora broke it in twain with a crackling dryness. Holding up the piece still in her hand, she said, in a tone of despair, "Look, the life has gone from it. What shall we do? Unless we get relief from England soon, we will be forced to leave the clearing, and live in the forests like savages."

I tried to quiet her mind, but she knew too well our position to deceive her. Still hopeful in my speech, I said, "Perhaps, a ship will arrive in time with supplies."

"Most likely with more people than provisions."

"Nay, Lora, I am still hopeful we will be aided."

"Unless we are—"

"Well, you will never live to starve," I said desperately.

She looked at me in a way that I knew she had guessed what was in my mind and clung close to me, as we went on breaking the shriveled leaves from the stalks, sending the dry dust in little clouds from beneath our feet.

A handful of hickory nuts and a half pocketful of

acorns was all that we could find after much searching in the forests. Coming back through the barren corn-field in the evening we found that even the night dew had been driven from the heavens, withdrawing even that slender moisture from the earth.

Going from the corn out into the path, we met others who were coming home with slender prospects of eating this night. With despair written upon their countenances, they looked up into the great blue sky, then into each other's faces, and without a word turned and sought the shelter of their huts. They knew full well that with the corn dry and parched, ere another winter came, they would have to abandon their homes in the clearing going forth to Virginia or else to England, to live in the forests with the savages being impossible.

Now that the earth had abandoned the colonists, they turned their faces toward the sea. The only boat was the shallop which had been so buffeted by the winter's waves and ice, that we must be at it all the while to keep it seaworthy. The fish like the fowl had gone their way; though ample enough in the spring and autumn months, they were not to be found in the summer, so that we had to go to the deep sea for our scant supply. The weakness of the colonists becoming great, they divided into crews of six or seven men. While one party was at sea for bass, cod, or seal, the rest would range the woods and beach for food. Sometimes the boat would be gone for several days, even daring to go out of sight of land in search of food. When the shallop returned, the watch on the platform fired his gun; then the people would hasten down to the landing rock, and crowding together would eagerly watch the approaching boat.

Patiently they would wait and hope that the shallop was burdened with food. As it drew near so that they could see the few fish in the bottom, the women would wring their hands while the grave faces of the men would become even graver. Then the men in the boat would throw their catch on the beach, giving their places to the next crew which put forth to sea without delay.

The Simple Life and Contentment

In the midst of this misery of drought and famine, it fell to my lot to go to sea in the shallop. Suffering drove Lora and me together, so that I happened to be at her side when the signal gun was fired that the fishing-boat was in the harbor. I bade her farewell, cautioning her to take good care of herself during my absence, promising not to come back until we had found ample food. While the people bent over the few fish just brought in, we pushed away from the rock on our voyage. Lora, pale and wan, waved her hand at me. I felt as if my time for serving her was nigh, so sinking my oar deep into the water, I pulled with a will.

As I bent back and forth under the motion of the oar, I could see the tall form of my Pilgrim maiden at the rock, and the last object I could discern was one in gray and white, standing like a statue with her eyes set seaward. I could see the great clearing with its thatch-roofed huts in the field of yellowing corn. The dryness of the earth seemed as of a piece of flint—fixed, unyielding.

When we were off where the wind would fill the sail, hoisting the canvas, we went out of the harbor straight into the ocean. Our fishing tool was a net which had been repaired so often that we were warned that it would not hold a full draught of fish. There were also hooks and lines but these were so large, they could only be used for cod which were not to be had at this season.

As I have related, though the fish of all kinds were plentiful enough in the spring and autumn months, it so happened that when we needed them most, they were not to be found.

With our hearts fixed on our task, we set our faces towards Cape Cod. A keen eyed youth was put in the bow to keep a sharp look out for signs of a breaking sea and to watch the birds if they hovered screaming over the shoals of sardines or mullets. Now and then we tried with hand lines and cast the net, but late in the afternoon found us well over towards the cape without so much as a fingerling.

The master of the shallop decided to stay at sea so that we would be on the fishing-ground early. More than once during the night, I was haunted by the pale face of the maiden as she waved a farewell from the rock, so that I was all keenness to begin the morning's task.

When the dry night with its twinkling stars and soft shadows gave way to the parched sky of early morning, we in the shallop were up and ready. A handful of clams and a drink of water was our breakfast. With keen eyes and hopeful hearts, we scanned the sea as it was illumined by the rising sun, until the lookout with bated breath pointed off where the shimmering waters were breaking in a strange, but to us glorious manner.

The master changed the course of the boat instantly, so that we were soon full abreast of a school of sardines darting hither and thither, to escape from larger fish that were in pursuit. With fervor and thanksgiving, we untangled the seine dropping it overboard with one end tied to a buoy. Slowly but surely we surrounded

the small fish which escaped through the large meshes of the net with ease while we kept close watch for the bigger game.

Our hopes were soon realized for as we slowly swung the net in semicircle behind us, the men declared they felt the weight growing heavier, likewise, that numerous jerks assured a heavy catch. We pulled at the oars with a will, feeling that there was in the net a supply of food such as had not blessed the colony for weeks.

Slowly the men began to haul in the net, while we took in our oars and stood looking down into the foaming sea. Closer and closer came our prey, until I could see the great sea bass, shaking themselves in the water. In a tremble I reached over the side of the boat with a hook to drag the precious fish from the sea. Slowly, slowly the net came aboard. I stooped over and plunged the hook into the side of a large bass, and with a sweep dragged it over the side of the boat, leaving it to flounder on the bottom. Then reaching for another, I sent it flying through the air, landing safely at the stern. How the song of gladness swelled up within me. All the while the men were pulling in the net, until we could see fish of all sizes and kinds, floundering and pushing against the meshes in their frantic effort to break through.

Now I was sure that Lora would not want for food, and reached down to pluck another one from the sea, when of a sudden the waters became calm, my bass escaped. We gazed blankly into the sea hardly believing our eyes, then as the truth dawned upon us, we looked at each other in dismay. But a moment before we were laughing in glee at our good fortune, now

we were in sorrow over our disaster. Quickly the net was drawn aboard, showing a great ragged hole in its center.

The two fish lay in the bottom of the boat. For a moment our misfortune took the heart out of us and we sat with bowed heads and low spirits but our courage did not droop long. As there was naught to do but mend the net, we turned the prow of the boat towards the beach, where we soon had it spread upon the sands. While some of the men went to find soft bark to make into twine for mending purposes, the others roamed the shore looking for a stray mullet or anything that might be thrown up by the waves. Though we worked industriously, it was near the middle of the afternoon before we were ready to go to sea again with the patched net. We rowed and watched, but the sun went down without our seeing any signs that would encourage us to cast our net, the two fish being all we had to show for our first day's labor.

Our poor catch caused us to fish all night with our hand lines, for we knew we must take something to the starving people. Now and then we would drag up an occasional bass or a stray cod, but our stock was scant for ninety mouths. As the second day's sun came up from the sea, once more setting aflame the white sands of the cape, a cry from our lookout, as he pointed to a stir in the sea off to our right, set our faces in a smile as we fancied we were once more to be blessed with a great draught of fish. This time we let the net slip carefully over the side of the boat, the sardines as before glided through the large meshes, though we begrudged the little silver sides their liberty. Our rounding net drew the big fish within its tightening circle, until we

again looked down into the sea at the lashing of the frenzied fish. This time the men drew in the net even more slowly than before. Again we worked with a will dragging in a few of the largest fish. Then a shark or a seal dashed through our crazy net, setting the rest at liberty. Again we lost heart; then again we regained it, rowing ashore a second time, wasting precious hours in its mending, when we should have been flying towards home.

Though it was disheartening, we once more put off to sea spending the rest of the day sailing and fishing without success, coming to a third night which we spent in the shallop. But the morning brought little fortune, though we worked at our hand lines and sought signs in every direction for using our nets, none came. There was an odor from our first caught fish giving us warning that if we were to make use of even the few we had, we must return without delay. Looking at the trifling cargo of fish in the bottom of the shallop, we pitied the hungry people whom we knew would crowd around the boat at our landing.

With heavy hearts, we turned our boat homeward, all the while hoping and longing that we might add to our low store of fish on our inward voyage, but our wishes were not realized. When we turned into the harbor and heard the boom of the guard's gun telling the people we were coming, every man stopped rowing and hung his head.

As we pulled with slow stroke, delaying the disappointment of the hungry people which we could see at the rock, I looked only for Lora, pitying her from the bottom of my heart. Not seeing her, I looked around with fear of some mishap, until I discovered her seated

on an upturned wicker basket. She was even thinner and paler than when I left. The people were waiting anxiously. I could see the smile of hopefulness upon their faces, and I felt like a thief. We never said a word as we came on, how could we have the heart to speak, or expect a welcome, when so much was expected of us, and we had failed them in this hour of starvation?

Holding our course straight for the rock, I could not resist a wave of my hand at Lora, she returning it feebly. As we rounded it, the group surged forward, seeing the few fish in the bottom, there came a groan from the hungry people as they turned away in disappointment. Without a word we left our seats, walking out of the boat like culprits. The next crew was clambering over the sides, when we held them back. In silence, we dragged the rotten and torn net from the prow, spreading it upon the beach, pointing in disgust at its weakness.

I aided Lora up the bank, consoling her as best I could at our failure. She still had the courage to smile as she said, "I know you labored as best you could, but that does not relieve our great hunger."

Only a portion of a fish went to each person out of our fruitless voyage, so that by the next day, we were famished. After these months of short supplies and weeks of nothing but what we could gather from the forests and the sea, our position had become so desperate that the colonists were already divided in their minds what was best to do.

Going down to the spring at noontime on the day following my return, I met Lora under the willows. She had lost her color and the hollowness of her cheeks told how severely the famine was pressing her. Somehow, I never appreciated her condition until this moment.

Like a rising flood, my love and sympathy swelled within me, sweeping away my backwardness, carrying me on to the point where I determined to demand my right at once to protect and provide for her. Without so much as telling her my thoughts, I took her by the hand. She looked up helplessly at me as much as to say, "I will follow, where you lead me." I led her up the bank into the presence of her father and mother, still holding her thin hand.

I was stirred mightily by the maiden's appearance and was fixed in my purpose that mincing of matters was to be brought to an end without delay. The father stared in astonishment as I stood before him holding Lora's hand, as if it were my right.

Before he could remonstrate, I said boldly, "Elder Brewster, look at Lora. She is wasting for want of food."

"Truly, so are we all."

"Nay, hear me through. In your house are many mouths to feed and she is denying herself that some of them might have more."

"Nay, nay, Master Beaumont," he exclaimed almost in wrath.

"Yea, Elder Brewster, she does not receive her share of the scant food you have."

"What mean you?"

"I mean that the time has come for me to take Lora and provide her daily wants."

Then continuing, as I held out her emaciated hand, "Look at this and see her face pinched with hunger. For weeks I have seen her growing thinner and weaker. I have kept my peace, since we were all starving together and hoping for better things, but with her the danger point has come. She must have food quickly or

it will be too late. Since you can not labor for her as I can, I now ask your consent that she may go with me. I have braved the snow and ice, toiled in the hot sun, and labored in the forests through my love for her. For two years I have lived in hopes of winning you to me. But now she is slowly slipping away from me and from you. If she is to be saved, I alone can do it."

"But, Francis Beaumont," broke in the elder. That was the first time that he had ever softened his voice toward me.

But the turmoil of words was upon my lips and desperation was in my heart as I went on unheeding his interruption with, "Whatever fate befalls us, Lora and I from henceforth stand together. If it is to be famine, then we shall divide our last crust. If it is to be savages, I shall be at her side. Our lives are one, and I have come to you again to ask that she may go with me, that I may save her."

Rising from his great chair, the father came to me and before I realized it, had me by the hand saying, "Francis Beaumont, you are a man above your people."

Before he could say more, Lora had thrown her arms about his neck exclaiming with a sobbing voice, "Father, I knew you would understand him, I knew you would understand him."

The elder kissed her tenderly, as he held her fondly in his arms and said, "Francis Beaumont, we must have time."

"Nay, Elder," I said, "hunger bides no man's time. I must have her now, that we may go find our food together."

Standing with one arm around the maiden's waist, he said as he looked down in her upturned face, "What say you, Lora?"

"I am ready to follow Francis, where he wills."

"Then, Lora, let it be at once," I urged.

She looked pleadingly at her mother who was at her side. Much to my astonishment, the matron bowed her head in consent.

Then she turned to her father. I held my breath as he hesitated in his reply, for I knew him to be a man who was slow to change his mind. While I was watching him, I saw a kindly smile come over his face and the hard lines soften. Taking Lora's hand, he came and placed it in mine, as I did once before in his, saying, "Francis, you are worthy of her."

Unwilling to brook any delay, I went at once in search of Governor Bradford. As I reached the door of the hut, I happened on Standish to whom I told my good fortune.

I found the governor ready and willing to do my wishes, going back with me to the Brewster hut. The captain was all in smiles and was at my side at the right, while the others of the family stood in front of us. There were no decorations, no music, no feasting, nor lighted candles to lend their charms to our ceremony; but the light of love in Lora's eyes more than made up for the lacking of these gaudy things.

When the governor as magistrate had pronounced his last words, I folded her in my arms saying, "Lora, we shall now live or starve together."

With a hand-shake from the governor, a pat on the back from the captain, and a "God-speed," from the elder and his wife, Lora and I went forth to seek our wedding feast. There was not a bite of food in my hut, nor a morsel in the elder's, so what we were to eat must still be found.

I turned from the forests and the marshes to the sea-

shore. Once upon the beach I bade Lora sit down, thinking she did not have the strength to follow me while I searched. She would not tarry long at one spot, but was near me as I stopped to turn over each bunch of seaweeds in search of anything that could swim, creep, or crawl.

For an hour, I followed the tide as it receded across the marshes with Lora at my side encouraging me that we should surely find a fish or shrimp. Then we came to where there were bubbles coming up from the soft ooze, markings which I fancied came from clams. Instantly I was on my knees in the mud, digging with my hands in the soft earth, while Lora stood looking anxiously over my shoulder. A streak of yellow showed in the sand, and then the shell of a clam appeared. I seized upon it and held it up as a prize. Her eyes sparkled as she held her apron to receive the shell fish.

With renewed vigor, I threw aside the sand until I found another and another, making a handful in all. Though I ranged along the sunken ground I failed to find more.

With our hearts beating a song of gratitude, we turned from the beach, making our way up the path to our own log house. For a moment I hesitated, then glancing down, I saw the few clams in Lora's apron. Taking her hand I stood looking about me. I saw the great God in the sky, the Spirit of the Universe in the wide sea, and the sun shining upon the everlasting hills. By my side was Lora smiling. I pushed open the door and together we entered our lowly hut, happy and content.

Aftermath

Aftermath

To the reader who would know of the famine from one who saw it, I quote the words of Master Edwin Winslow in his book called *Good Newes from New England*. Master Winslow says:

In the midst of April we began to set, the weather being then seasonable, which much encouraged us, giving us good hopes of after plenty. The setting season is good till the latter end of May. But it pleased God, for our further chastisement, to send a great drought; insomuch as in six weeks after the latter setting there scarce fell any rain; so that the stalk of that was first set began to set forth the ear, before it came to half growth, and that which was later not like to yield at all, both blade and stalk hanging the head and changing the color in such a manner as we judged it utterly dead. Our beans also ran not up according to their wonted manner, but stood at stay, many being parched away as though they had been scorched before the fire. Now were our hopes overthrown, and we discouraged, our joy being turned into mourning.

Of the fortunate ending of the impending disaster of want and famine I quote from Governor William Bradford's *History of the Plimoth Plantation*. Governor Bradford's words are:

Upon which they sett a parte a solemne day of humilliation, to seek the Lord by humble and fervente prayer, in this great distrese. And he was pleased to give them a gracious and speedy answer, both to their owne, and the Indians admiration, that lived amongst them. For all the morning and the greatest part of this day, it was clear weather and very hotte, and not a cloud or any signe of raine to be seen, yet toward evening it begane to overcast and shortly after to raine, with suche sweete

and gentle showers, as gave them cause of rejoyceing, and blessing God. It came without either wind, or thunder, or any violence, and by degreese in that, it lasted all that night in suche abundance, as that the earth was thoroughly wete and soked therwith, and the next day was a faire sunshine day againe. Which did so revive and quicken the decayed corne and other fruits, as was wonderfull to see, and made the Indians astonished to behold; and afterwards the Lord set them such seasonable showers, and raine till harvest as was necessarie, with interchange of faire, warme weather, as, through his blessing, caused a fruitfull and liberall harvest, to their no small comforts and rejoycing. For which mercie they also sett aparte a day of Thanksgiveing. By this time harvest was come, and instead of famine, now God gave them plentie, and the face of things was changed, to the rejoycing of the hearts of many for which they blessed God. And the effect of their particular planting was well seene, for all had, one way and the other, pretty well to bring the year aboute, and some of the abler sort and more industrious had to spare, and sell to others, so as any generall wante or famine hath not been amongst them since to this day.

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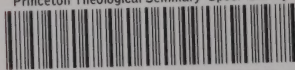
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